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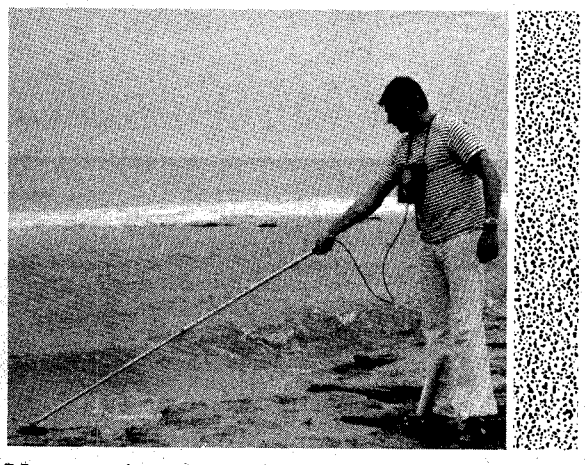
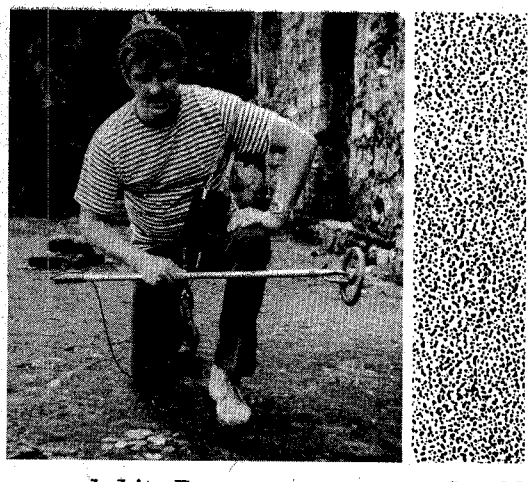


Bob Marx using his "Prospector" to search the rocky beaches.

Bob Marx using his "Prospector" to search along jungle trail's.



Bob Marx used his Prospector to search old ruins for coins.

Bob's helper, Miguel Paniza, with relics and artifacts found in old Panama.

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**Watch for story on this expedition in forth coming issue of Argosy.*

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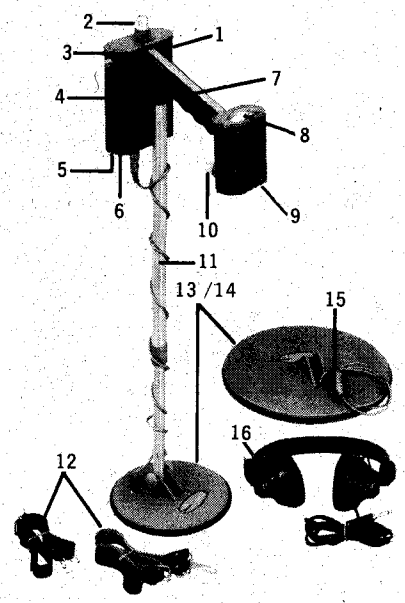

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May-June, 1972
Volume 19, No. 5
Whole No. 111

True West

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Cover: Darwin Van Campen
Spring's Golden Tide in Cholla Land

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 50¢ per copy, $5.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $6.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1972 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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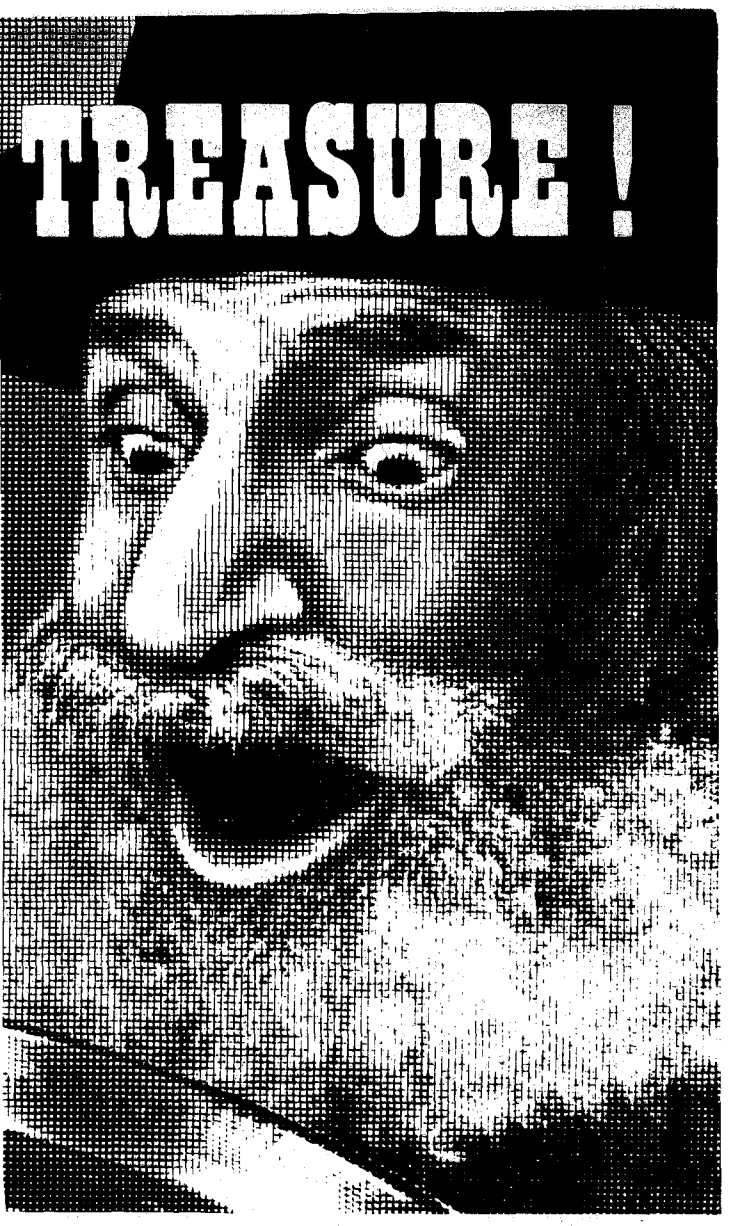

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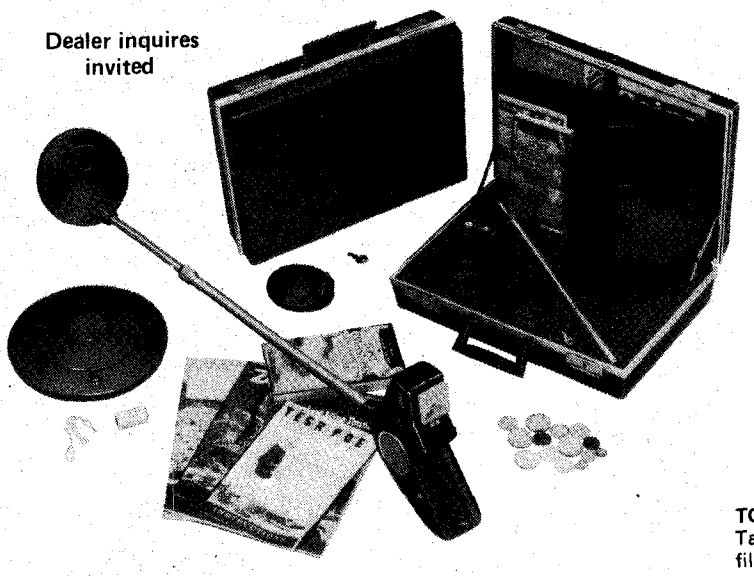

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Truly Western

Elida Pioneers

I enjoy the articles in TRUE WEST and enjoyed especially the one by James Oliver Carper, "Free 'Homes' in the Pecos Valley," in which he wrote about Roswell, New Mexico. This article struck a responsive chord in my memory as at one time we lived in that part of New Mexico.

In the early 1900s my father homesteaded near a small town in New Mexico called Elida which is about forty miles northeast of Roswell. I was quite small at the time but remember hearing about the apple orchards there and the name Roswell came to mean apples to me. Apparently there were many apple orchards there—watered, perhaps, by the wells drilled by the Carpers, as many wagonloads of apples were brought to Elida and the surrounding territory from Roswell in the fall of the year.

Our home was located about 300 yards from the main road leading to Roswell and we children—there were seven of us—often played near this road. One day when we were playing near it some people in a covered wagon coming from the direction of Roswell passed us. The back of the wagon was filled with apples and when they passed us someone in the wagon threw each of us an apple. After this episode we made it a point to be beside the road when we saw a wagon approaching from the direction of Roswell and oftener than not we received apples. When Papa and Mama caught on to what we were doing they put a stop to it but I shall never forget how good those gift apples tasted.

We lived in New Mexico for four years and enjoyed many things about it but the long hard winters and violent sandstorms in the spring caused my parents to decide to move back to Texas—near Austin—where the climate was milder.—Mrs. M. O. Rogers, Route 2, Buda, Texas 78610

It's Yesterday Again—For a Little While . . .

I don't know if I am growing old faster, or if I was old all the time and it just begins to make itself known. I find myself victim of a strange malady. Every time a new TRUE WEST comes, or one of your other magazines I find I am homesick—homesick for years I remember from long ago. Turning the pages of TRUE WEST, I retreat to the past and bury myself in nostalgia—the telephone rings, the doorbell rings, the cat wants in—I could care less. Your magazines are better and better.

I have particularly enjoyed "The Virginian" by Thelma Kimmel and wonder if she could be related to Owen Wister, she writes with such authority. I am lucky enough to have several of his books, first editions. And the article about Gary Cooper was a great satisfaction. I understand his original ranch has been purchased by some land developers and is being parceled off by the lot and sold in fifty-foot "ranches," or some such. It is already being advertised for retirement ranches. I guess the old days really are gone, but through the pages of Western Publications, I can shut the door on today and turn back the clock.—Marty Kelly, 1714 - 4th Avenue North, Great Falls, Montana 59401

Good Doctor Pelton

I read Stony Nagle's story in the December 1970 issue, about Dr. Pelton saving the life of Charlie Siringo, so I thought I'd write about when Dr. Pelton saved my life.

I was born December 9, 1897 near Horace Yeaman's home on Tres Palacios Bay. When I was two weeks old my tonsils swelled so I could not nurse or drink. Mrs. Yeaman, who was my baby doctor, gave up. My father wrapped me in a bed quilt and carried me on his cow pony to Demings Bridge to Dr. Pelton, arriving about midnight. Dr. Pelton got out of bed and went to work on me. He cauterized my tonsils with nitrate of silver and worked with me until daybreak to keep me breathing. It was December 23 he let father take me home, and Mother said that was the best Christmas present anyone ever had, as no one ever expected to see me alive. They always had a tender spot in their hearts for the man who gave up his rest and stayed up all night to save my life.

Dr. A. M. Pelton a year before his death at 91.

When I was young I read all of Charlie Siringo's books I could get my hands on. My father and uncle knew Charlie and told me that most of what I'd read was just a bunch of cowboy campfire tales. The both knew of his getting shot and told me the name of the cowman who ordered it done and also several others he had ordered. Father helped bury one whole family that were wiped out.

They just don't make doctors like A. M. Pelton anymore and thank goodness they don't have to use a cow pony ambulance to get a baby to the doctor.

Frank Dobie's mother, Ella Byler Dobie, was my father's cousin and although I never met her I have been told that she was one of the best of the old-time ranch wives.

My father worked for Captain John T. Lytle at Devine and he had a high regard for him and his nephew, Forrest McDaniel, for whom I was named.—John Forrest Byler, Route 1, Box 270, Youngsville, Louisiana 70592

MILT HINKLE

October 15, 1881

January 29, 1972

Milt is gone—and that hard fact is all we know at press time. Further details will be given in subsequent issues.

More On Saddles

You've done it again—a real whingding of a story "The $125,000 Saddle" by Frank Dean. When I saw the Tom Mix saddle in the museum at Dewey, Oklahoma and found Ed Bohlin's name on it, I had to meet Ed—so I wrote Joe DeYong and got Ed's address. We exchanged letters and on my next trip I went to the Hollywood shop of Bohlin

(Continued on page 72)

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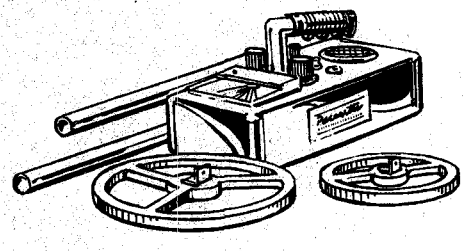

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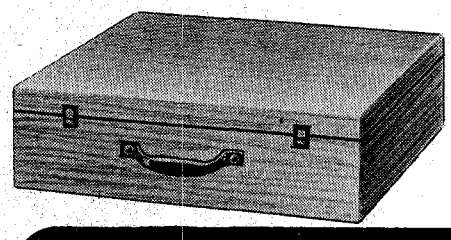

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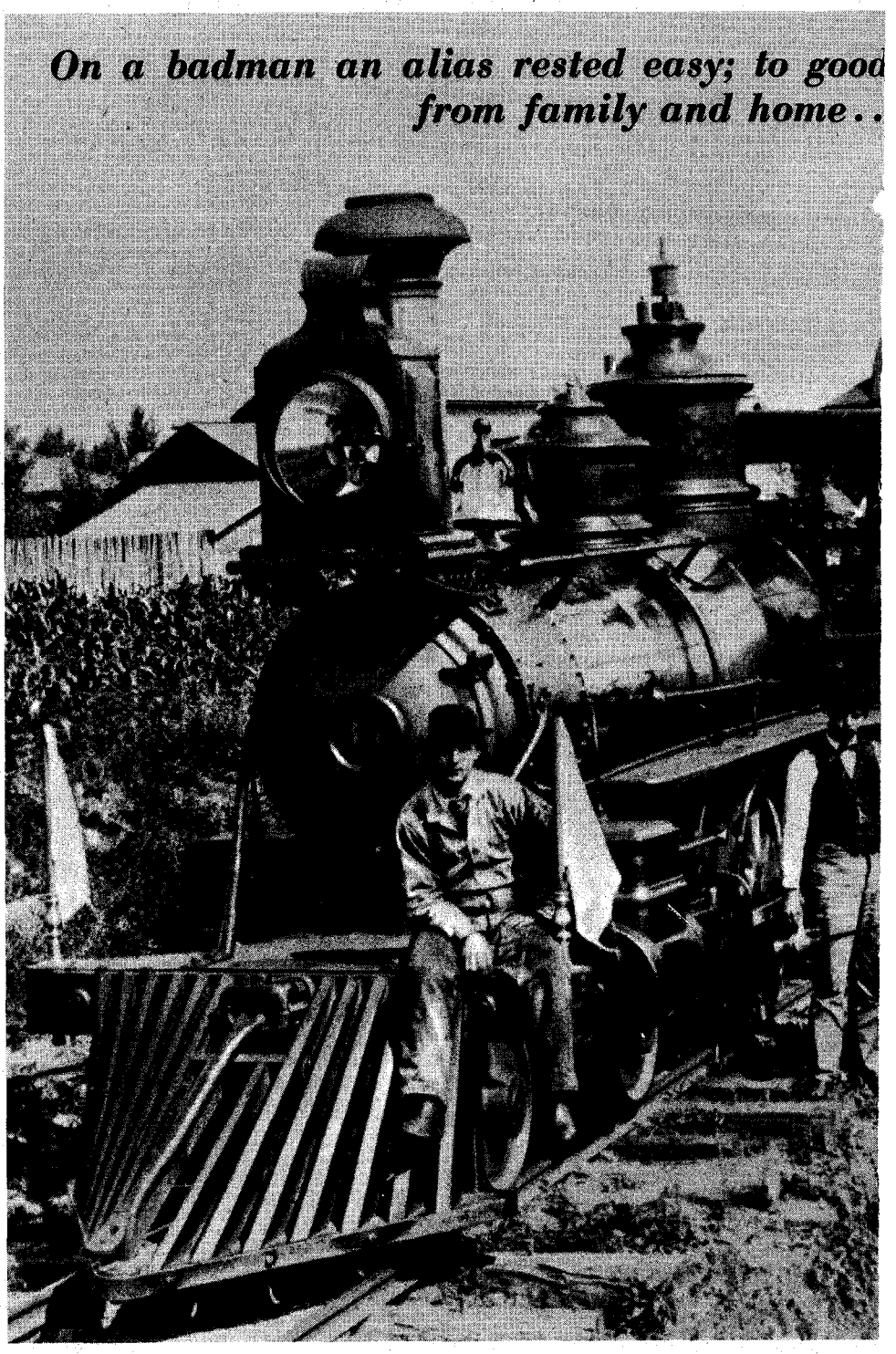
"WHAT WAS YOUR IN THE STATES?"

By MARGARET MARSHALL

Excerpt from **An American Memoir** by Margaret Marshall; Courtesy **The Hudson Review**, New York



THE WINTER Kate Parke turned nineteen [1883], she fell in love with a man named Jim Wilkes. She met him at a dance—perhaps at Elba, perhaps at Malta [Idaho], the cowtown five miles down the creek near Raft River. He had been in the country even longer than the Parkes. Charlie Parke [Kate's father] had known him casually for years, but Kate had never met him before, to her knowledge. He was a fine-looking man, and a good dancer. (Kate always added, "So was I.") Apart from his good looks and his dancing Jim Wilkes, one might have thought, was not the sort to attract the daughter of Charlie Parke. He was no tenderfoot, but he was soft-spoken, and both his grammar and his manners set him apart from the men Kate was used to, including her father. He was fifteen years older than she was. But the frontier contempt for civilization was often the reverse of awe; moreover, country girls have frequently been captivated by older men with worldly manners—and why not?

When Jim Wilkes rode into Raft River Valley in 1870, he had two pasts behind him though he was barely twenty-one. His real name was Griffin Stith Marshall. He had called himself Jim Wilkes only since a spring evening in 1867 when an incident in a Virginia village had sent him into exile as a fugitive from the law.

I heard the story from Mother—I am the daughter of Kate Parke and Griffin Marshall. Father wouldn't have considered it suitable for a little girl, but Mother had no such qualms. Mother had a strong sense of drama, and for her the story was the thing.

"Your father changed his name," she told us, "because he got in trouble back home and had to leave the country. He never done anything. No indictment was ever found"—Mother was careful to insert the formal, exonerating phrase—"but he was in a crowd one night with his brother John and this colored man

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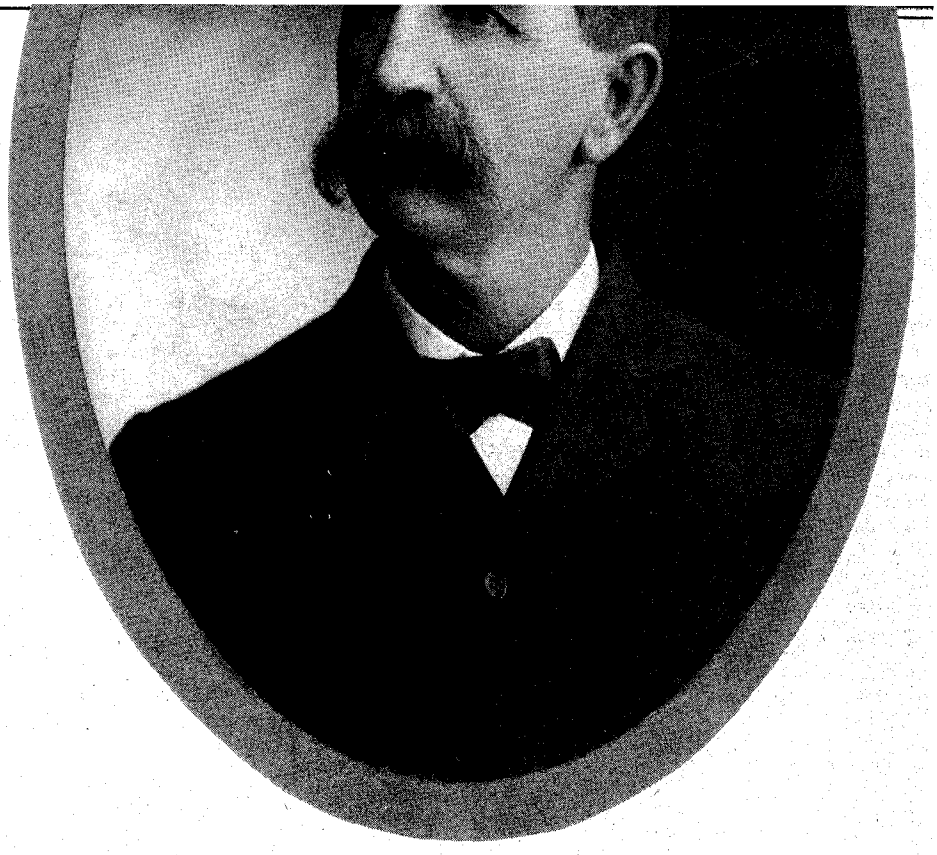
men it meant exile

The last Utah & Northern train over narrow gauge tracks into Pocatello, Idaho, date unknown.

Courtesy Union Pacific RR Museum, Omaha



Griffin Stith Marshall

was killed. He'd been a slave of your grandfather's before the war, so when he was shot they thought the Marshall boys had something to do with it. There were soldiers there, northern soldiers, but your father and his brother got away. They left the country that same night—without even saying goodbye to their mother. That was when they changed their names. That's history," Mother would add, as she usually did when she told us a story about the early days. "Do what you will with it."

The time came when I visited the Virginia village. And I discovered not only that every word of Mother's account was true, but that the full story was adorned with details and a couple of postscripts that would have delighted her.

THE NAME of the village is Charlotte Court House and it is the seat of Charlotte County. Its courthouse, built in 1823, is a handsome building of red brick, with a white portico and four white columns overarched by venerable trees. Before the courthouse on an evening in the spring of 1867 a crowd had gathered to listen to a speech. The speaker was a Negro, who was able to make a speech only because Federal troops were camped in a grove of trees across the street. His name was Jo Holmes. He had been a slave, the butler of Judge Hunter Marshall whose plantation Roxabel was five miles from the village. Now Jo Holmes was not only a free man but also a member of the Virginia legislature.

Jo Holmes' podium was the slave block that still stands at the point where the walk from the courthouse joins the street. According to the local story, he was advocating mixed marriages. He didn't get very far with his speech. A shot was fired and Jo Holmes fell dead. The bullet, I was told, is buried in the front wall of the courthouse.

In the crowd were my father and his older brother John who were home on

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vacation from Cliffton Academy in Fauquier County. John had been in the Confederate cavalry. (Their oldest brother Hunter had been killed in the Civil War —four days after Appomattox.) Griffin, who was only seventeen, had been too young to go to war. With them was their cousin David Morton, actually a second or third cousin, and a friend named Fred Beal.

The shot that killed Jo Holmes came from the part of the crowd where the four young men were standing. One of the four did fire the shot—then slipped the gun into the hand of a friend who threw it into the creek that runs through the hollow beside the courthouse. The Federals came running, but before they could get to the scene the four boys had made their escape with the help of relatives and friends. They were hidden for several hours in a house in the village. Before dawn they were driven to Pamplin, the nearest station on the Norfolk and Western Railway, and put on a train headed west.

Kate (Parke) Marshall, a country girl who fell in love with a man with a mysterious past.

The four fugitives soon parted. A letter from Griffin to his older sister Mary dated May 29, 1867—I got it from the daughter of Father's sister—shows that he and John had been commended to the care of people named Taylor in country that might be Texas. There is no mention of the other two boys. The letter is written on a piece of stationery embossed in the upper left-hand corner with the head of an Indian and, beneath it, the legend "N. P. Co."; but there is no place name on the letter and the envelope is missing. It reads as follows;

May 29, 1867

My Dear Sister:

You must really excuse me for not writing to you sooner but I have been sick nearly ever since I have been here and the other part of the time I didn't feel like writing. I haven't had anything to do at all—we have been waiting for Mr. Taylor's son to come down here—but he has been sick and is now worse and probably never will be able to come. The old man said that he (his son) could get us better situations than anyone else and advised us to wait for him and of course as we are under his care we took his advice and are now waiting to see what is going to turn up. Mr. T. Sr. went up to see about his son yesterday and we are expecting him back every day.

Morgan is well and in pretty good spirits, but I am not in good spirits. I am getting tired of doing nothing and paying board.

This is the hardest country I ever saw; there isn't a tree of any consequence in two hundred miles of this place. One day it is hot as five hundred [this was a simile my father often used] and the next day you can't wrap up and keep comfortable—now today it is very hot.

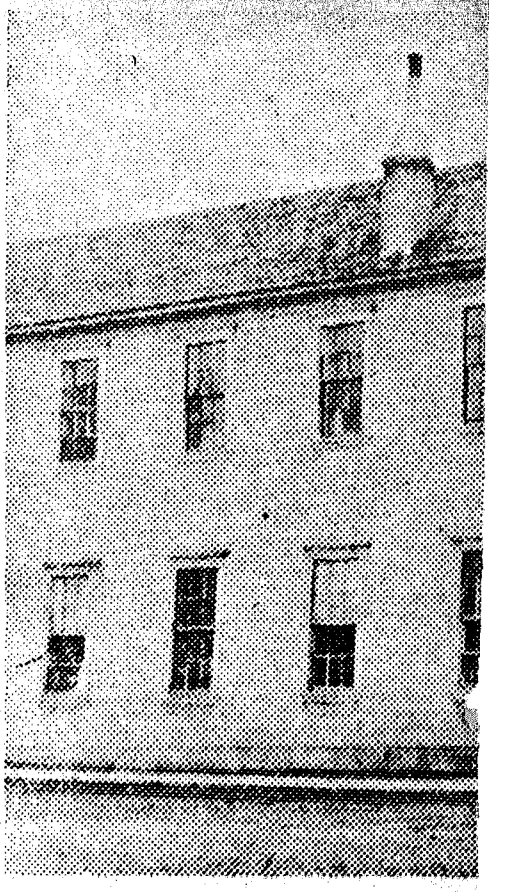
I wrote to Ma some two or three days ago; tell her to write to me and that often. Has the old fuss died out yet or not? I am very anxious to know how things are going and to know the effect that thing produced.

I haven't got anything to write about and I am going to stop. Give my love to Bee Jim and all at Roxobel and regards to all of my friends and write soon to your affectionate

Brother

The handwriting is the same that appears in two letters Griffin had written to his mother a few months before from Cliffton Academy, but the writer signs himself not "G. S. M." or "G. S. Marshall" as in the earlier letters but "J. T. Wilkes." The "Morgan" he refers to can only be his brother John.

"I never understood," said my cousin Sarah when she handed me the worn sheet, "what a letter with that strange signature was doing in Mother's papers."



IN CHARLOTTE COURT HOUSE it is asserted as fact that Fred Beal fired the shot that killed Jo Holmes, and evidence is cited to prove the assertion. Soon after the incident there arrived in the village a coffin purporting to contain the remains of Fred Beal. The device misfired —the coffin was opened and found to contain wrapped rocks.

What happened to Fred Beal remains a mystery. The fate of David Morton, the fourth fugitive, is known. He wound up in Nebraska where he became first a cowboy, then an outlaw and a pal of Billy the Kid. The two had a falling out and became mortal enemies. The last sequence of Morton's life is recorded in *The Saga of Billy the Kid* by Walter Noble Burns. Morton is called Billy in the book, but there is convincing evidence, in a footnote, that he was the David Morton who left Virginia with my father. In the course of the Lincoln County cattle war, after a series of events too complicated to set down here, Morton and another outlaw, Frank Baker, became the prisoners of Billy the Kid. The Kid for the moment was on the side of the law—he had been deputized as a member of the posse that was sent out to capture Morton and Baker and bring them to Lincoln, the county seat. The posse did capture them, but the Kid had no intention of delivering his prisoners to the sheriff. As the party neared the town of Roswell, on the way to Lincoln, the Kid told Morton that he could write

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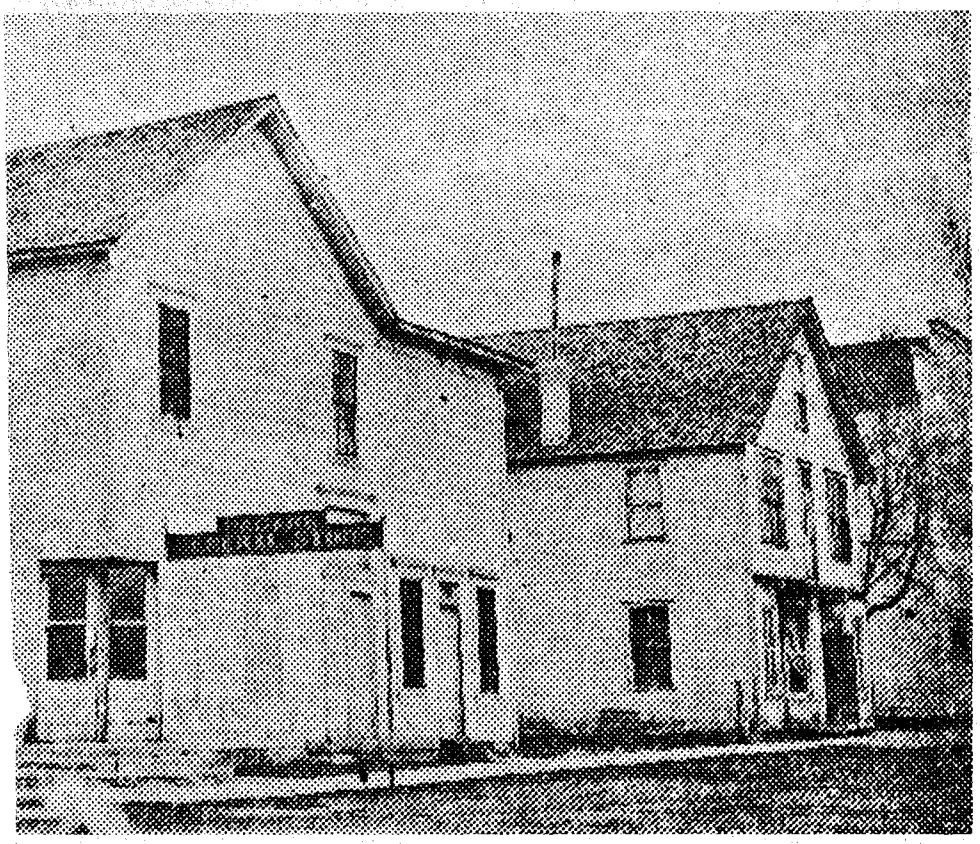


Griffin Marshall ran for sheriff of Cassia County in 1888, and was elected for a two-year term. Above is the old Cassia County courthouse in Albion. At the time of the photo the building was in use as a general store. The Banner Hotel, where jurymen slept, is at right.

a letter. Morton did so, and when he handed it to Ash Upson, the postmaster at Roswell, he asked Upson to inform the person to whom it was addressed of "the full particulars of my death when you hear of them." In the footnote it is stated that the letter was addressed to Morton's cousin in Virginia, Judge H. H. Marshall, my grandfather.

Soon after leaving Roswell, the posse and its prisoners turned off into a trail leading to a "spring pool" which was used as a waterhole for animals. The spring bore the beautiful name of Agua Negra, but its local name was Stinkin' Springs. Accounts agree, according to Mr. Burns, that the Kid killed Morton and Baker, though the exact circumstances are in dispute. A few days later sheepherders found their bodies beside the pool and buried them.

I once asked my father who killed Jo Holmes. He replied only that it was not he.

How long John and Griffin stayed at the Taylor place is not recorded. Eventually they went west from the Taylors' and, working their way, finally arrived in San Francisco. They turned eastward again when they got jobs driving a six-mule team, hauling a load of freight over the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Elko, Nevada. That was in 1869, and Griffin earned his first money in Elko peddling newspapers on the trains of the recently completed transcontinental railway. He had another job in Elko, as a bartender in a saloon where shootings were so frequent that the bar was faced with a sheet of metal so that the bartenders, by ducking, could get out of the line of fire.

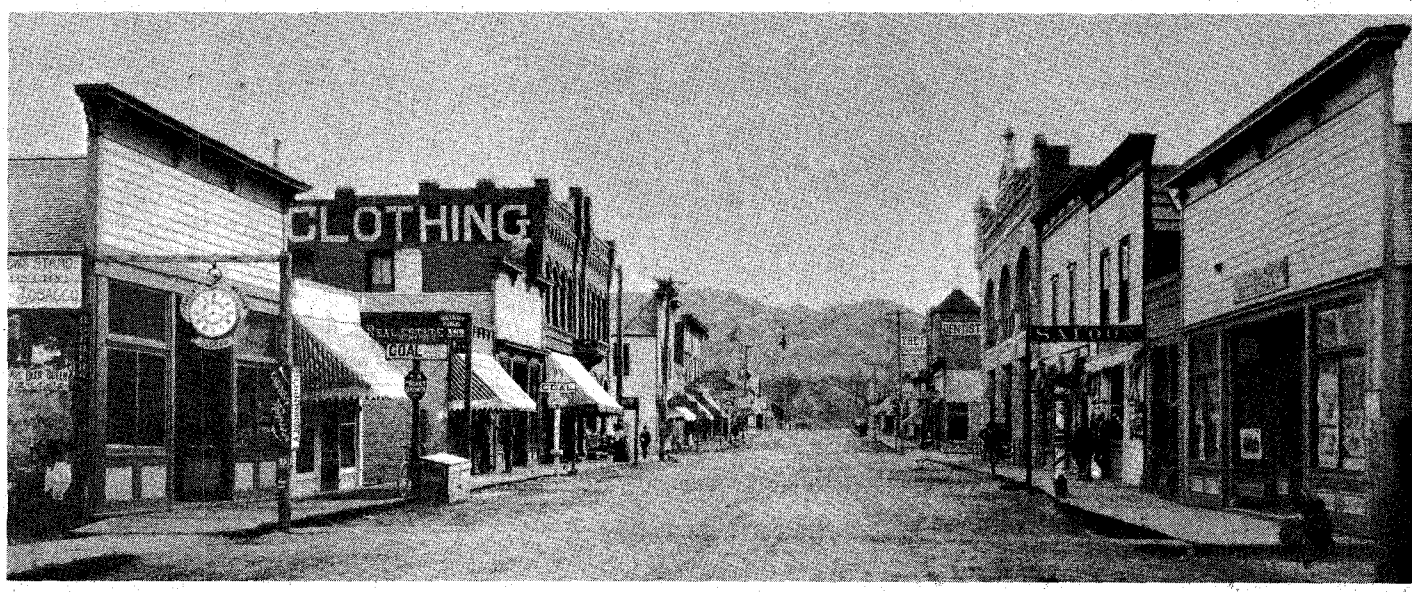
This interlude had a sequel many years later. My father, who became first a cattleman and then a sheepman, went to Chicago with a shipment of stock. In those days shippers from the West were greeted at the station by "gentlemen" with elegant carriages who offered to show the greenhorns the town and wound up by mulcting them of what might be a large part of their year's cash income. Father was approached by such a man, but this time it turned out that the fleecer and the prospective victim had already met. The gentleman with the carriage was the man who owned the saloon in Elko. He showed Father the town, but the greenhorn went home with his stock money intact.

FROM NEVADA the Wilkes brothers went north as cowhands with a cattle train bound for Montana. They decided to stay in Montana, and John did spend the rest of his life there. But Griffin soon moved on again—as the result of an incident that made him once more a fugitive from the law.

A man was killed. The local vigilantes were aroused and swore to find the culprit. The dead man was known to be a cattle rustler, and it seems odd that

Center Street in Pocatello, Idaho around 1896. Griffin and John Marshall frequently came to Pocatello on cattle business.

Photo Above and Below Courtesy Idaho Historical Society



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vigilantes would bother about the death of a cattle rustler, but perhaps, like those villains so often summoned up by the script writer for "The Lone Ranger," this was a cattle rustler who appeared to be something quite different and respectable. It may even be that the vigilantes were villains in league with the cattle rustler.

The sheriff, who was a friend of the Wilkes brothers, apparently believed that the victim was a villain and had reason to think that the vigilantes were no better than they should have been. On the other hand, a piece of evidence found at the scene of the crime implicated the Wilkes brothers; they were bound to be suspected and, if apprehended, hanged. The sheriff made them a proposition. If one of them would light out, thereby drawing the blame upon himself, he, the sheriff, would try to give the fugitive a good start before he sent a posse after him. The young men accepted. Griffin was the one who lit out. The plan succeeded, and Griffin got away.

He rode south and a little east. Some time later a young fellow calling himself Jim Wilkes turned up in Raft River Valley. It was cattle country and Wilkes had no trouble getting a job as a cowhand with one of the outfits on the river. The year was 1870.

By the time Jim Wilkes met Kate Parke thirteen years later, he had acquired a stake of his own. With a partner he had a ranch and cattle near the town of Albion, fifteen miles northwest over the mountains from the ranch on Cassia Creek. But he still came to Raft River Valley. He had friends there and he liked to dance.

In Virginia, the "old fuss" had long since died out and Griffin was free to resume his own name long before he met Kate. But his relations with people in the Valley where he had turned up as a stranger in 1870 had been built around his identity as Jim Wilkes. In Raft River Valley the story of his early life as the son of a Virginia planter and judge would have sounded more like a tall tale than straight fact—or worse, like one of the current romances about southern gentlemen in the wild West. In any event, Griffin had got used to being Jim Wilkes. As for the secret life his disguise entailed, that, too, had become familiar.

Whatever the reasons, Griffin had preserved his disguise and his secret. Only in his letters home did he speak in his own name. Three from the 1880s were kept. They were addressed to his mother in Richmond where she and Grandfather now lived. Around 1870 Grandfather Marshall, who had always been more lawyer than planter, had left the plantation to be farmed by tenants and had entered a law partnership in Richmond.

THE FIRST LETTER, postmarked Albion, was written on Christmas Eve:

At home
12/24th/83

My Dear Mother

I thought for a long time that I would not write you but would surprise you by dropping in on you about the Xmas holidays, but I am afraid I cannot get away. In the first place I am short of funds, in the next place I have a partner that drinks very hard and if I should leave home for a month or two everything would be neglected, besides he would get so deeply in debt, that it would compel me to sacrifice property to settle. I was never so worried in my life. There are certain parties that fill him up with liquor, and handle him as they please. In spite of all I can do he squanders

Above, for awhile, John and Griffin Marshall earned their money hauling freight over the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Elko, Nevada. This photo shows two unidentified freight teams in Elko. Below, a section of Cassia County aptly called the "City of Rocks" gives an idea of some of the rugged terrain thereabouts.

Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

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from eight hundred to a thousand dollars a year for whiskey alone. His nephew has been here since the first of June, he has become perfectly disgusted and will leave tomorrow. I think now that we will divide the cattle in the spring for I will not stand it.

I have heard nothing from the lawyers since they advised me of the receipt of the papers Pa sent them. I do not suppose Pa would care to see me anyway, he never writes or seems to take the least interest in me whatever, but it is his pleasure to treat me so, and I have no complaints to make. I would make every possible effort to go home but I do not feel that I would be particularly welcome so do not try very hard; I may, however, make you a short visit before the winter is over for I would like to see Sister and your dear self; more than anyone living. I am doing very well, have a good start in the world and with anything like average luck will have a good stake inside of five years, that is, will be worth probably $25,000. We have had a splendid fall and this month here has been fine weather. There is about three inches of snow at present, but it is a benefit. Cattle eat snow and do not have to go so far for water.

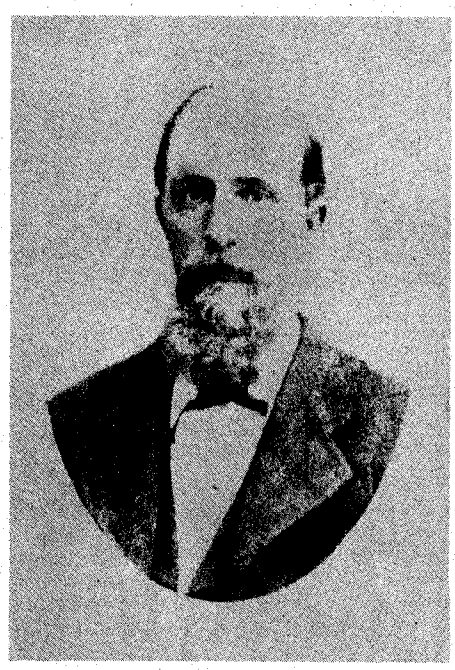
I will write Sister soon. My Xmas will be a very dull one. Times are hard and money very scarce. To add to it all I have the blues; I know I am alone in the world and the older I get the more I feel it; if a man has no property in this country he is shunned by all that know him, but if he has money he is considered a pretty good fellow.

Wishing you a Merry Xmas and a happy New Year, I am

Your affectionate son
G. S. M.

GRIFFIN'S REMARK about lawyers and papers has to do with the death of his brother John. Through the years, John had done well. He had acquired a ranch of his own on Birch Creek, in Montana. Like Griffin, he had not married, but he had a housekeeper who, with her two small girls, lived in the ranch house. One evening a tramp passing through the country asked for food and a bed and was told he could sleep in the barn. In the middle of the night, the tramp entered the house. The noise he made woke Uncle John, whose bedroom was on the ground floor. He went out to investigate the disturbance, and was shot by the intruder. The housekeeper, wakened by the shot, ran downstairs from her room on the second floor and she, too, was shot. The tramp then set fire to the house.

Griffin Marshall in later years.



The housekeeper, though she was wounded, was able to get out, and she saved her children by persuading them to jump from the second-story window, but Uncle John was either killed by the tramp or too badly wounded to make his escape. The tramp was caught. Mother loved to tell the story. And in one of her letters, she wrote, "They took him to a store. They led the two girls through the store and they both pointed out this man. A vigilance commity was raised. They hung the man to a telephone pole or something like that." Mother wouldn't have known or cared what the word "anachronism" meant.

This was the way I heard the story when I was a child. But in the family papers I got from Virginia there is evidence, in letters written in 1890 by Grandfather Marshall and my father, that Uncle John's death may have been plotted by a man or by men whose motive was robbery of a different sort, that the tramp may not have been a tramp but the tool of a rival in search of documents. It is one of those stories that cannot be verified, except for the detail that Uncle John was indeed killed.

Before the next letter to Richmond was written, Kate Parke and Jim Wilkes had met and become engaged, secretly. But the secret could not be kept, and when it leaked out Charlie Parke raised hell. He said that Wilkes was "too damned old." But that was the least of his objections. Nobody knew, he said, who Wilkes was or where he had come from. Some people doubted that Wilkes was his real name. It was even rumored that he had killed a man and had come to Raft River to hide out. And if he didn't have something to hide, why was he so close-mouthed about himself? No daughter of his, yelled Charlie Parke, would ever marry a man "old enough to be her father" and, for all anybody knew, a murderer besides.

Grandmother had an objection, too. Wilkes was not a Mormon. Grandfather probably threw that in for good measure. Whether or not he snorted at Wilkes' high-toned bearing I hadn't the sense to inquire when I might have got an answer, but I could not be more sure that Jim Wilkes' Virginia manners confirmed Charlie Parke's worst suspicions.

Grandfather forbade Wilkes the ranch. He forbade Kate to leave it. The battle was drawn. But Kate's mind was made up and she had ways of outwitting Charlie Parke. When a dance and a meeting with Wilkes were at stake, she pretended to go to bed early, then slipped out later when the house was still, caught and saddled one of the horses—which her father turned out every evening into the pasture the better to defeat her schemes—and made her escape.

She told us she sometimes rode as far as fifteen miles through the dark valley to meet Jim Wilkes and dance till

(Continued on page 40)

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GOLD BARS FROM THE

By GERRY ERBERICH

Photos Courtesy Author

Above, the Barnard Express office and six-horse stage at Yale, British Columbia in 1868. Coaches like this one frequently carried large sums of gold from the northern Cariboo goldfields. At far right, eleven gold ingots from the Bullion Mine at Quesnel Forks, B.C. prior to shipment south by the B.X. lines. The size of the individual bars decreased as the gold rush reached its peak in the late 1800s.

THE BARNARD EXPRESS COMPANY was to the vast Canadian province of British Columbia what Wells Fargo and the Butterfield Express Company were to the western and southwestern United States.

During the tumultuous goldrush of the early 1860s and throughout the early 1900s, the "B.X.", as it was more commonly known, hauled freight, passengers, and gold up and down the tortuous Cariboo Trail and, later, the Cariboo Wagon Road. The B.X. stagecoaches frequently carried huge cargoes from the northern goldfields to Yale, British Columbia, the southern terminus of the route. One solid gold ingot, weighing 650 pounds and cast in the shape of a cannon ball, was hauled from Barkerville to Yale by a single stagecoach, a distance of some 400 miles. This spherical mass of gold was valued at $178,000, and that price based on a value of only $16.50 per troy ounce.

Another huge shipment of gold was hauled south by a specially reinforced stagecoach of the B.X. Company at about the same time. It consisted of both nuggets and ingots and the value of this singular transport was set at $600,000. It is recorded that during its first year of operation in 1864 the Barnard Express Company hauled $4,600,000 in gold and covered nearly 110,000 miles.

On one hot, muggy day in July 1892, B.X. stagedriver William "Billy" Parker yelled his familiar "HEE-Ya!" and his six-horse team lunged forward in the traces, moving the Concord-style stagecoach out of the dusty yard of the 100-Mile House and onto the Cariboo Wagon Road, heading south. The team was a fresh one as it always was for coaches

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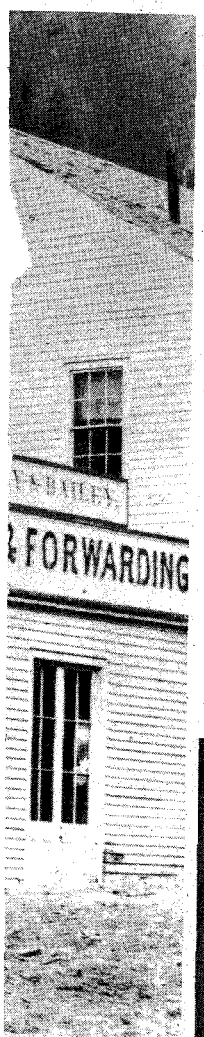
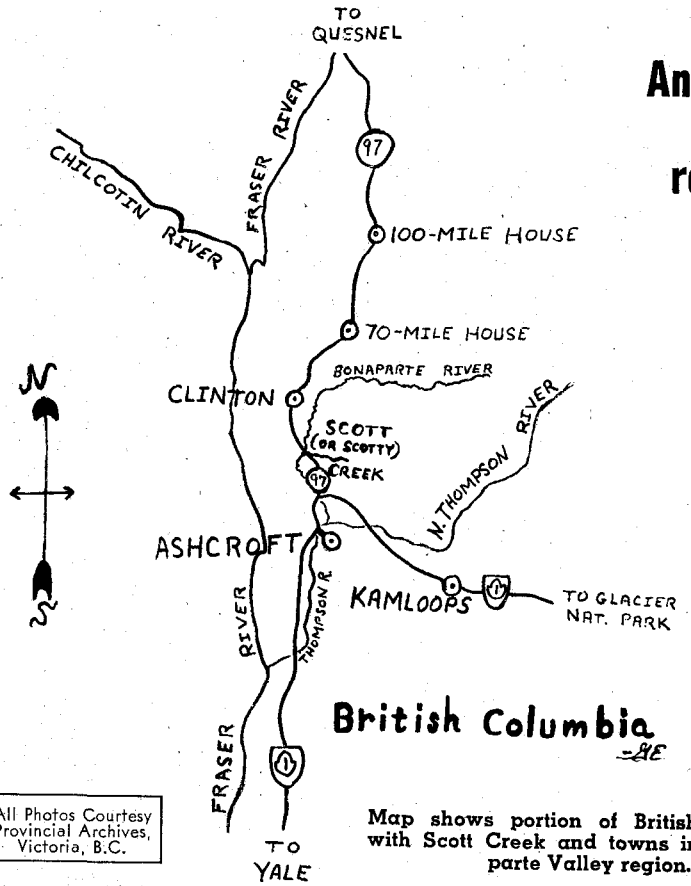
BARNARD EXPRESS

An unsuccessful prospector can be a mighty successful stage robber unless folks start wondering why his luck has suddenly changed!



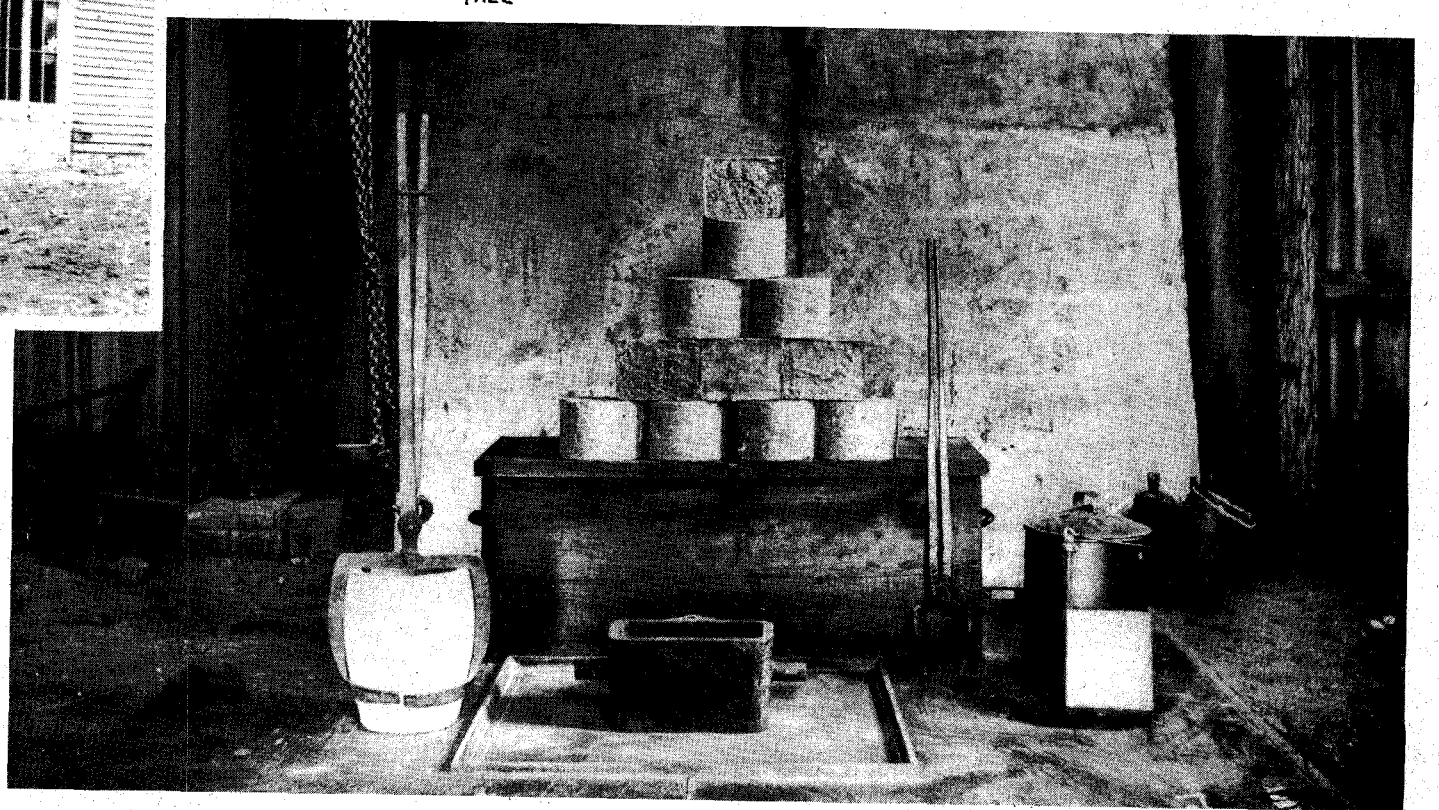


All Photos Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

Map shows portion of British Columbia with Scott Creek and towns in the Bonaparte Valley region.

going in this direction. (The route out of 100-Mile House even today is a long grade over a mile in length.) Billy cracked his long coiling whip and the horses gained speed as they started up the incline. Halfway up the grade and beneath the unmerciful summer sun's heat, every horse was lathering heavily. Billy's whip snapped and his voice yelled them on, and at last the grueling climb was behind them as they topped out on a rolling, forested plateau.

He checked his team's pace to a walk for about three-quarters of a mile until they reached the 98-Mile post, which was merely a wide turnout from the main road. Here it was customary for the



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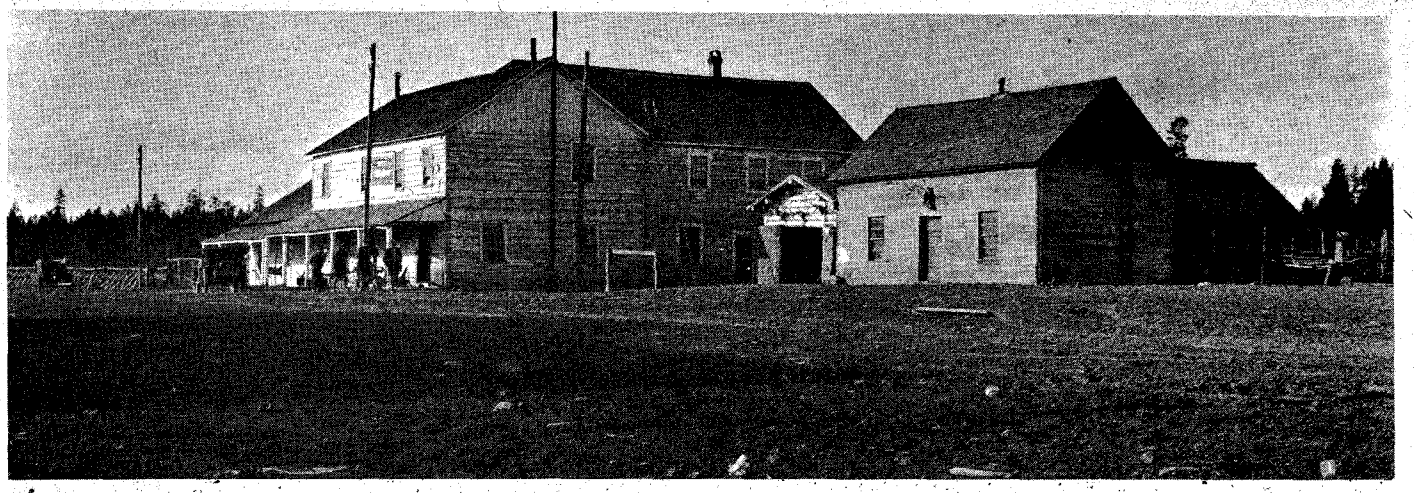

The 70-Mile House north of Clinton, B.C. It was from here that word was sent of the Barnard Express stage holdup. Photo taken in early 1900s.

southbound coaches to stop for a short time to let their teams cool after the climb, and for the northbound stages to check their brakes and harness before attempting the long descent awaiting them.

Pulling into the shade afforded by a clump of trees alongside the turnout, Billy Parker tied the reins and set the coach brakes. As he turned in his seat to descend from the stage he told his three passengers they had about five minutes to shake the dust from their clothes. Billy's right heel had not quite touched the ground when above the moist blowing sounds of his team he heard a noise which he recognized instantly. It was the cocking sound of a Winchester rifle. Freezing in his halfway-down position, Billy looked over his shoulder and into the octagon-barreled muzzle of the gun.

Holding it was a short, stocky man whose face was entirely covered by a large handkerchief in which two eyeholes had been cut. Above the mask could be seen some graying hair, but otherwise his appearance was essentially nondescript.

"Now just you climb back up there, driver-man, and toss down that moneybox under the seat—but careful-like; and if you reach for that shotgun up there, I'm gonna blow your head off!"

Without a word, Billy Parker did as he was told and as he climbed back onto the coach, the lone bandit gestured menacingly with his rifle at the passengers within. They got the wordless message and remained in their seats. Almost as soon as the strongbox hit the ground the masked man lifted it onto his nearby horse and, backing it away from the stagecoach with his gun still leveled at its occupants, he disappeared into the forest.

Billy's raised hands dropped as the bandit was lost to view. A man in his profession often wondered what he'd do in case of a holdup, especially if he had never been robbed before, and Billy hadn't. He wondered now if he had made a mistake in not challenging the robber for the strongbox. No, he still had his life, and the lives of his passengers. But that gray-haired thief had $15,000 in nuggets and solid gold bars. Billy hurried his team on to 70-Mile House and to the telegraph station there.

Posses were soon formed, but the only thing the various searches of all the brush between Ashcroft and 100-Mile House ever revealed was the B.X. strongbox, hammered apart, apparently by a heavy sledge. It was found by Constable Burr, heading a posse out of Ashcroft. A sudden summer thunderstorm had washed away any tracks which may have led from the strongbox, and there the trail ended for quite some time.

This commemorative sign alongside Provincial Highway 97, about six miles from Cache Creek Junction, is very near Scott Creek and perhaps very near $25,000 in buried gold bars!

THE YEAR 1892 was an especially exciting one for the Bonaparte River area, a wide, sagebrush-studded valley in which lie the towns of Clinton, Cache Creek and Ashcroft. Three months later, in September, any talk about the unsolved stage holdup was drowned out by a whirlwind rumor that gold had been discovered on Scott Creek. Before a week

(Continued on page 60)

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On Labor Day, 1911, a primitive man made a trip by train from the Stone Age to the modern world. He was

ISHI —A MOST REMARKABLE INDIAN

By RUTH MEPHAM SHAW
Photos Courtesy Author

Photos Courtesy Lowie Museum of Anthropology, University of California, Berkeley

Ishi, an Indian who bridged the gap between two worlds.

A STONE AGE MAN crept into the corral of a cattle slaughter house in Butte County, California, early on the morning of August 29, 1911. Starving, exhausted by grief and loneliness, he crouched against the corral fence because he could go no farther.

Dogs barking furiously aroused the sleeping butchers. They stumbled from their cabins and saw an Indian of middle height, his face stiff with fright. He was naked except for a scrap of canvas over his shoulders. His hair was burnt to his scalp.

The butchers decided that the sheriff of Butte County should be called. When he arrived he discovered that neither the white men nor the local Indians could talk with the "wild man" because he could not understand their words. The sheriff took him to the jail in Oroville, to be cared for there.

San Francisco newspapers printed sensational stories about the Indian which were read by Professors A. L. Kroeber and Thomas T. Waterman, anthropologists at the University of California. Realizing the importance the Indian could have in their studies of California history, the professors quickly collected recorded vocabularies of ancient Northern California tribes, and traveled to Oroville.

When they arrived at the jail they found a weary and bewildered human being. Professor Waterman seated himself beside the Indian, on his cot. He began to read aloud from a list of words. The Indian listened but he did not reply until Professor Waterman spoke the word "Siwini," which means "yellow pine." He tapped the wood of the cot as he repeated the word. The Indian's face became bright and he said, over and over, "Siwini, Siwini!" as he banged the cot's frame. Talk with the white man had begun.

Professor Waterman soon learned the Indian's name. On Labor Day, September 4, 1911 Ishi, dressed in white man's clothing but with no shoes yet, walked from the jail. He boarded the first train he had ever seen and traveled to San Francisco with Professor Waterman. Silent, unmoving, Ishi made the journey into the modern world.

At 11 o'clock on the evening of that Labor Day, Ishi entered the noisy, booming City of San Francisco. He arrived

(Continued on page 45)

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Author's Note: R. J. (Bob) Brown brought his bride (my mother's eldest sister) to his ranch, some twenty miles southwest of Henrietta, Clay County, Texas, when the prairie was covered with grass so tall there was a constant threat of Indians crawling through it to attack the house.

In the early 1900s Uncle Bob became sheriff of Clay County. Earlier he had served as a lawman in various capacities (probably in Grayson County, from which he had moved west.)

As a small boy I loved visiting Uncle Bob because he was no longer able to do the hard ranch work and spent a great deal of time telling me stories of frontier life. One of my greatest pleasures was riding with him in a buggy to the post office at Blue Grove and back. It was on one of these leisurely trips that Uncle Bob told me the story that follows. He gave no dates and research has failed to pin down an accurate time for the incidents, but a good guess would be in the early 1870s.

Grayson County records show that W. C. (Bill) Everheart was elected sheriff in 1878 and reelected in 1880. For reasons that will become obvious to the reader, the happenings of the story had to be in an earlier time. Since Uncle Bob referred to Bill Everheart as "Sheriff," it seems safe to assume that at the time of the story he was a deputy sheriff or, perhaps, acting sheriff.

General Sherman's terse description of war was eminently correct. Inevitably war is devastating to the land and demoralizing to the people. Our American Civil War was even crueler than most, in pitting brother against brother, friend against friend. When peace was declared in 1865 the "war" stopped—but in the southern states fighting continued in greater or lesser degree. Returned soldiers were bitter, resentful, sullen.

Compared to the rest of the Confederacy Texas may have suffered less as a battlefield, but when the war was over its economic future was bleak. The five-year period, 1865-1870, was one of turmoil, severe hardships, and grave uncertainty. The planter class had been

By FRED M. TRUETT

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

A STRANG

He was "wanted" more than the men being chased

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bankrupted through the loss of its most valuable assets—slaves and money. Cotton, the most important money crop prewar, completed the disaster when its price dropped to thirteen cents per pound; quite naturally land values collapsed. Vast numbers of the population were unemployed and deeply resentful of their lot. Anarchy was just a step away.

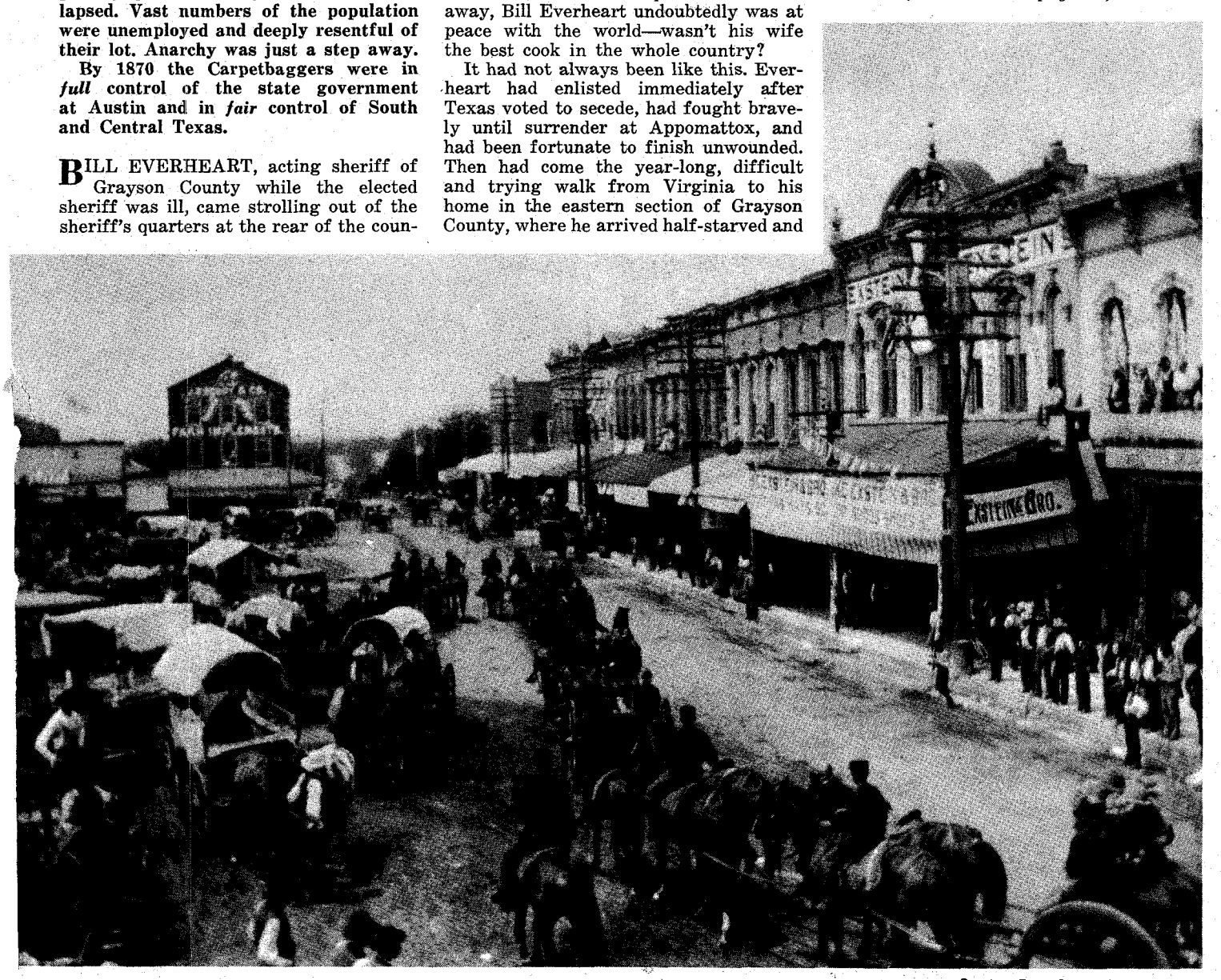
By 1870 the Carpetbaggers were in *full* control of the state government at Austin and in *fair* control of South and Central Texas.

BILL EVERHEART, acting sheriff of Grayson County while the elected sheriff was ill, came strolling out of the sheriff's quarters at the rear of the county jail in Sherman, the county seat. The toothpick in his mouth was visible evidence that he had just finished dinner (the midday meal). As he ambled toward his office in the courthouse, located in the center of the square two blocks away, Bill Everheart undoubtedly was at peace with the world—wasn't his wife the best cook in the whole country?

It had not always been like this. Everheart had enlisted immediately after Texas voted to secede, had fought bravely until surrender at Appomattox, and had been fortunate to finish unwounded. Then had come the year-long, difficult and trying walk from Virginia to his home in the eastern section of Grayson County, where he arrived half-starved and many pounds under his normal weight.

Everheart found his farm in a deplorably rundown condition. It took three years of hard, unremitting drudgery to put the land back into tillable

(Continued on page 63)



Courtesy Texas State Library, Austin

Bill Everheart, at the time acting sheriff of Grayson County, Texas, had his office in Sherman, the county seat. This photo shows artillery troops moving west on Houston Street in Sherman, date unknown.

ER RODE WITH THE POSSE

—but not in that particular area at that particular time . . .

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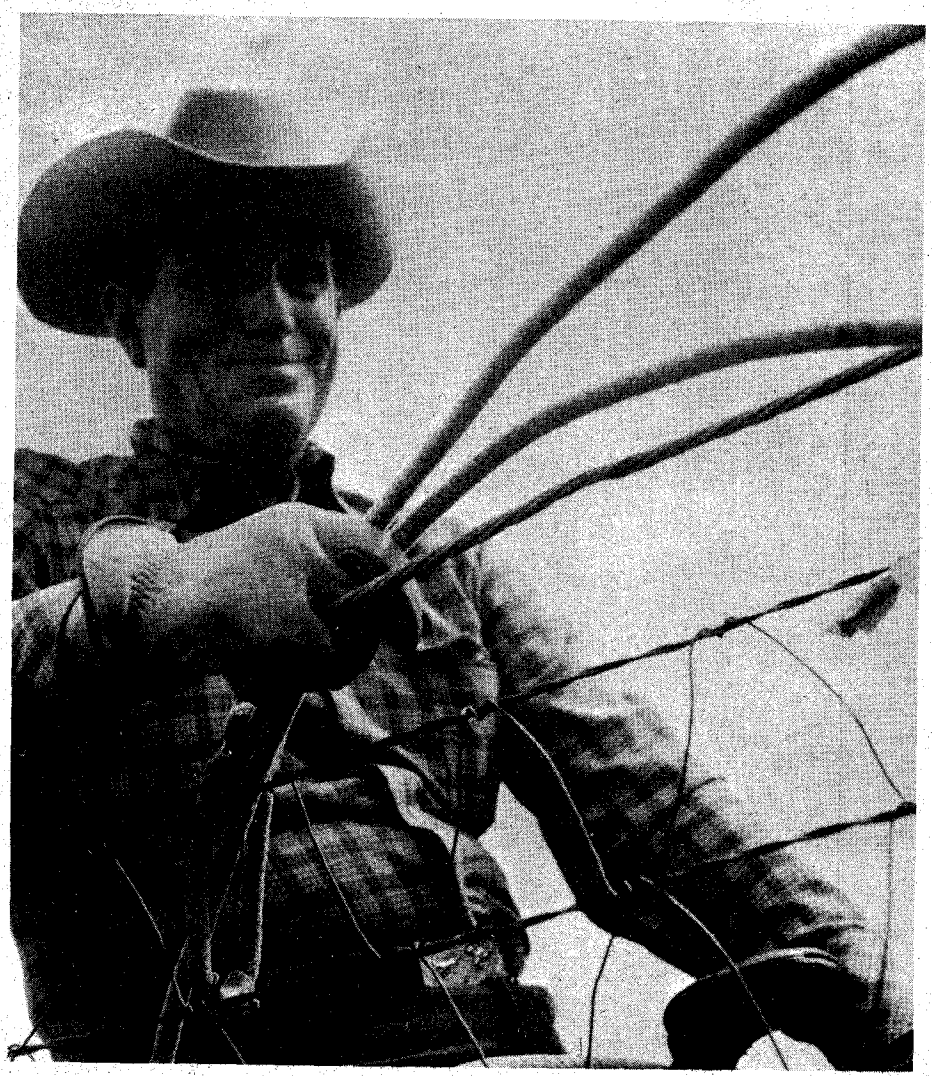
There wasn't a thing about rodeo Oral Zumwalt didn't know. He held the grandstand in

THE PALM OF A THREE-FINGERED GLOVE

By HELEN CLARK

Photos Courtesy Author



Oral Zumwalt, beloved rodeo promoter and all-around cowboy.

IN THE WEST he was known as "Mister Rodeo." And throughout the world his name came up when horsemen gathered and swapped true stories about skill in the saddle. He was the first man to ever rope a kangaroo. He set a world bulldogging record that has never been broken. He ran one of the fastest rodeos in the world, yet he always had time for the rookie cowboy. There wasn't a thing about rodeo he didn't know. He was one of the greatest promoters of the sport in the United States. He was a member of the All-American Rodeo Team which toured England and Australia. He was one of the first group of cowboys inducted into the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center at Oklahoma City. He was Oral Zumwalt—Augusta and Missoula, Montana rancher, king of the rodeo producers, and champion of the buckaroos.

Oral stood five feet, eleven inches tall and weighed 175 pounds. He was endowed with a marvelous physique. He was a handsome man, dark-haired, brown-eyed, with a million-dollar smile and a ten-million-dollar personality. He loved people, and he made them a part of his life. Oral rolled out the red carpet when his rodeos were in progress, and he made his spectators feel like a part of his rodeo. It was not by chance that the grandstands were always crowded. People were made to feel that he couldn't do a show without them. His widow, Mae Overman Zumwalt, said that had he gone into politics, he could have been President.

In his youth, Oral contested as a calf roper, steer wrestler, saddle bronc rider, wild cow milker. He was tops in all four, winning numerous championships around the country. He won the calf roping, dogging and steer decorating at Calgary. In 1939, he won the dogging at Palm Springs, California, proving his mettle in this event when he had to go up against a performer who earlier in the competition had set the almost incredible time of 3.1. Other doggers would have despaired of besting it, but not Zumwalt. "I ain't had my turn yet," he commented. He dogged his critter in the unequaled and sensational time of 2.2. It is predicted by rodeo buffs that this record will never be broken. But "never" was a word that did not exist for Oral.

Because he loved the young, he had more rodeo protegés than a porcupine has quills, and he never lost sight of them or what they were doing. He believed in working day in and day out at the events in which a cowboy hoped to excel. He believed in making the most of every opportunity offered. For instance, he would scold his rookies if at his rodeo they missed the calf with the first rope and didn't take down the second and stay at it.

"You paid your entrance fee and you're entitled to that second rope. Go after that calf, for that second loop might just help you finish in the average," Oral would insist.

Zumwalt belonged to the 1937 and 1938 All American Rodeo Teams, and he particularly loved contesting in Australia. "We terrorized them Aussies!" he

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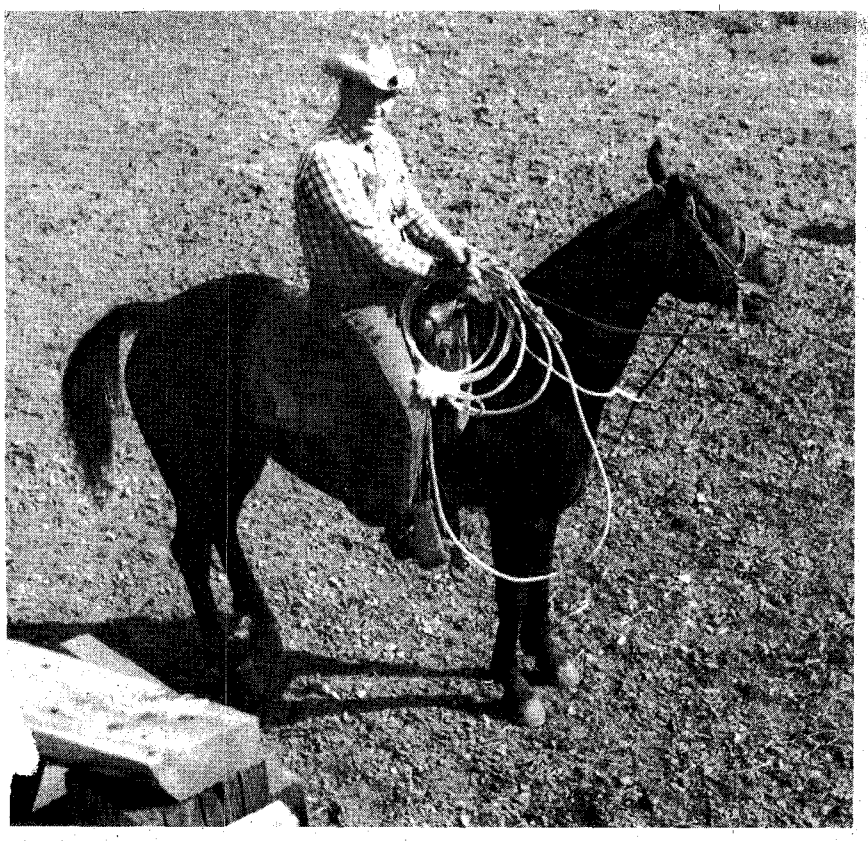
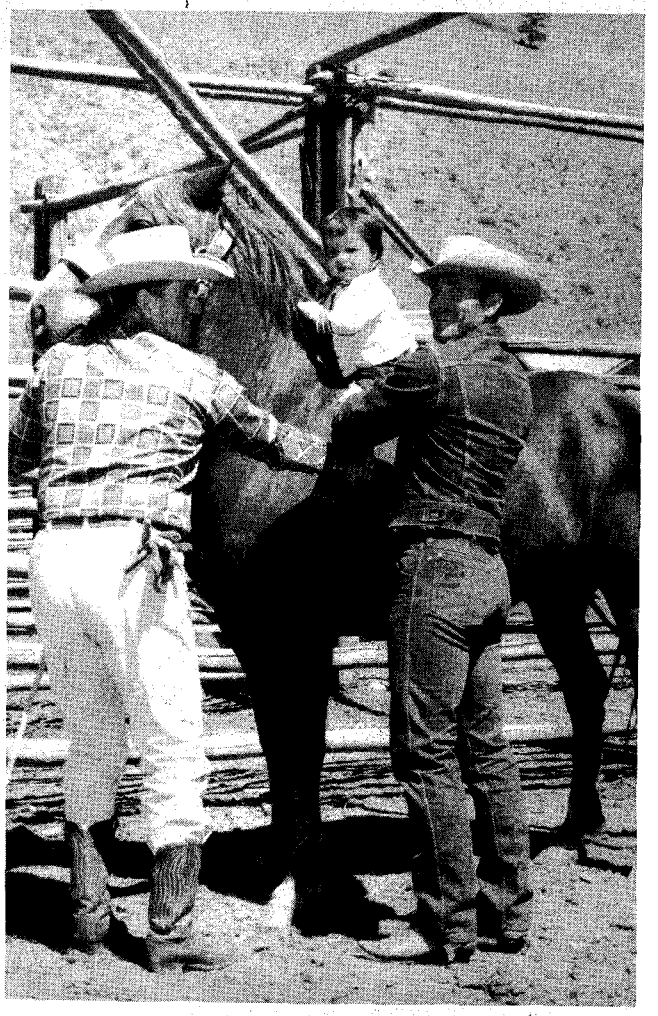
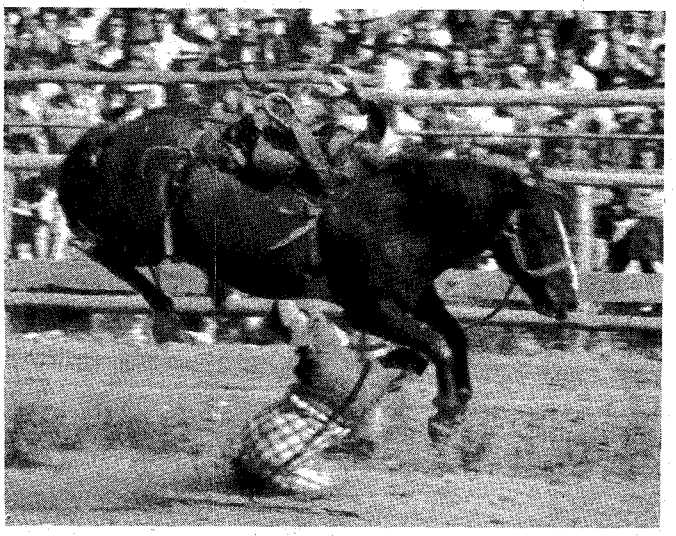




Above, Oral in the rodeo arena at his home ranch on Miller Creek just outside of Missoula, Montana. At right, Oral with co-producer Billy Lawrence and Bill's daughter, Lynn, being held astride Trail's End, world champion bucking horse.



At left, Trail's End unloads Billy Dygert at Dillon, Montana rodeo in 1962. Below, Centennial, top bareback bronc in Oral Zumwalt's Montana string, jumps out of the chutes at the 1960 National Finals. rodeo's year-end playoffs for national titles. Trying to stay aboard is the 1960 world champion all-around cowboy, Harry Tompkins, of Dublin, Texas.

would gaily declare. He came back both times with all-around cowboy championship trophies. That was when, with a little betting on the side, Oral proved he could rope and tie a kangaroo. He used a green broke horse to do it, too, not his seasoned calf roping mount.

He was a man who always operated on very few hours of sleep. Always an early riser, he was up at four when staging rodeos and he expected everyone else to get up and keep him company. He worked longer hours than any of his help, but he always took time off to laugh and tease.

(Continued on page 43)

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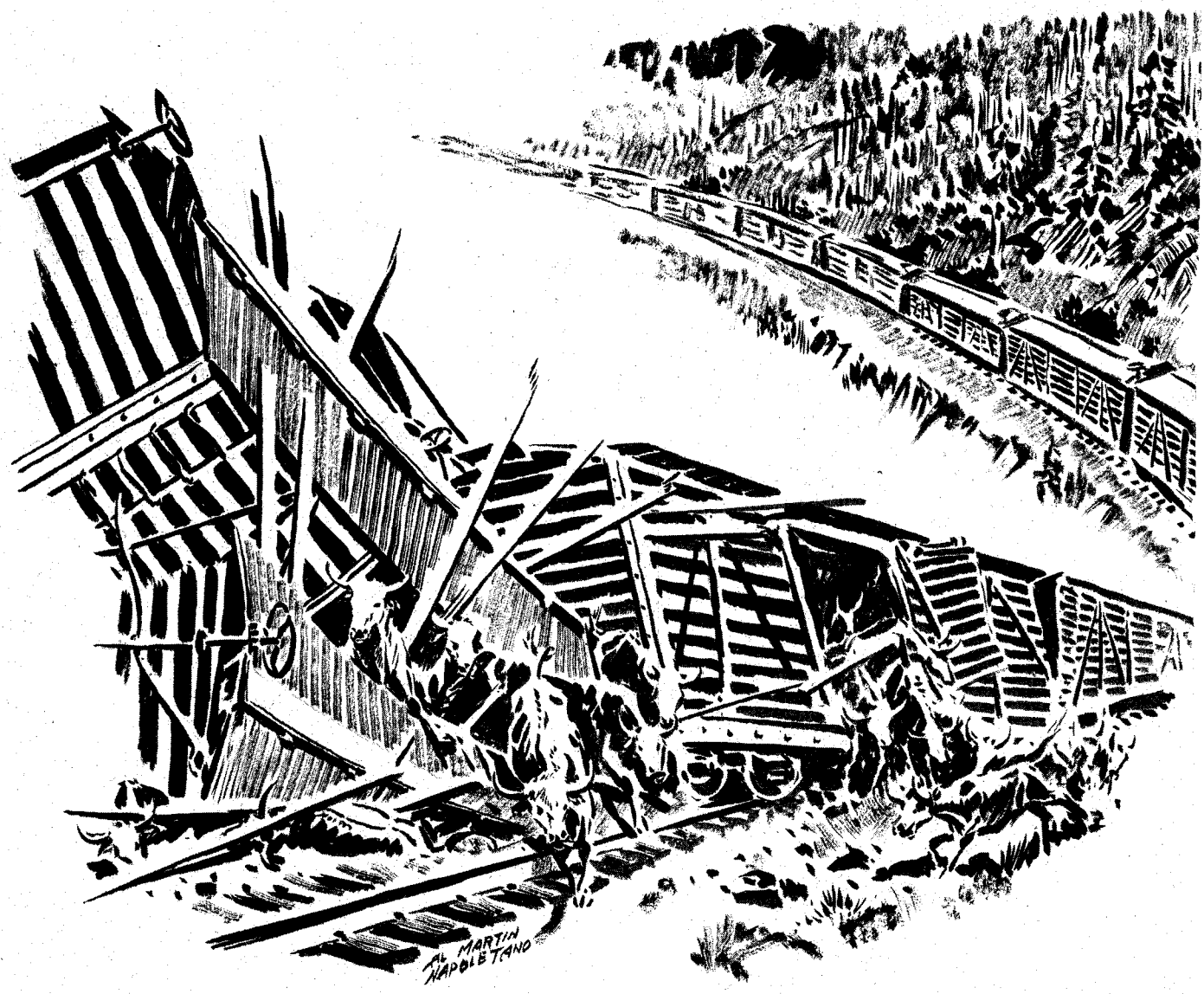

There is no feeling of guilt as hard to bear as having dealt out death unintentionally...

THE BRIGHT Colorado sun had just begun to melt frost from the loaded cattle cars sitting lined up on a makeup siding at Corona. This was the Moffat Road's terminal atop Rollins Pass in the Rocky Mountains, fifty miles west of Denver. The cars had arrived during the night as part of several trains that had labored up from Frazer, each with two big engines pulling and one pushing.

Orders from the chief dispatcher, J. B. Culbertson, said to make these cattle cars up into one-engine trains and to drop them down to Denver fast, with right-of-way over all other trains. The Middle Park and Yampa Valley ranchers were making fall shipments and the pens were full at all loading points.

Denny Markle, one of the many freight conductors on the pass that morning, climbed aboard the caboose with his head brakeman Will Scarver, and second brakeman Louis Medina. He instructed Larry Shields, the third and newest brakeman, to go down the train checking air, and then ride the engine as lookout.

Larry Shields was the youngest trainman on the mountain that September morning in 1914. He should not have been there at all, for company rules stated very plainly that no trainman with less than two years' experience with the Moffat could work on the mountain. Larry was the nephew of the division superintendent, and it was said that he had begged his uncle until he got the job, but no one was aware of this.

Larry was not an experienced railroader, but he was working hard at trying to learn. Several men had asked Larry where he had worked for the Moffat and

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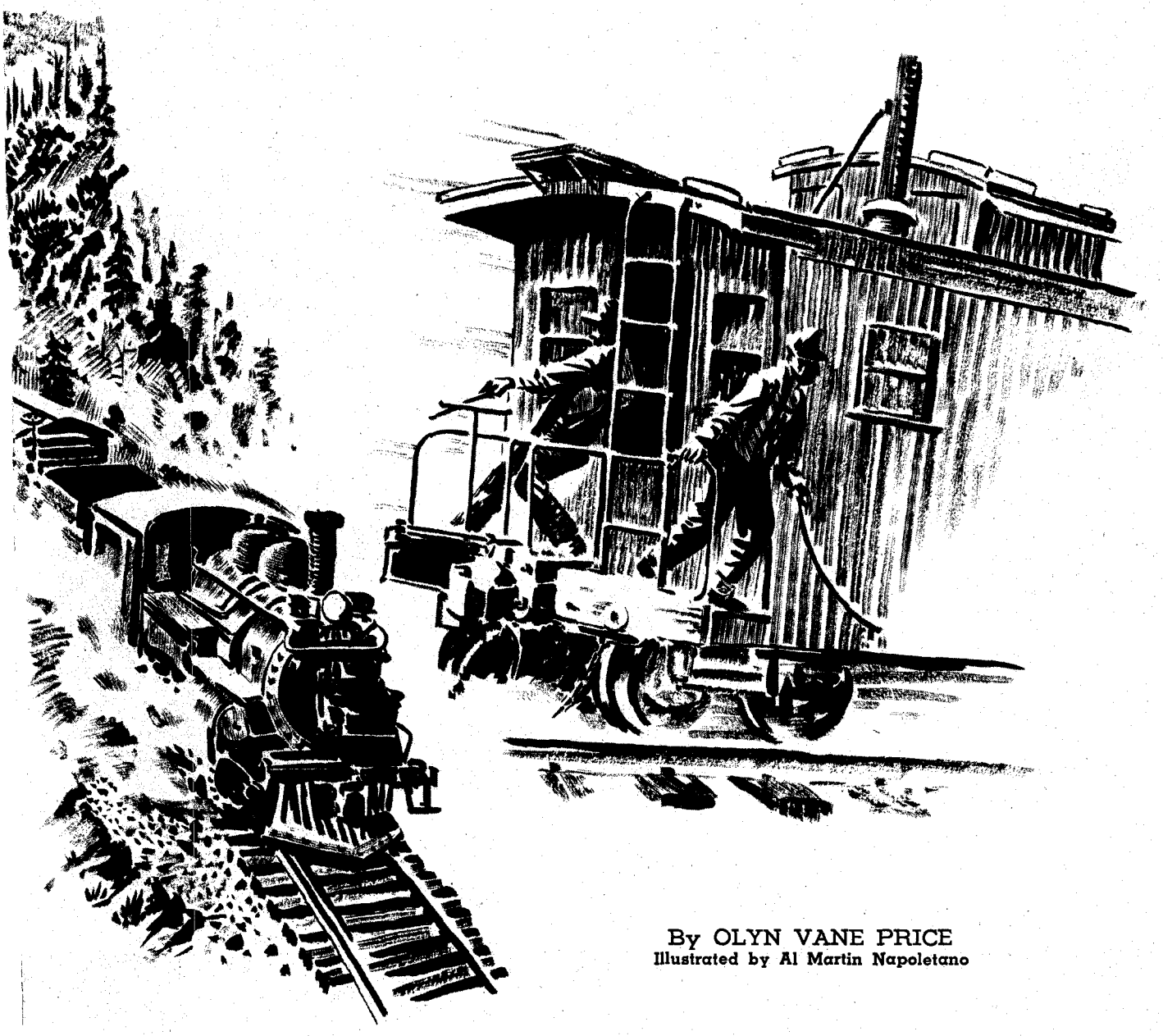
THE FFAT ROAD



By OLYN VANE PRICE
Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

his answers had been evasive, but he was a likeable young man and a diligent worker, always jumping in to help and doing more than his share, so the men soon learned to like him and had accepted him as one of them.

As Larry checked the air down the train that morning he found everything in order until he came to the only box car on the train. This car had a special dispatch card on it, and it was next to the engine.

Larry was surprised to see that the air valve handle on this last car was in the closed position. He immediately turned it a quarter turn until it was parallel with the air hose like all the others were. Larry Shields did not pay any attention to the fact that this air valve handle was different from all the others. He knew that all the other handles started from the valve, level, but then almost immediately turned down and followed the contour of the air hose as it reached for a connection with the hose of the next car. If he even gave it a thought he most likely decided that this handle, by colliding with some object, had been bent up until it projected out parallel to the rails.

A more experienced man would have known that this particular car was owned by the only railroad company in the country which had not standardized its equipment, and that Larry had just turned the air off on the whole train.

LARRY SHIELDS smiled with the satisfaction of a job well done as he climbed aboard the big Mallet hog engine

(Continued on page 51)

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Tom Starr may not have opened the veins of as
deigned to confirm or deny

The BLOOD OF A

By HELEN STARR THRASHER
Photos Courtesy Author

Tom Starr in his prime.

TWO YOUNG MEN were sitting on a split-log bench on a street in Briartown, Cherokee Nation, one sunny summer afternoon. The two were engaged in conversation about local happenings that amounted to very little of a serious nature, just as the custom has always been, and hopefully always will be, when men meet on a street in any small town.

Suddenly, as if he could hardly believe his eyes, the first man asked, "Did you see that giant Indian man that just went in the general store over yonder?" His partner answered nonchalantly, "Yep, Ol' Tom Starr; that's his name. Folks say he's killed over a hundred men. Guess Ol' Tom has done just about everything, if half of them stories told about him are even a little bit true. Why, I've even heard tales about him burnin' buildings and throwin' little children in the fire just for the hell of it. Nobody I know of dares cross Ol' Tom; 'fraid he'll kill 'em in their beds. When he comes out of that store, you get a good look at that necklace he wears 'round his neck. Says he made it out of dried earlobes of men he killed! Want to go over there so you can get a closer look?" The first man, who was evidently a newcomer to Briartown, suddenly remembered some chores he needed to do which didn't leave him enough time to hang around for a closer look at Ol' Tom.

No one could blame the man for wanting to get the heck out of Briartown, for Tom didn't look like the sort of guy you would want to run into on some dark dusty trail. He stood nearly seven feet tall with muscles to match. His eyes were a steel gray, showing mixed blood, that could pierce the darkness of night. The clomp of his boots on the plank walkways would have been enough to start a first-rate stampede—a hearty size-thirteen boot!

Tom had a flair for clothing that matched his unusually colorful personality and reputation. As an old man, his favorite attire was rough-out clothing enhanced by beads strung on raw-

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many victims as legend allots him; for he never that on his hands was

HUNDRED MEN!

hide (the famed earlobe necklace), and a weatherbeaten felt hat. The hat was worn with the brim turned back from his face. His nearly shoulder-length hair was plainly visible beneath the hat's wide brim. By now Tom's hair was white, where it had once been coal black, but still was worn in the same fashion it had always been; combed straight back from his forehead. A favorite costume was a long, homespun hunting jacket woven in stripes of red, gray, and black with red fur trim. The jacket was made for him by his wife Catherine (Reese) Starr. Tom was seldom seen without a hat, which seemed to be a necessary part of his apparel. At times, a black beanie type hat sat perched atop his head. As a young man, Tom was frequently seen wearing a red fur cap with a tail hanging down the back.

It is true that Tom Starr killed many men. Tom, himself, told stories of the murders he committed. He was never captured nor punished for any act. Tom had the singular distinction of being the only individual that a nation has ever treatied with; therefore, Tom Starr—the *most notorious of the Cherokees*—resided in Briartown as a free and respected citizen in the autumn of his years.

TOM STARR was born in 1813 in Tennessee. He was the son of James Starr, who was a political figure and considered a statesman in the "Old Cherokee Nation." Tom's mother was Susie Maugh, believed to be the granddaughter of an early Cherokee Chief called Hanging Maugh. Tom Starr was destined to become a fugitive due to the political status of his parents and the times in which he lived.

In the early 1820s gold had been discovered in the Old Cherokee Nation of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Tennessee. With the expansion of the United States and the wealth of the Cherokee lands, white men invaded the Nation and began pushing the Indians from their land by every means possible. At this time, political troubles occurred within the tribe. Two factions emerged—the Ridge-Boudinot Faction and the John Ross Faction.

The Ridge-Boudinot Faction was led by Major Ridge (who was vying for Chief), John Ridge, and Elias Boudinot. Though this group was in the minority, its followers were mainly educated well-to-do half-breeds who believed the best course of action in behalf of all the tribe was to negotiate a treaty with the United States Government and exchange the lands in the Old Cherokee Nation for lands being offered just west of Arkansas Territory.

John Ross was Chief of the Cherokees. He was one-eighth Cherokee, wealthy, and educated. Though he lost his land in the Old Cherokee Nation to a white man, through a lottery held by the State of Georgia, Ross possessed rich holdings in other areas. He was against the proposed treaty with the United States and confident that more concessions could be obtained. Ross believed the tribal lands were worth much more than the government was offering. The Ross followers consisted of the majority of the tribe—the poor, uneducated, full-blooded Cherokees.

Georgia had passed a 'Law of Expulsion of the Cherokees' many years before but, due to friends in political offices, the Cherokees had held on. Now time was running out. Many of the Indians, even those who were very poor, did not want to leave their home in the Old Cherokee Nation, though they probably had more to gain by moving west of the Arkansas Territory than the more prosperous members of the tribe. Some of these Cherokees had been run off their land by the white men and were living in caves in the mountains, existing on berries and wild foods. Many were literally starving to death.

In December 1835, members of the Ridge-Boudinot Faction held John Ross in confinement while a treaty of removal was negotiated with the United States Government. The treaty was called "The Treaty of New Echota." Those who signed this treaty believed in their hearts it was the only salvation for the Cherokee people. The signers of the treaty also knew they would probably be killed for their action. Upon affixing his signature Major Ridge remarked, "I feel I have just signed my death warrant."

By the time the Treaty of New Echota was signed, Tom Starr was a robust twenty-two year old. He was a strong supporter of the Ridge-Boudinot Faction (known as the Treaty Party), and soon began to feel the pressure of the John Ross Faction's anger over the treaty. On one occasion a man named David Buffington made resentful statements to Tom regarding the part Tom's father, James Starr, had played in the negotiations. James Starr was a signer of the

This double-sided log cabin in Briartown, Oklahoma is similar to Tom Starr's old homeplace. Time and vandals have taken their toll on the Starr property, as all that remains of the place are a few logs and many unfilled holes.

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treaty and was a member of the Treaty Party. Tom answered Buffington's remarks; Buffington hit Tom in the face. Tom's temper flared and he warned Buffington, "One day I will kill you."

BY 1837 the Treaty Party and its followers, including, of course, the Starr family, began migrating to their new lands. The Starrs moved to Flint District, Cherokee Nation, which is now known as Adair County, Oklahoma. Adair County borders the Arkansas line and the old Starr homeplace was just a few miles from the line. Members of the Starr family still reside on this property.

All went well for the immigrants for a time. A group of Cherokees already living in the Territory, known as the 'Old Settlers,' had their own form of government and the new arrivals aligned themselves with the Old Settlers. At the end of two years, the members of the Ross Faction were removed from the Old Cherokee Nation by force of United States troops. The movement has since been called The Trail of Tears.

With the arrival of the Ross Faction, new troubles began, for the late-comers wanted to control the Cherokee Government. The Old Settlers and Treaty Party members resented this. Since the Ross followers were in the majority, they set up their government to suit themselves and a near civil war was the result. Soon after the Ross Faction arrived, a triple assassination brought turmoil. In 1839 Major Ridge, John Ridge, and Elias Boudinot, leaders of the Treaty Party, were hacked to pieces in one of the bloodiest, most savage massacres ever committed. Those who were to blame were identified and were known members of the Ross Faction; yet they were never arrested. James Starr took refuge, numerous times, at Fort Gibson for fear of his life.

David Buffington migrated to the new territory with the Ross Faction. One afternoon a foot-race was held at the Johnson home near the Arkansas line. A Negro, who was the property of the Johnsons, was to run a race against a white man named Frank Marrs. Buffington attended the race, as did Tom Starr. Old hatreds were set aflame and after a heated exchange of words, Buffington grabbed for a gun. All Indian men carried bowie knives, and Tom was no exception. Tom was lightning quick with his knife and before bystanders could anticipate what might happen, Buffington lay dead on the ground. Tom mounted his horse and rode for home at a dead run.

Many years later Tom Starr spoke of the murder of Buffington to Floyd Starr, a cousin. Tom frequently visited in the home of Floyd's father when Floyd was a young boy. It was always fascinating for Tom to visit, for he loved to tell of his many experiences. Floyd Starr remembers Tom as an unusually handsome man, gigantic in stature, and said he wore "the biggest boots I ever saw." Floyd is nearing ninety years of age now, has a photographic memory, and lives near the Starr's Spring area in Stilwell, Oklahoma. Referring to the 'first man he ever murdered' Tom told the story in

This is believed to be the last photo taken of Tom Starr, at about 75 years of age.

the following manner to Floyd Starr:

"I went home and sat down at the kitchen table after I killed Buffington. Everyone knew we had been having trouble. She [Catherine] said, 'Tom, what did you do to that man?' She put quilts in a cellar and took me food for three days. Then another man and I went on the scout. Late at night, we laid down in the road to sleep. A deer circled our camp then jumped from the brush just barely clearing our heads. I said it was a bad sign. I was going on. The other man told me it didn't mean anything—he stayed. I rode a distance, about a quarter mile, then I heard gunshots. Later I went back and found the man shot dead in the road." The other man was not identified by Tom. This story is known as the "deer superstition."

Tom denied that he was a superstitious person. He also denied having a sixth sense, as some believed he had. Whatever it was, it saved his life time after time. Tom explained it as being able to communicate with nature. He felt it was much easier to get along with animals and creatures of the woods than it was with humans.

LIFE as a fugitive might have ended for Tom if it had not been for another series of events. Early on Sunday morning, November 9, 1845, a company of thirty-two men, armed with guns, rode up to the house of James Starr in Flint District. The men were painted with stripes indicating war. James' wife saw them nearing the house and mentioned to her husband that armed men, or the police, were approaching the house. James told her to say nothing but let them search the house till they were satisfied and they would go away. James then went to the washing place on the porch of his house, washed his face and hands, and had begun to dry his face when one of the company dismounted and fired at James, killing him instantly.

Buck, James' son, who was a crippled boy about twelve years old, was standing nearby. His mother yelled to Buck, "Get away, run!" He could not run, for he could hardly walk. Several of the men fired upon him at once. Thus, Buck, the defenseless, crippled boy, was killed.

There were three small boys about the house who were also sons of James. The eldest was about eleven years of age. The children were terrified, crying and screaming. One of the riders shouted, "We are going to kill all the male members of this house!" The men made several attempts to shoot the three boys but their mother wrapped her skirts around the youngest boys and their grandmother grabbed the oldest and held him tight against her bosom. The attackers, after being prevented from killing the boys as they had planned, mounted their horses and rode off.

Tom, in all probability, had expected the assassination of his father, but he was angered to the point of revenge by the murder of his helpless, crippled brother. An article in the *Arkansas Intelligencer* published at Van Buren (just after the James Starr murder) reported that an indiscriminate massacre of all the Treaty Party had been determined on and that it was planned to kill all Starrs from two years of age up.

Tom had a sense of justice and morality about him that may seem strange, but he vowed to his wife, "I will get every one of the men that killed my father and brother. I will not stop until I do, and I will never be taken alive." Many years later he revealed, "There were thirty-two men that killed my pa. I got all of them except a few that died in their beds before I could get to them."

Tom Starr lived up to his word. He was never captured. One would think it more than unusual for a man who stood nearly seven feet tall to escape his pursuers, but Tom did just that. Several factors contributed to his survival. He went well armed and had unbelievable physical strength. Many friends helped him when he was in need. They knew when Tom was near by the signal he used—the call of the night-owl. It is possible some of his friends would have turned against him had they not been fearful they would meet the same end as had the assassins of his father and brother.

Tom was hunted by the Cherokee Nation Police. He would hover along the Arkansas border, crossing in and out as needed. The Cherokee police had no jurisdiction in Arkansas Territory, and federal troops patrolling the Arkansas border had no jurisdiction in the Cherokee

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Nation. Tom was in less danger in Arkansas, since General Matthew Arbuckle was in sympathy with the Treaty Party members. On one occasion Tom was arrested in Arkansas Territory, but was allowed to remain armed. After riding for a distance with the troops, Tom ambled off in the opposite direction with no resistance from the escort.

A CAVE in the Cherokee Nation, near the present town of Evansville, Arkansas, was his favorite hideout. From this cave he could see the road below, and every day he would watch the police making their daily rounds. Few knew what Tom looked like. As the police went by, Tom would slip down the hillside, fall into line (as if he were one of them) and listen to the conversations which took place. From this he would learn where they would be the next day and at approximately what time. While he hid in the cave a member of the family would take a basket of food to him each day, just after the police had gone by. It is said that Tom would return to the cave after each victim was killed and make a mark on the walls of the cave.

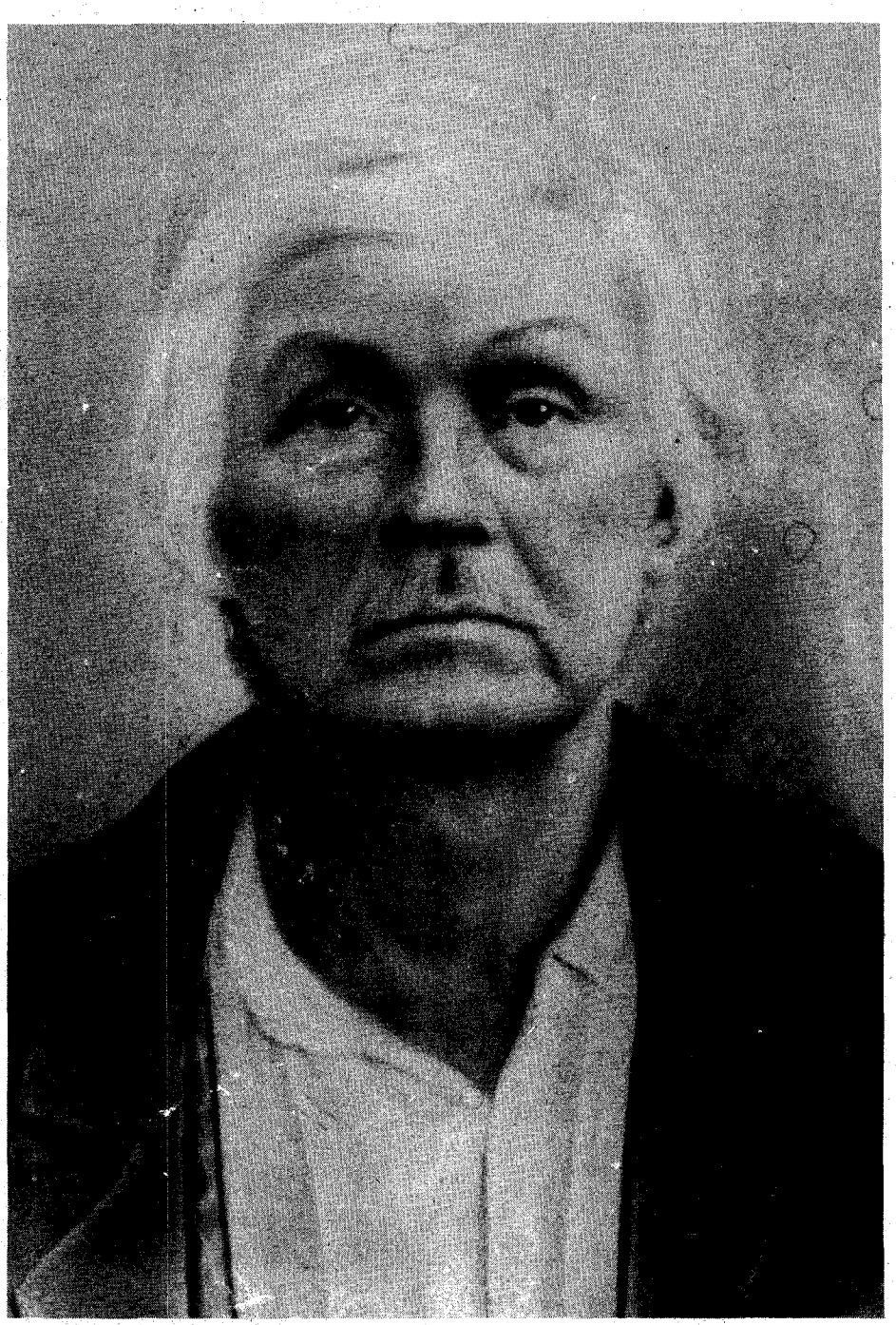
Tom was intrigued by animals and insects. One day he sat at the back of his cave watching a spider weave a web at the cave entrance. Tom watched and the spider wove for several hours. Voices were heard at the cave opening—it was the police. One was heard to say, "We'd better check that cave." The other man answered, "No sense looking in there; no one's been there in a long time. See those spider webs all over the opening?"

Though Tom was deeply hurt and obsessed with revenge, he still remained a friendly person and had a great sense of humor. His humor was sparked by the scorpion-like sting it could have when he intended it. His greatest delight was playing a good joke on a white man. On one occasion he was being pursued by the police and was running his horse like a wild man when he passed a white riding in the opposite direction. Tom began yelling at the top of his lungs, "Run for your life! They're scalping and killing everyone!" With that outburst, the poor stranger turned his steed around and took off at breakneck speed. Tom rode into the woods, stopped, and chuckled as he watched the police galloping by in pursuit of the wrong man.

Tom would stop by the home of a friend when he had the opportunity, have a good meal, and upon leaving would instruct his host to be sure to tell the police (should they happen by) the exact time of his leaving and the direction he was traveling. Tom would ride slowly down the dusty road and into the brush to sit and wait for the police to ride by. This kept Tom in control. He felt it better that he be behind the police, than for the police to be behind him!

Tom had a strange, strong sense of justice. He felt justified in murdering the men responsible for the murder of his father and brother; yet, he would never kill a man at the man's home. Nor would he terrorize a man's family. Tom would mark his victim, then sit and wait. Many men knew Tom would not bother them on their own land and would try to stay and wait him out. But Tom's patience would prevail; sooner or later the man would have to leave the safety of his home for one reason or another only to fall victim to Tom Starr's infamous bowie knife. One Indian man, who had escaped Tom's revenge for many months, finally drank more liquor than he could handle and fell asleep on a cobbler's bench. The man was found lying on the bench with a knife in his back.

This portrait photo of Tom Starr in his sixties once hung in an Adair County (Oklahoma) hotel dining room.



FOR A TIME Tom Starr's brothers aided him in his plot for revenge. The Cherokee Nation referred to them as "The Starr Gang." The Starr Gang, led by Tom, included Ellis, James, and Bean Starr. The gang was short-lived for in April 1846, Ellis, James, and Bean were wounded by the Cherokee police who chased them into Arkansas where they were given protection by General Matthew Arbuckle. They were given medical assistance at Cane Hill, Arkansas, but to no avail. So ended the Starr Gang, with only Tom surviving.

At this same time, Tom Starr was on the road from Van Buren, Arkansas in the company of Mat Grasing, a man named Tygeres, and a Negro called Jacob, who was the property of Tygeres' father-in-law. Tom's party was fired upon by some of the same party who killed his brothers.

(Continued on page 59)

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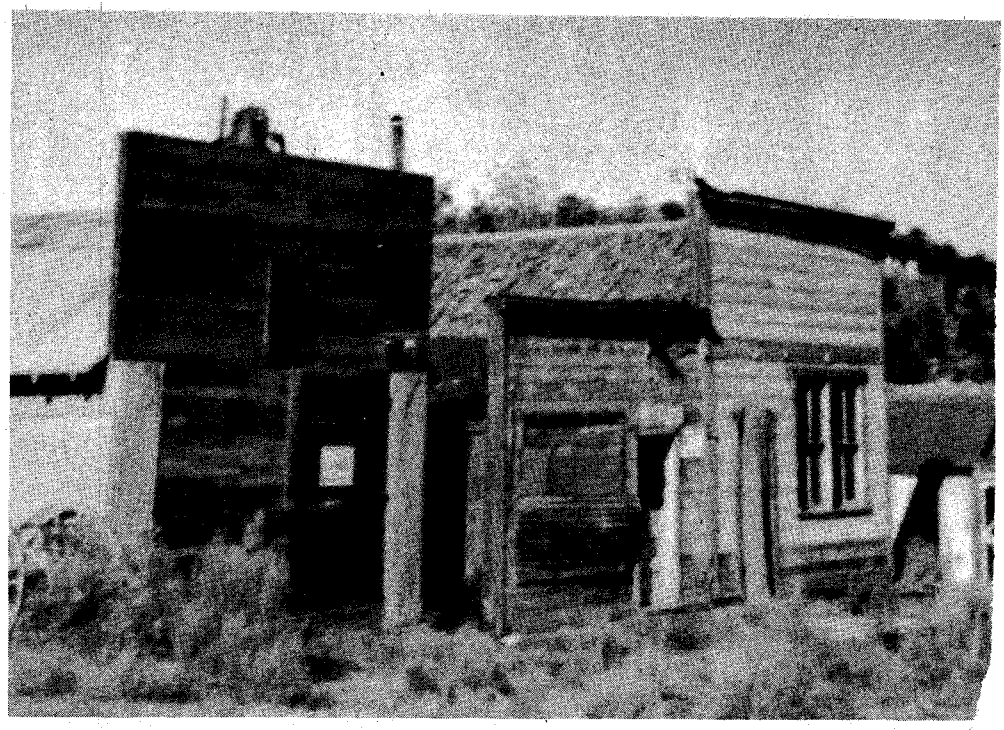
By FAYE HENDRICKS
Photos Courtesy Author



Above, the Manhattan, Nevada fire house and other business places on Main Street.

LIVIN' HIGH LAYIN' LOW TOQUIMAS

ROAD MAPS show that Manhattan lies seven miles east of Nevada state highway 8-A at the end of state road 69. They also show that Manhattan is almost entirely surrounded by lands belonging to the Toiyabe National Forest. What the maps do not show is that on leaving highway 8-A you begin a seven-mile climb.

Up, up you go, over a hard-surfaced easy grade, past many claim markers and old glory holes. When you get to a rambling old mill that sprawls its cumbersome length down a steep hillside you know you are approaching Manhattan, high in the Toquima Mountain Range which thrusts majestically through the very heart of Nevada. To the west, stretching from north to south lies Big Smokey Valley; to the east, Monitor Valley. Although Manhattan stands at nearly 7,000 feet elevation, higher mountains covered with piñon pine and juniper surround it.

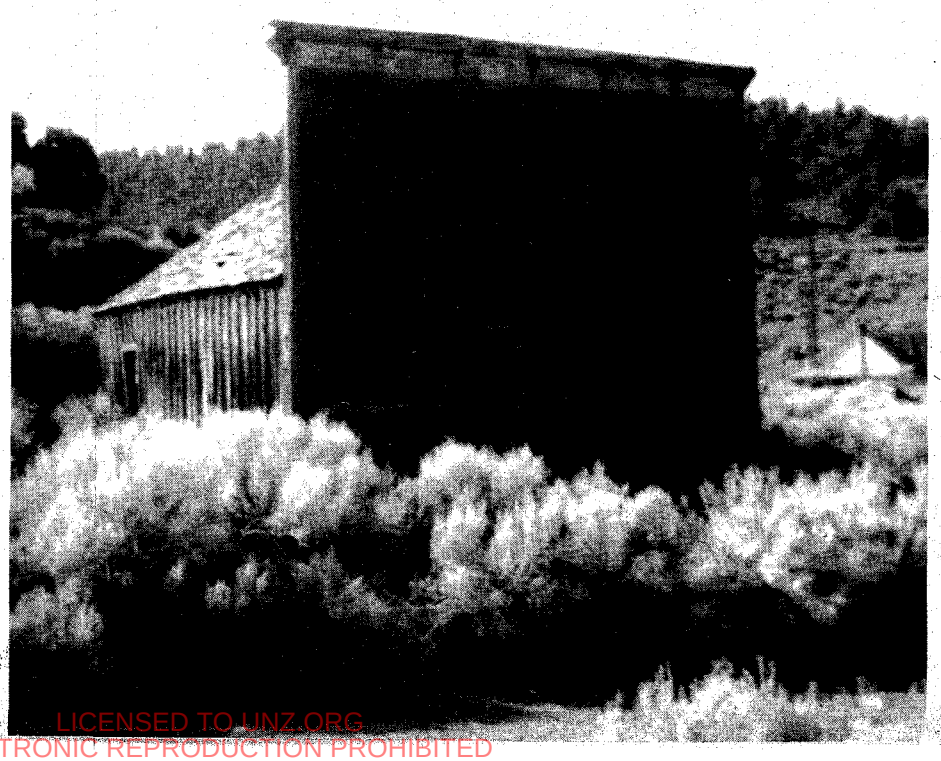
Much mining for gold and silver has been done in past years the full length of the Toquima Range. Some of the towns which sprang up where mining was most active remained lively communities after the big booms were over; the majority were left deserted when miners went on to richer fields; a few, such as Manhattan, have for the most part been abandoned but still retain a quiet pulse of life.

IN THE 1970s we met a couple quite by chance in a roadside rest stop as as we trailered through Arizona. I will call them "Jake and Martha." Jake was talkative and boasted about how he had taken enough gold out of the hills around Manhattan, Nevada in a few months time, to pay for a new pickup truck and camper. "It could still be done," he declared. This accidental meeting and the gold-filled conversation resulted in the four of us traveling together to Manhattan—about fifty miles north of Tonopah; population twenty-five.

On the way Jake told us about his friend Sam, who lived at Manhattan. The most interesting fact about Sam was that he had buried a gallon jar filled with gold nuggets somewhere on his property. This information we were to hear repeated several times by various people during our stay in the old mining town.

Upon reaching Manhattan we at once saw evidence of its more prosperous past. At the western edge of town, off to the left of the highway, stands the old house of ill fame and its out-buildings. One door ajar, a screen door hanging by one hinge, dingy lace curtains at the windows swaying in a puffy breeze, outside walls gray and time-worn, the old house is falling apart at the seams.

Below, the old lumber company building.



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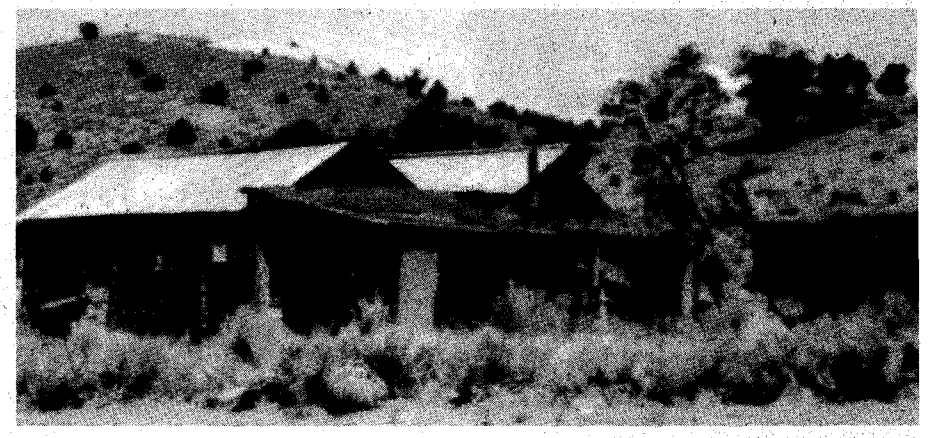
Above, an old privy sits tipsy over the mine tunnel at the rear of Sam's place.

AND IN THE



Above, the Manhattan "house of ill fame."

WANT TO TRY IT? HEAD FOR MANHATTAN, NEVADA!

A Canada jay squawked from a piñon pine out back—the only sign of life around the place.

On the same side of the road, up the gulch a little farther, huddle several miners' shacks of board and tin, each with a privy nearby and heaps of refuse spilling down the slopes.

Prominently off to the left as you go a little farther east along the main gulch, stands a big white school, deserted now for some forty years. Down the slope in front of the school was scattered a variety of cast-offs, including a couple of old car bodies. Up the gulch and to the rear of the school are more weather-worn houses, a few occupied.

On a high steep hill overlooking Manhattan stands the church, its most photographed structure. A wooden cross atop the cupola seems to say a benediction over the whole town. One door stood open and many of the windowpanes were missing.

Along both sides of the main street are business places, most of them now boarded up, interspersed with houses where people still live. The stone bank building stands open, floor covered with trash and the old steel walk-in vault still inside. A jail near the center of town is now occupied as a dwelling. Spilling up the gulches and clinging to the mountainsides are more houses—a few still being used; many going to ruin. Some, like the two up Maverick Gulch near the old White Cap Mine, were originally quite elegant.

Surrounding the town, up every gulch and around the base of the mountains, lie what every bottle digger and relic hunter dreams about—the places where refuse was dumped. Looking over those old dumps we can visualize how the citizens of Manhattan lived long ago, what they ate, what they drank, what they wore, what utensils they used, even the kind of cars they drove. The story is all there in the old dumps and it all sparkles with bits of sun-purpled glass.

THERE ARE three telephones in Manhattan, all on the same line. About a dozen dusk-to-dawn streetlights brighten up the nights for the mile or so length of the town. Water is piped down from up in the hills. Mail comes in and goes out once a day and a daily newspaper is on sale at the post office. So, Manhattan, remote though it is, has connections with far-away places.

One of the first things we learned after our arrival was that Jake's friend Sam had died a few years before. He had owned three houses in a row and had lived in the first one of the three (which is the second house to the right as you enter Manhattan from the west).

Another fact that we learned very soon was that a large mining company had bought or leased many of the old mining claims. In fact, the area which had produced the gold that paid for Jake's new pickup truck and camper several years before was now being

(Continued on page 53)

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THE BEST DARN

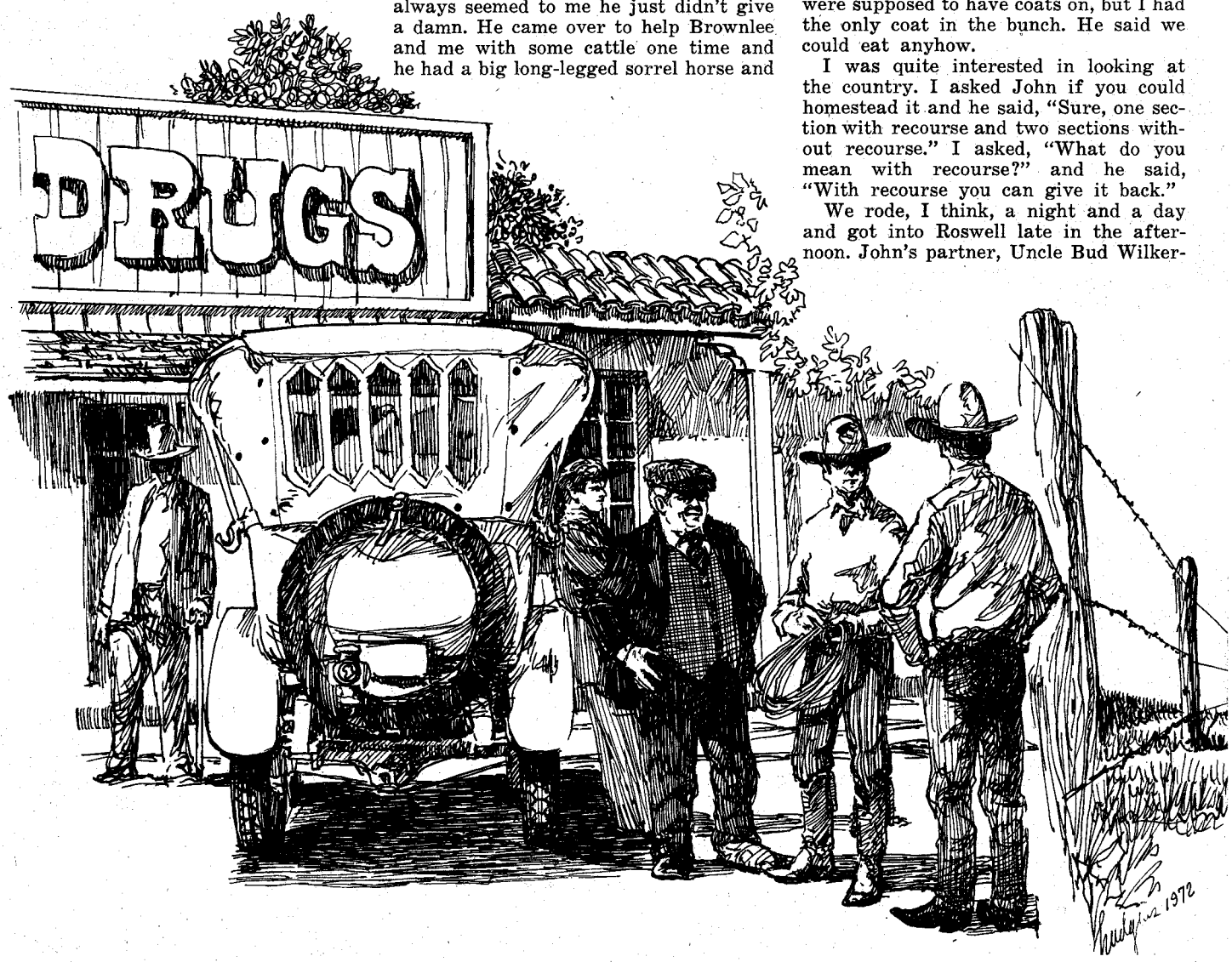
JOHN CADWELL came in the Ellsworth, Kansas post office one day in the fall of 1916 and said, "Can you get a vacation?" and I said, "I guess so. I never had one." He said, "Come on down to Roswell with me and help me ship my calves." So I fixed it up to get some time off. I got my race horse and borrowed a quart of Clark's Pure Rye from somebody and tied it in my corduroy coat behind my saddle. Then I rode down to John's place at Langley. John's brother took us in a car to Geneseo. John and George Becker and me, with our saddles and my quart, rode a train to Wellington and caught the train for Roswell, New Mexico.

I first knew John C. Cadwell when I worked on the ranch; he helped drive the J. J.s up from Geneseo. He had come up pretty fast, had a section of alfalfa down by Langley in the river bottom. He had gone down to New Mexico and bought some land and 1,000 head of Old Mexico cows. L. D. Bates had married his sister who had gone to school with my sister, Katherine. Cadwell had a man working for him, George Becker, who was a full brother to Brownlee Faris whom I had worked for so much. George was a likeable and very able man but a hard drinker. It always seemed to me he just didn't give a damn. He came over to help Brownlee and me with some cattle one time and he had a big long-legged sorrel horse and Brownlee asked him, "Where'd you get that horse?" and George said somebody had asked him to try him and see if he was any good and George answered, "I wonder can he stand up?" and he jumped him right over a rock canyon bank about eight feet high where I would have been afraid to go afoot.

I had never been in Oklahoma or Texas and when we woke up in the morning we were out on the plains. George had drunk up most of my quart and tried to get the porter to get us some more but wherever we were it was dry, for he said he couldn't. We ate at the Harvey House at Clovis. The manager said we were supposed to have coats on, but I had the only coat in the bunch. He said we could eat anyhow.

I was quite interested in looking at the country. I asked John if you could homestead it and he said, "Sure, one section with recourse and two sections without recourse." I asked, "What do you mean with recourse?" and he said, "With recourse you can give it back."

We rode, I think, a night and a day and got into Roswell late in the afternoon. John's partner, Uncle Bud Wilker-



When a Kansan drinks water from the Pecos he knows he's been somewhere!

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VACATION I EVER HAD!

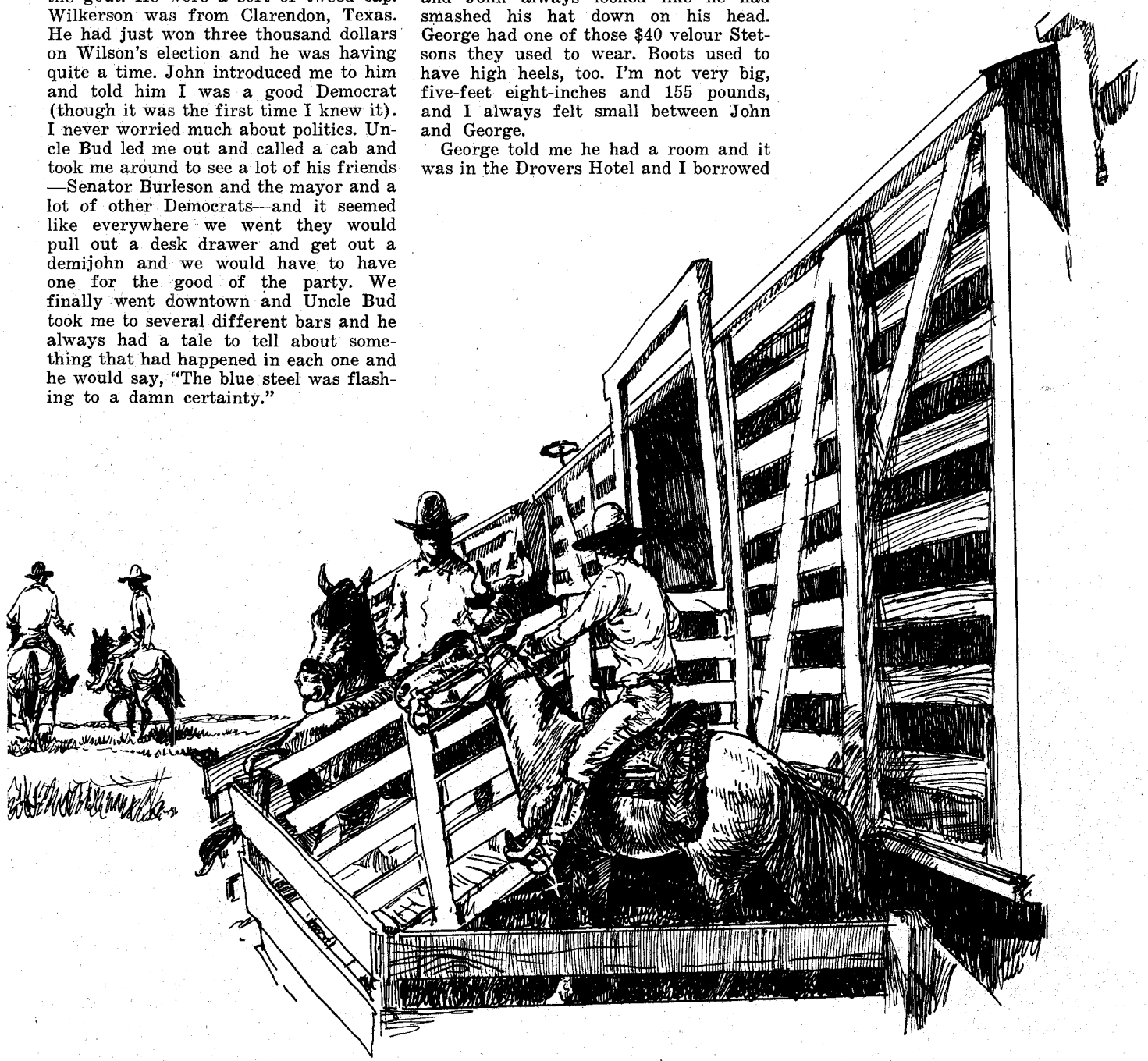
By FRED S. CURRY
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

son, met us at the train. He was a little fat man with a boot on one foot and the other all bandaged up. He said he had the gout. He wore a sort of tweed cap. Wilkerson was from Clarendon, Texas. He had just won three thousand dollars on Wilson's election and he was having quite a time. John introduced me to him and told him I was a good Democrat (though it was the first time I knew it). I never worried much about politics. Uncle Bud led me out and called a cab and took me around to see a lot of his friends —Senator Burleson and the mayor and a lot of other Democrats—and it seemed like everywhere we went they would pull out a desk drawer and get out a demijohn and we would have to have one for the good of the party. We finally went downtown and Uncle Bud took me to several different bars and he always had a tale to tell about something that had happened in each one and he would say, "The blue steel was flashing to a damn certainty."

We ran into John and George several times and they were taking a few aboard. They were both big men, over six feet, and John always looked like he had smashed his hat down on his head. George had one of those $40 velour Stetsons they used to wear. Boots used to have high heels, too. I'm not very big, five-feet eight-inches and 155 pounds, and I always felt small between John and George.

George told me he had a room and it was in the Drovers Hotel and I borrowed ten dollars from Uncle Bud (I had spent all my money), then hunted up George's room and went to bed. I was having the



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time of my life but I couldn't stand Uncle Bud's pace. I loved to hear him talk—he would talk about Amarillo and call it "Amereeo," and about half his conversation was Spanish.

George came in after awhile, said he had been in a card game and had lost six dollars, then he went to sleep.

ABOUT DAYLIGHT John came busting into the room and crawled under the bed and raised up and spilled us both out on the floor and told us it was time to get up. George went over to the washstand and reached into the water pitcher and got out a pint of whiskey and we all had a drink and then went to hunt up some breakfast.

John felt pretty bad so we also hunted up a drug store and I made him drink a seltzer. They took me to Amonetta's saddle store and I bought a rope —a special kind men always used to bring back to Kansas—then we met Uncle Bud in a big Buick touring car with his boy, Mac, driving it. Mac went to the New Mexico Military Academy and was about fifteen years old. They had an old Negro in the back seat and Uncle Bud said, "Fred, shake hands with Old Frank." Old Frank had been through the Lincoln County War and had known Billy the Kid.

We pulled out for the ranch after Uncle Bud stocked up on whiskey and smoking tobacco. I saw a Mexican cart with solid wheels and three burros hitched to it, also got to see Old Capitan over to the west with snow on it, and it was just like being in a foreign country to me. We crossed the bridge over the Pecos and I said to George, "It looks like it would be full of quicksand," and he said, "It sure is."

Well, we got out to John's ranch about sixty miles from Roswell with Uncle Bud saying, "Poco, poco, Mac," every time we hit a bump. The ranch had some trees around it. A couple of boys were working there and one of them told me that those trees had sure cost John a lot, for the boys liked to lay in the shade. Uncle Bud told Mac to take me out to the wash basin, the "wash basin" being a big tank about one hundred feet across with three windmills pumping into it.

We had beef and beans for supper, and biscuits and honey, and Uncle Bud told Old Frank to take the rifle the next morning and beef that blind steer that was hanging around the tank. "Fred," he said, "we never eat our own beef unless we visit the neighbors."

Early the next day one of the boys said he had to look at a windmill and asked me if I wanted to go along. He also asked me if I liked goat, and I didn't want to seem ignorant so I said, "Sure." They lent me a saddle (we had forgotten to get ours out of the depot) and this boy said he'd take a rifle and maybe we'd get a goat.

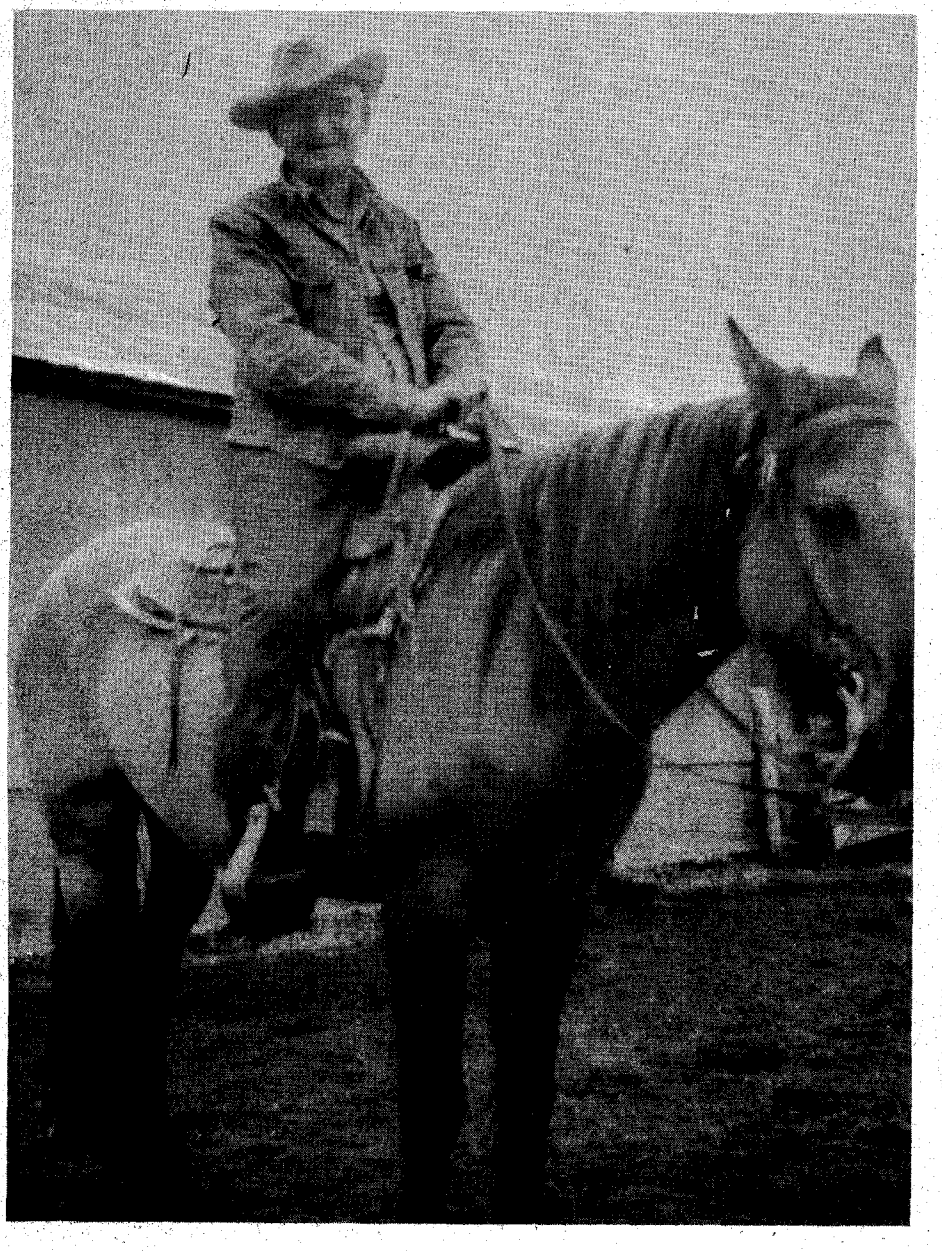
The "goat" was antelope. He said the homesteaders were killing them and he wanted one for the hide. We came to the windmill and drove over a little swell and there were some cattle laying down and seven or eight antelope among them. We got off our horses and he shot and missed and then shot again, and shot right through the neck of one and hit another with the same shot and got two. We dressed them out and took them to the ranch and he cut off the feet and buried them. He said it was a big fine to kill them but the homesteaders were killing them and he wanted one while he had a chance.

Old Frank had beefed the steer and made tripe, and I must say if I had to starve or eat tripe, I would starve a while. But I ate some because I didn't want to hurt his feelings. Uncle Bud and George had run out of whiskey and Uncle Bud said the Dutchman over on the Caprock would have some so we packed most of the antelope and pulled out.

Uncle Bud said we would stop at the White Lakes pasture, which was about half-way between there and Roswell. The White Lakes pasture was 128,000 acres. Railroad Mountain ran through it. There were a lot of lakes—Blue Lake, Mud Lake, Bottomless Lake, also White Lake. Uncle Bud's nephew, Wesley Wilkerson, and a boy named Jake Murphree had a camp on the shore of Mud Lake. They had a hole dug in the ground and a tent over it and a chuckwagon cupboard and a little stove.

Wesley wanted to go to Roswell, and I sort of liked it out there and I knew I couldn't stand their pace, so I said if nobody cared I would stay out there with Jake and ride Wesley's horses. They were coming back in a few days anyway. We had a quarter of beef and half of an antelope and a five-gallon can of honey; we lived high. Jake and I just hit it off. He was about my age and he was interested in my Kansas clothes. I had a little stiff-brimmed Stetson hat, and my boots came up to my knees. (They all wore short boots, and I ordered a pair from Hyers as soon as I got home.) Jake said he had heard that up in Kansas they ate Irish potatoes instead of beans. I could make good pancakes and we had some cornmeal, so I made pancakes a lot

Fred Curry on Ernest Schultz's horse, Buck.



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while I was there. We used to strain the water from Mud Lake through a tow sack to get the grass seeds and bugs out of it.

Jake had a boil on his neck and I lanced it for him and he then always called me "Doc." He came from Clarendon, Texas. We fixed it up to go to Wyoming and go into the cattle stealing business. Jake would catch me a horse and say, "I know you can ride him, Doc, but let me uncock him for you." He had taken a claim somewhere in the pasture and was taking his pay in calves and building himself a little herd. I think he knew every cow in that pasture. They were located around the different lakes and he knew just which ought to be at each one. The railroad ran through the north end of the pasture and there was a station and a store. The place was named Elkins. We went up there a couple of times. The man who owned the store had a pretty daughter. Jake said he was a little afraid to talk to her but he liked to sit behind the stove and look at her.

UNCLE BUD and John, also George, never showed up and I was out there four weeks. One time we had a norther and I got up in the night and tied the door of the tent shut with a pair of horse hobbles. A fellow stopped overnight with us who said his name was Dirty Tom and that he was a coyote trapper. Jake was sure he was lousy and wouldn't get close to him. We made him sleep on the floor.

And one day we saw a big herd of cattle away off to the east and Jake said, "Come on, let's go eat," and we took out. It was a herd from Hereford, Texas going somewhere up north. The cook fed us and asked me if I had been chasing Villa, since I had an army O.D. shirt on. We thanked the cook and pulled our freight. Jake said he always went to eat when he saw a herd come through.

We would get up in the morning and have coffee and cream with breakfast. Jake said a lot of people wouldn't take the trouble but he had a pen and would catch a cow and put two ropes on her and milk her. We would put a roast in the oven with beans, and start out and ride along for an hour or two and finally hit the fence and ride along it a-ways. One day we met a rider from the L. E. and stopped and talked a while. Uncle Bud branded T.E.L. but a lot of other cattle were in the pasture and if Jake saw one he didn't know, down would come his rope and he would take a good look at it. He lent me a pair of big Chihuahua spurs that must have weighed three pounds; mine were on my saddle in Roswell. The lake was full of ducks. I took a bale of hay from the stack from behind the tent and took it down to the shore of the lake and used it for a blind and got three one day. We ate them but neither of us cared much for ducks.

We talked all the time. I would tell Jake about Montana and Alberta and Wyoming and the center-fire saddles they used in Washington, and he would tell me about Clarendon and Uncle Bud and some girl he had met that came from Missouri and how if he got to go to Kansas City he would come and stay with me a while. Wesley had gone to Kansas City just before we got out there and had bought a pair of boots at Shipley's but he didn't like them.

Three men came in one day, two young fellows ahead and a big tall older man behind. Jake knew the two ahead; one of them was called Scratch. They were from the L. E. and they said the man behind was their new foreman from Oklahoma. They had taken some cattle to Elkins.

They ate with us, and I noticed the boys never talked to their foreman, though they invited me to come over and stay with them for a while. When we finished they went out to their horses and one of them turned around to their foreman and said, "Come on, you kaffir-corn s-o-b, we're ready to go." He followed them off. Jake said, "He won't last long."

I could get lost in that pasture we were in. For miles and miles it would be shinnery oak, just as far as you could see, and when you get out of that it would be beargrass yucca just as far as you could see, and then it would be mesquite and sacaton grass, always different and always the same. Jake said there were lots of wildcats and panthers over on Railroad Mountain, two parallel rock ridges that ran right across the pasture. Somebody told me it crops out again over in western New Mexico.

We had some *Capper's Weeklies* and four or five saddle catalogs to read and lots to talk about. Jake had seven or eight horses he was breaking for somebody and I rode Wesley's string, though I didn't like his saddle as well as mine. My boots started to wear out, and I had just one flannel shirt but the weather

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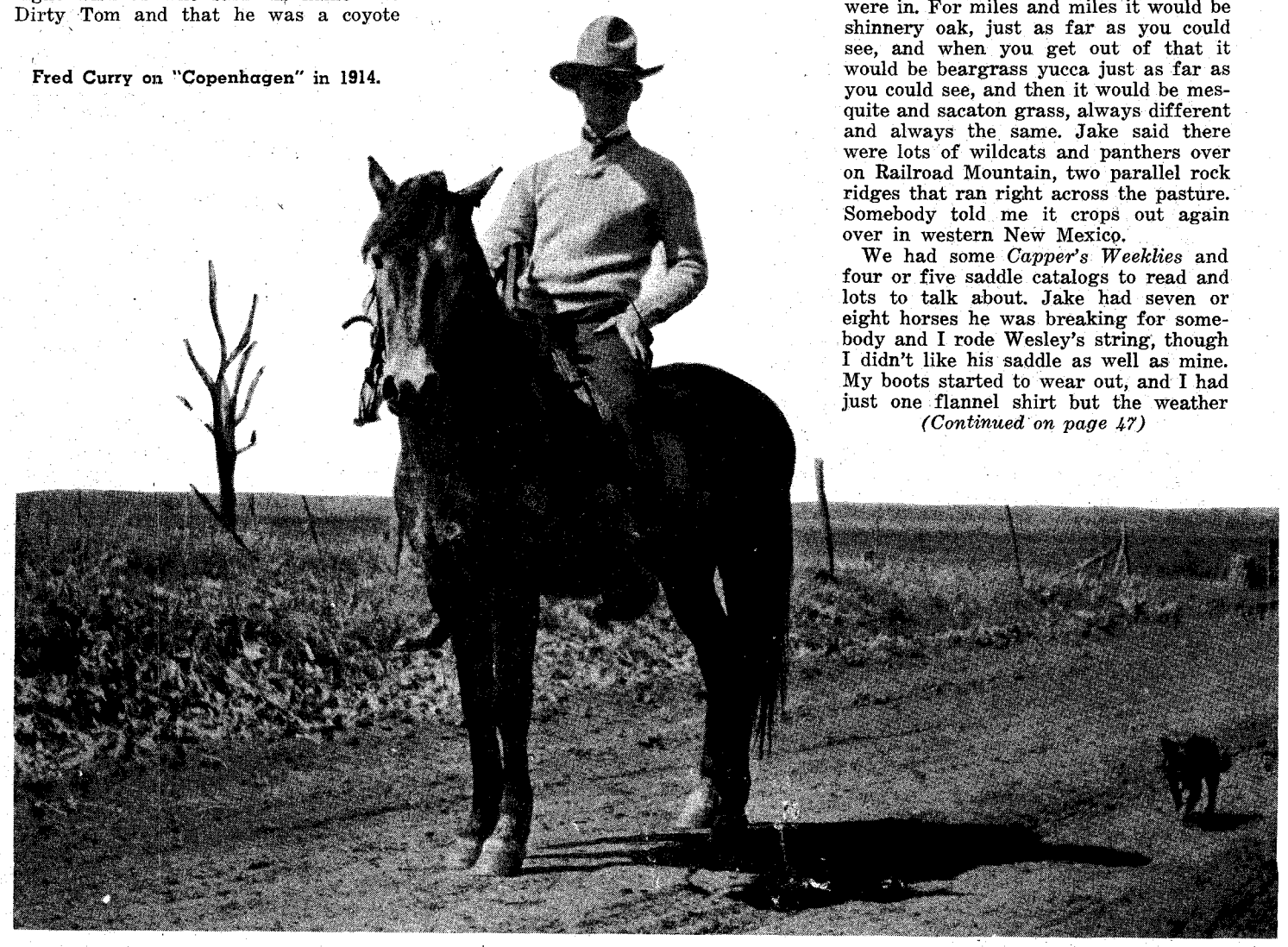
Fred Curry on "Copenhagen" in 1914.



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By KERRY ROSS BOREN
Photos Courtesy Author

Amos Hill—in his eighties—was called "Grand

A NEVER-ENDING source of surprise to river runners penetrating the canyons of the Green River before the turn of the present century was to encounter a hermit living in the depths of this strange and different world. Although they questioned the grizzled and lank old character as to his reasons for abandoning civilization, he refused to tell his story. Only with great difficulty was the story finally learned.

Amos Hill owned a ranch adjoining that of Robert Harvey near Mountain View, Wyoming. From the beginning, Amos was a moody and cantankerous old character who didn't get along well with anyone. The Harvey family were perhaps his closest friends and Ralph Harvey, presently of Evanston, Wyoming, recalls that Amos never left his ranch except to purchase "groceries and whiskey."

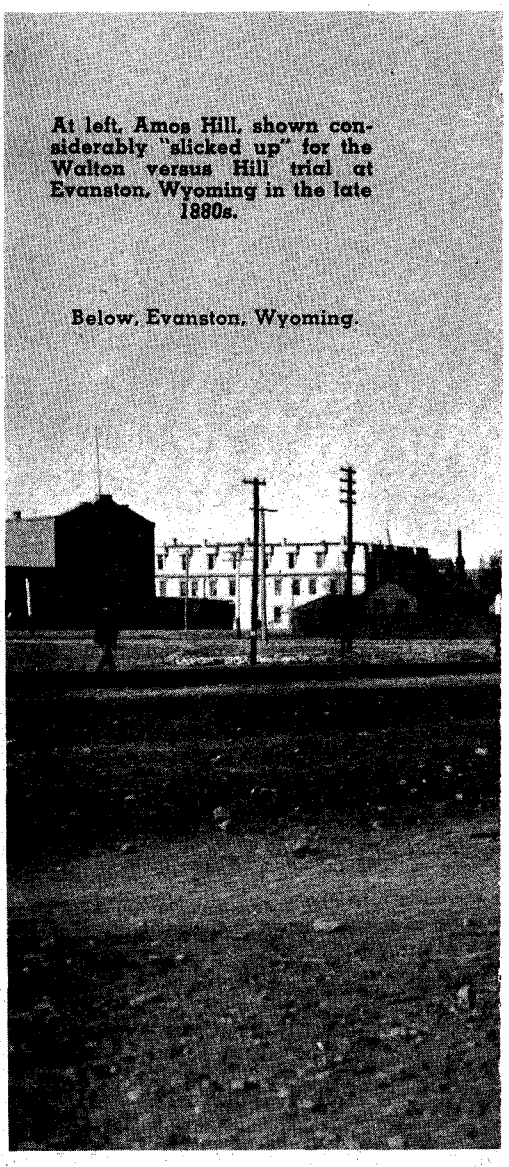
Amos Hill was constantly in and out of trouble with one neighbor or another; it seemed that he was simply not tuned to friendship. On one occasion, a man by the name of Bill Mount was staying at the Harvey Ranch and, having nothing to do, went fishing through the ice on a stream which, unfortunately for him, was on Amos' property. When Amos discovered him, he beat the man so severely that it was amazing to all that Mount eventually recovered. Mount threatened to bring charges but inasmuch as the fight had taken place on Amos' property, there was little that Mount could do about it.

Link Gray lived not far from Amos' ranch. Gray had married the widow of Bill Lamb, a neighbor who in times past had had great difficulty with Amos Hill. As a consequence, Amos had no kind words for Lamb's widow or any man who would marry her. When he made the mistake of saying so aloud to Link Gray, Amos Hill received his first sound beating from Gray's hands. On his way home Amos passed by the Harvey place and Ralph Harvey recalls that he was "really beat up."

Thereafter, Amos Hill was even less agreeable and was avoided when possible. He leaned a rifle against his

At left, Amos Hill, shown considerably "slicked up" for the Walton versus Hill trial at Evanston, Wyoming in the late 1880s.

Below, Evanston, Wyoming.



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pa" Hill, but folks on Green River didn't remember him that way...

door jamb and posted his property with NO TRESPASSING signs at every conceivable place. It was clear that he was spoiling for trouble, and the first opportunity for it was not long in presenting itself.

Above Amos' ranch was that of a man named Watson. Unfortunately for Watson he had to share his irrigation water with Amos on "terms"; that is, Watson would use a portion of the water at the same time as Amos, division being made by the use of headgate levels. Amos Hill encountered Watson at the headgate one day and accused him of stealing more than his allotment of water, whereupon Watson called Hill a "cantankerous old

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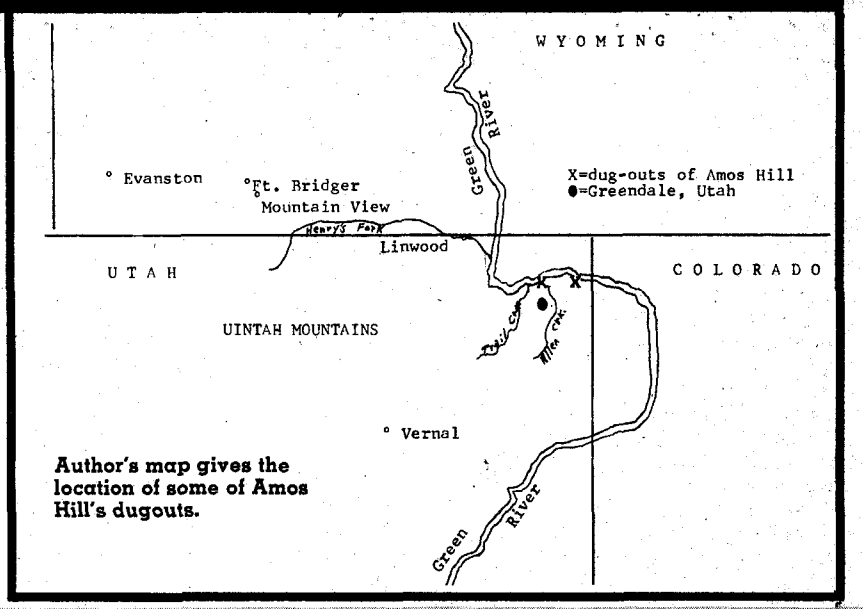

Author's map gives the location of some of Amos Hill's dugouts.

CANTANKEROUS A MAN AS EVER LIVED

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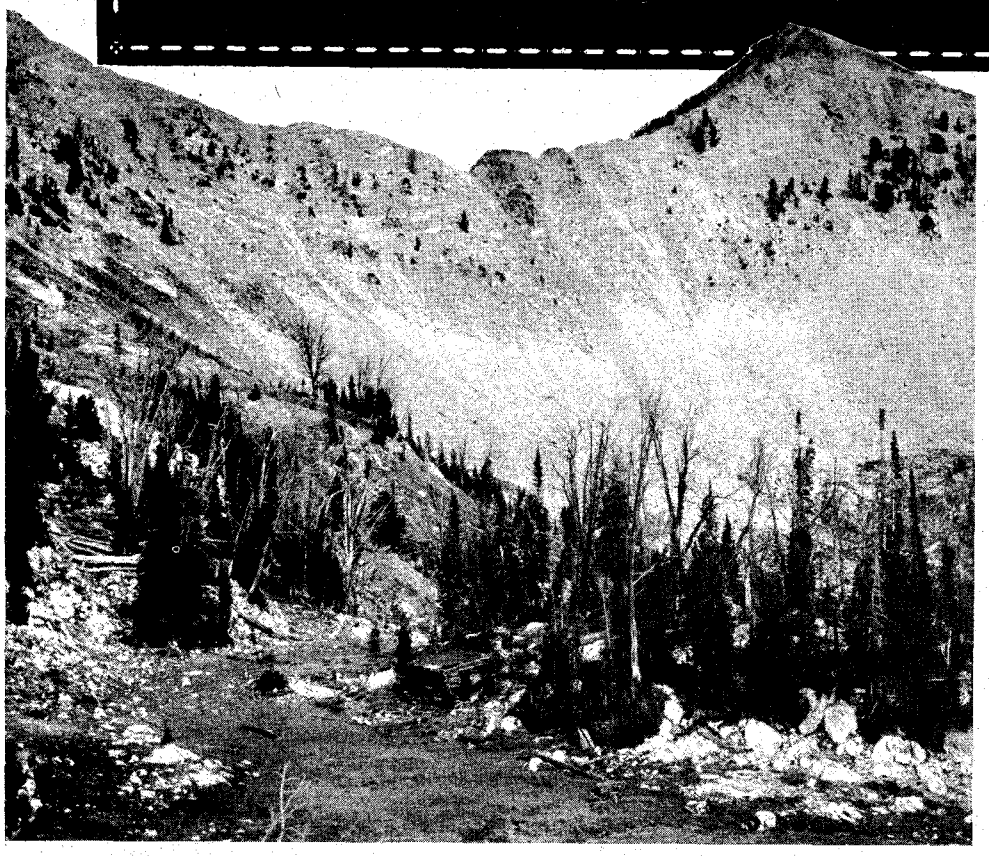
Wild Old Days!



Moose Johnson's cabin in the Montana wilderness. He wrestled the huge, 26-inch diameter logs into place with the aid of two small mules. The cabin is located along the timberline at about 9,000 feet elevation. Erected in January 1917, Johnson had a number of such cabins on his claims and along his trap lines.

A MOOSE OF A MAN WAS HE

By Terry Lauren

THIS is about a man who had a strange secret. Martin (Moose) Johnson drifted in on the tide of the times. No one knew exactly where he came from and no one asked. This mammoth young Swede with the walrus mustache and confident air appeared in the Montana Rockies one day about 1890 and soon was nicknamed "Moose." Hardly anyone knew him by any other name.

His unbelievable feats of strength, coupled with his great physical endurance, became legend. Moose could carry a bigger load for a longer distance than any man alive it was said. He was a born mountain man, hunter, trapper and prospector. He was also a craftsman. Moose constructed some of the staunchest and most beautiful log cabins in the West. He built them where he lived, where he mined and trapped, and for his friends. Only the straightest and mightiest pines were used. With the aid of two small mules he snaked them to the building sites. All the rest of the work he did alone; peeling, framing, hewing. He worked as lovingly as a sculptor. Some of the cabins still stand stately and intact—tributes to this strange man's creative genius.

Moose Lake, named after Johnson who made it his headquarters for almost half a century, is the gateway to the spectacular Anaconda Pintlar Wilderness Area west of Anaconda, Montana. Here the big man who loved the mountains lived out his life in the glint and haze and tint of some of the most rugged terrain of the Big Sky Country.

MANY stories are told about the blond giant who stood well over six feet tall and was never seen without a hat. Pat Ward, old-timer who first met Moose in 1900, tells of the seventy-mile-long trapline the big man covered once a week on foot regardless of the weather. "I'm a prospector myself," said Ward, "and I met Moose one day when he was comin' down the trail with a load of traps slung over his back enough to flounder a mule."

Ward told of one particular evening when he crawled out of his mine which overlooks the Continental Divide from the slope above Moose Lake. "I spotted a curl of white smoke come spiraling out from one of the highest peaks and curlin' up into that cold pink sky and I knew old Moose was up there with a warmin' fire. Lordy, it was 35 below!" he added, shaking his head.

The next afternoon Johnson came striding into camp with some $15,000 worth of marten hides laced to his back, the old-timer recalled. After accumulating a stack of pelts, Moose would transport them via toboggan across the mountains to Darby, Montana, a distance of about forty miles.

Johnson's eating habits were simple. He existed primarily on meat and bread with the addition of some rice and dried apples. The meat he killed and the bread he baked. In later years it was said he resorted to "boughten" bread which he purchased in quantity in the late fall and stored in a snowbank. When possible he would switch to fresh apples, a few of which he carried in his pockets and enjoyed giving to children when any happened to be about. Other than that his fare remained the same, and he enjoyed excellent health all of his life. He had strong white teeth and never needed glasses. He was not known to smoke or take an alcoholic drink.

The story of Johnson's hunting venture with the aid of dogs has often been told (with many variations), but it is generally agreed that the ten vicious airedales which Moose mysteriously came by to hunt mountain lions, one night started a free-for-all brawl in a back-country cabin. It is assumed that in the ensuing foray the fierce animals turned on Moose who was trying to restore order. It finally ended with a much chewed-up Swede and ten clubbed-to-death dogs. That terminated the canine hunting business for Moose and for quite some time afterward the trapper was joshingly referred to as "Ten Dog Johnson."

MOOSE had a way with wild animals and many were his pets. Moose Lake summer home residents tell about the time when the present resort area was still a camp and Johnson toted home a baby moose for the miners' children. Somehow it became known to the local game warden that a calf moose was being held in captivity. It was also learned by the camp grapevine that the officer was on his way to check the rumor. This, naturally, was looked upon with disfavor by the camp residents who had come to regard the little orphan as a personal responsibility. When the warden was spotted coming up the trail, Johnson came to the rescue by hoisting the animal to his back and packing it off into the forest until the warden left, chalking up the incident as rumor. The pet was soon returned to camp and everybody was happy.

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The miners of Butte Hill also remember the mighty man from Moose Lake. He strode into the "richest hill on earth" community one fair day with two young mountain goats draped over his shoulders. He had brought them for the children of Butte. The kids were placed in the famous Columbia Gardens zoo which was sponsored by Copper King W. A. Clark. On another occasion Johnson brought a young bobcat, wrapped in a sack, for the same zoo.

Tom McGrath, Al Stevens and Bud Lacey, old hands in the prospecting game, tell of the day they were struggling to drag a mine car up a hillside to their mine. "We were about exhausted," said McGrath, "when we spotted Moose coming up the trail and had a sly thought. All we had to do was mention the fact that if 'Pack Horse' Kelly from Butte was here he sure would get this car up the hill for us in a hurry. Moose took the bait like a fightin' rainbow. He wasn't going to be outdone by any Irishman. He lifted the car to his back and didn't stop until he set it down at our claim. He was sure a man's man."

Another miner recalled Moose ambling up a trail leading his two pack mules and carrying a 100-pound anvil on his back. He was traveling to his diggings near Oreomnos Lake twenty miles distant.

One of the treasures especially valued by this mountaineer was a gold nugget he had found and fashioned into a watch fob. This he somehow lost on one of his expeditions and for many days he retraced his steps until he finally came upon it, glittering from beneath some dried grass on a sunny hillside, weeks later. For Moose this was like finding a long-lost friend. He was very happy.

Everyone knew of the great affection the big man had for children, and the single great tragedy of his life had to do with a child. It happened on a day in his later years when Moose drove his old car to town for supplies. These trips were rare for the mountain man and he drove slowly. On this fateful afternoon a small boy darted out from between some parked cars near a roadside drinking fountain. Moose was not able to stop in time and the boy was killed.

Even though he was completely exonerated, the old man was never quite the same afterward, his friends said. The death of the boy weighed heavily on his mind and he spent his declining years almost entirely in his beloved hills. A few years later, two hunters came upon the deserted hunting camp of the colorful outdoorsman near the foot of the Continental Divide. They had spoken to him the previous day and were alarmed to find him gone. They returned to Moose Lake to notify friends that they thought old Moose had become lost. In the mountains he knew so well?

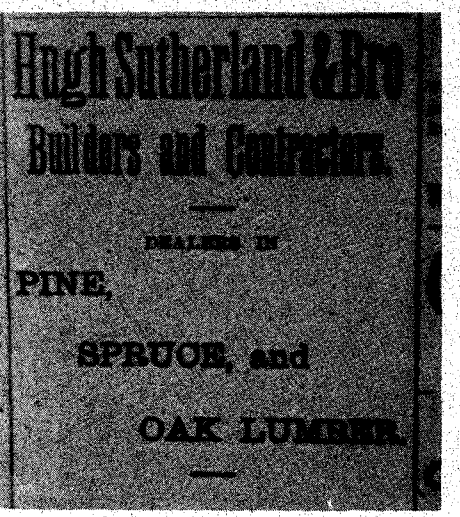
A search party found him next day at the foot of a bluff. Old Moose had bagged his last elk at dusk apparently, dressed it, and was returning to his camp when he slipped on the icy rocks and plunged to his death. Martin Johnson was eighty-six years old on the very day he died. He had lived as he wished and died as he lived. It was unknown to anyone until his trusted friend Pat Ward disclosed many years later that Moose Johnson had a deep secret which he guarded very carefully. He had never been seen without his hat on because he was completely bald! "I think he must have got himself scalped in an Indian fight sometime," mused the old-timer.

The 5-log high cabin is near Oreomnos Lake in the Anaconda Pintlar wilderness area in Montana. Logs were split with a whipsaw. Inside height of the cabin was 10 feet. Johnson completed the cabin in the dead of winter, when snow was probably 6 feet deep in that area.

BARGING COAL DOWN THE SOURIS RIVER

By G. W. Patterson

THE DISCOVERY of lignite coal in the Northern Great Plains changed the whole history of that area. The lack of wood on the cold wind-swept prairies had made wintertime living next to impossible for the white man trying to find a place of his own and make a home for his family. Now he could lay up a winter supply at not too great a cost and live the year 'round on his homestead.



Hugh Sutherland & Brothers ad that ran in an 1880 issue of the Winnipeg paper.

The railroads built lines to the large coal fields and shipped to all points along the line. Farmers and townspeople could haul the coal right from the boxcar on the side track or get a supply from the local coal dealer.

Coal had been found along the banks of the Souris River by surveyors in 1853, and also was recorded by the Palliser Expedition of 1857. Today a large marker north of Roche Percee on Highway 39 where it reaches the north side of the Souris River valley commemorates this discovery. The marker is in the form of a large gear placed at an angle, and it bears three plaques between its spokes which tell the history of mining in this area. The land north of the river is all heaps and mounds left by strip miners of years ago.

Samples of the lignite were taken to

(Continued on page 54)

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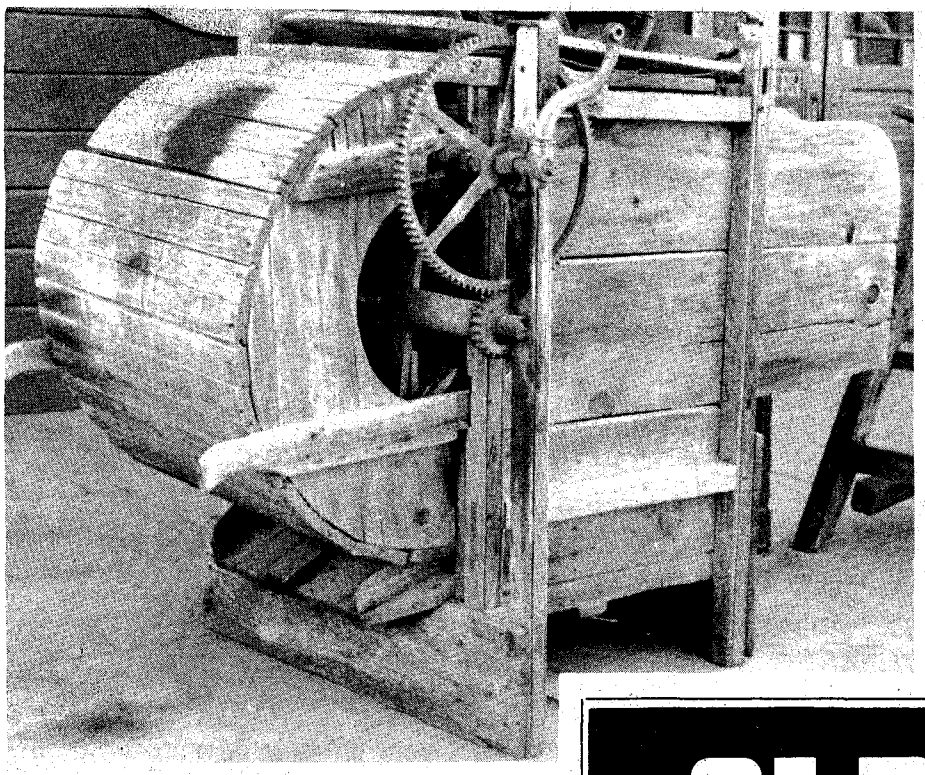
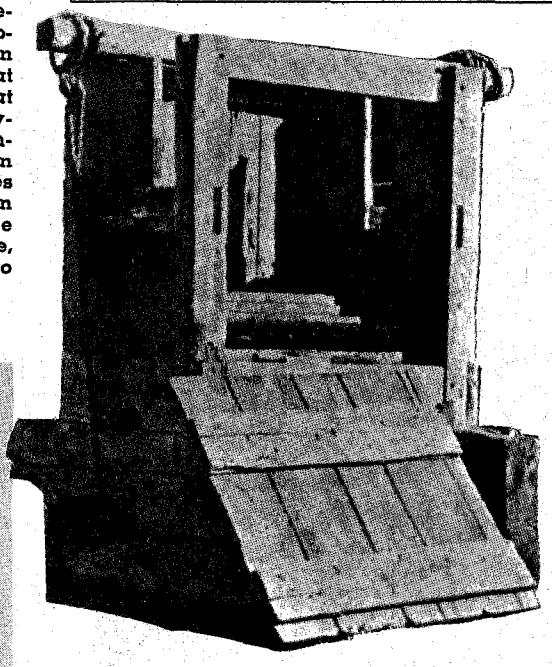


OLD WEST CURIOSA

By MAURICE KILDARE

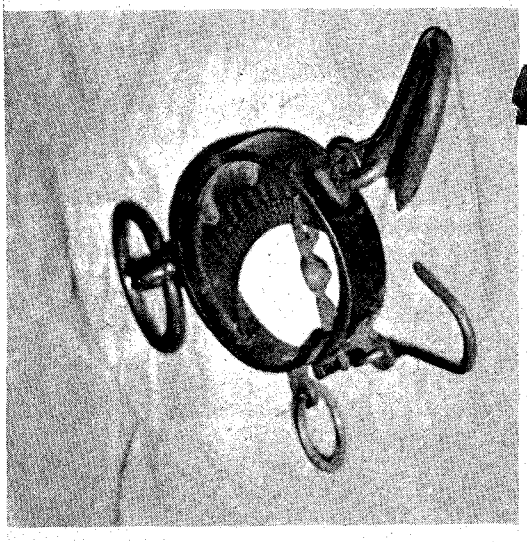
Above, tourists always crowd around this Old West relic outside the Willow beer bar in Jamestown, California. About six feet long, it is constructed of wood with only a few hand-wrought metal parts, cogs and a cast-iron bar from which the wooden handle has long disappeared. The front is open like a feeder contraption. The rear is barrel-rounded and has projecting handle-bars for shaking. Below this is a slanted trough and inside the forepart a screen, and in the round section beaters and paddles. Give up? It is a hand grain thresher. The heads, not the full length of grain stalks, were fed into the upper forepart. A man turned the handle that operated a large cog fitted to a little one on a shaft. These worked the beaters that knocked grain from the husks. A man at the rear at the rounded part lifted and lowered the drum. This operated shakers inside, dropping the grain through a screen and out on the slanted board. The paddles threw the straw out into the center portion where it dropped below the feeder. While not quite complete as in the original state, it is probably more so than any others to be seen on public display.



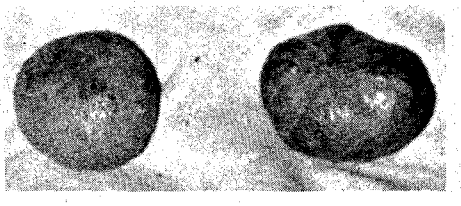
At left, the old mountain trappers' fur presses were wooden boxes, roughly three by four feet by six feet deep. Furs were placed in them layer by layer. On top went a flat board the size of the box. To it was fastened a vertical block fitted to a long pole used as a lever. Several men applied their weight, compressing the furs into a small bale which was then tied. The process was much like baling hay.

Ordinary furs were made up in flat bales weighing about 100 pounds. Anything heavier depended on the mode of transportation. The 100-pound bales were tied together on one side and thrown across a horse. The animals were the small cayuse type and could not pack as heavy a load as the American draft horses or big Missouri mules.

Buffalo hides were folded into squares to fit the press. These bales might weigh as much as 200 pounds and were transported in wagons from the plains. Buffalo hides in the Rockies were made into robes by Indians or bartered to the traders as such. Cost of transporting raw buffalo hides to St. Louis was too high for a profit.



The device at left is a buffalo hide weighing scale from the collection of Ed Sackett of Coulterville, California. It has a hook to hang the scale up by and a lower one for attaching the hide. There are also two auxiliary rings. A hook is fastened to a spring inside a circular band that is marked in pounds. It is a simple spring weighing device.



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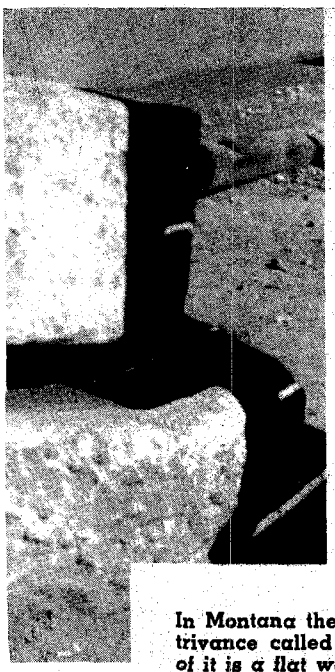
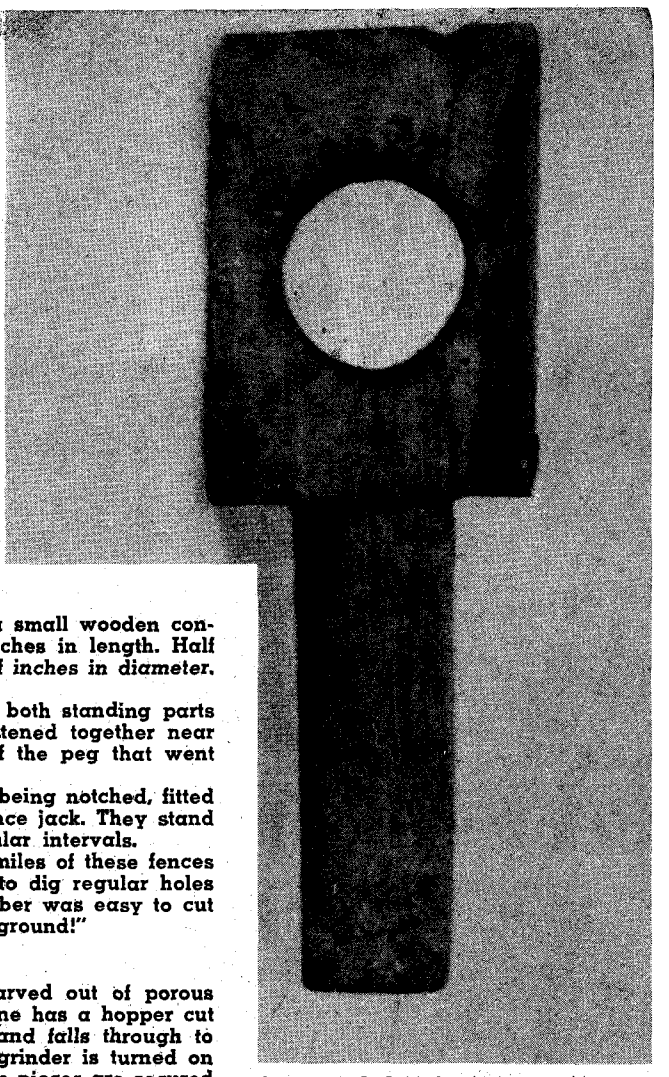


At left is an unusual arrastre in the State Park at Columbia, California, tediously carved from a block of white and blue granite. It is a round bowl slightly more than four feet across. Cut to fit into it with very little spare space is a solid block of the same granite. This type of arrastre was used in California's earliest days by the Spaniards and Mexicans and probably was made by Chileans.

The gold ore (and others) was first reduced to small fragments. From a spindle in the center a pole extended horizontally to which were tied heavy stones as crushers. This very old arrastre could have been powered by an animal walking a circle outside, or by Indian slaves—or hooked up to waterpower by some ingenious person. The principle was the same as the larger, more common arrastres. Once reduced, the mineral was either smeltered or, in the case of gold, panned.



Courtesy A. B. Cobb Ranch, Augusta, Montana

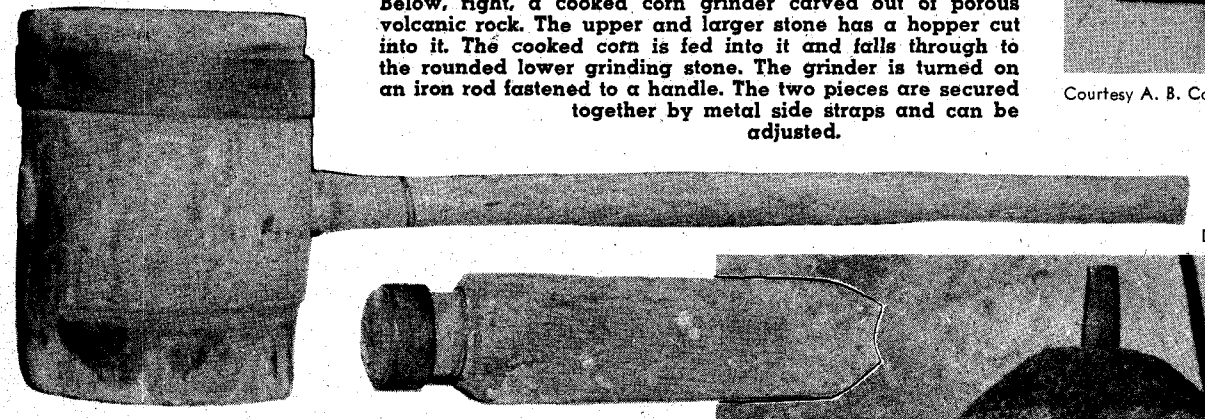
In Montana there occasionally comes to light on the old ranches a small wooden contrivance called a fence jack gauge. It varies from eight to ten inches in length. Half of it is a flat wooden block containing a round hole one and a half inches in diameter. The other half is rounded to the same size.

The round portion was used to measure the hole bored through both standing parts of the fence jack that were regular fence posts, notched and fastened together near the top. The round hole in the gauge determined the diameter of the peg that went through both posts, holding them together.

The gauges haven't been used in many decades, the posts now being notched, fitted and spiked together. Barbed wire is nailed to both sides of the fence jack. They stand free on the ground which requires a dead-man, or brace, at regular intervals.

Old Montanans have an explanation for the many thousands of miles of these fences once decorating the landscape of cattleland. "They was too lazy to dig regular holes in the rocky ground for a single post," they claim, chuckling. "Timber was easy to cut so they fixed these posts together and set them right on top of the ground!"

Below, right, a cooked corn grinder carved out of porous volcanic rock. The upper and larger stone has a hopper cut into it. The cooked corn is fed into it and falls through to the rounded lower grinding stone. The grinder is turned on an iron rod fastened to a handle. The two pieces are secured together by metal side straps and can be adjusted.



Dave Hopkins Collection

Above, two curious tools, very rare indeed, used in early railroad building, the maul and glut. These from the V. L. Pentecost Collection were used in the building of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (now the Santa Fe) through Flagstaff, Arizona in 1882. The maul was hardwood, banded on each end with iron and fitted with a handle. It was used for laying rails, knocking parts into place and even driving spikes (which wasn't hard to do in soft pine cross-ties). The glut went along with the iron wedge, and when shaping two pieces of metal together. About nine inches long, the upper end was rounded and reinforced with an iron ring to prevent its splitting apart when hit with the maul. Today's heavy steel rails could never have been laid with simple wooden tools like these.

At left, Ed Sackett with his great collection of relics has a real curiosity and an expensive one in these two gold buttons. They are a hard, gray amalgam of mercury filled with gold, weighing about two pounds each.

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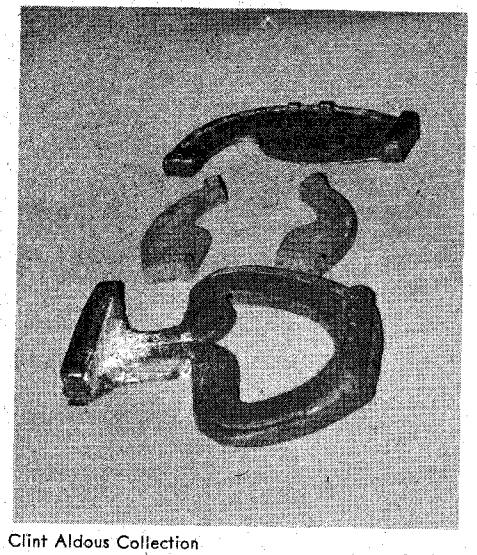


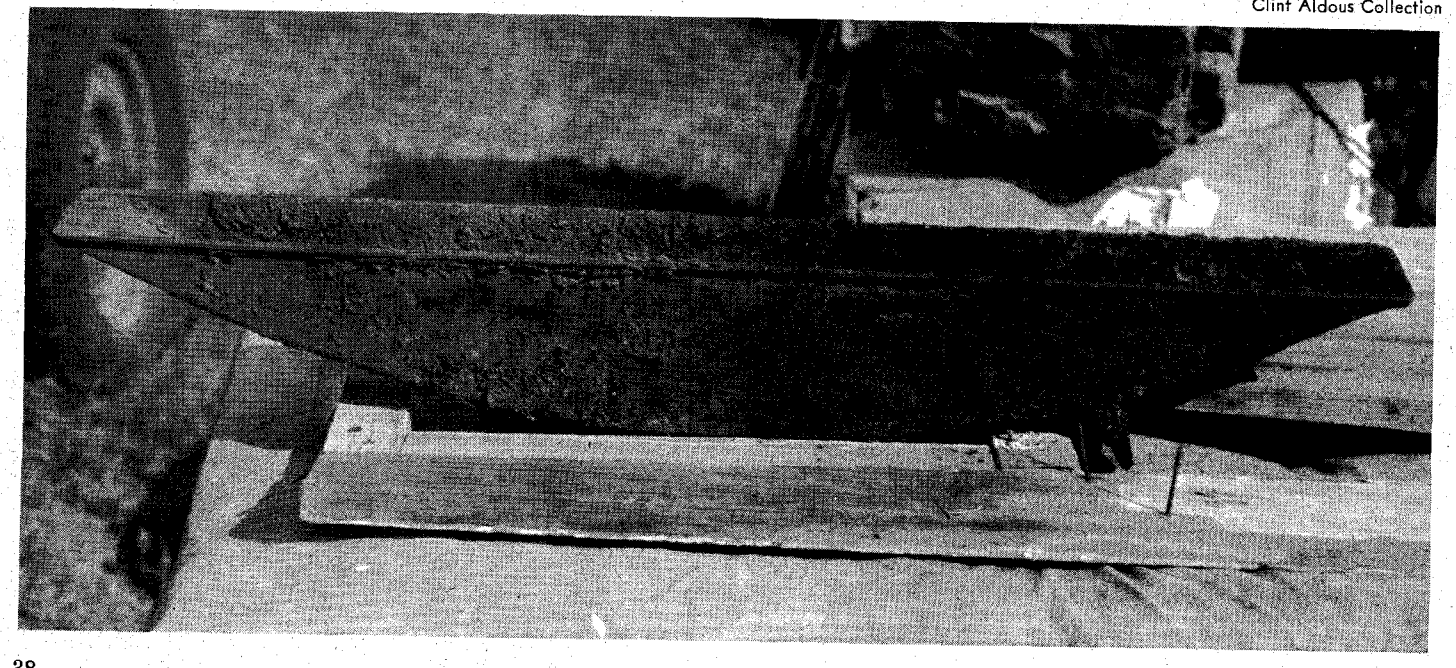
Clint Aldous Collection

Above, one tool fast disappearing from use in the West, but not too old, is the hay saw. They came in several lengths, slightly curved, and have sloped serrated coarse teeth. In the old days most feeding hay was hauled and stacked in long, high piles. When feeding started, the cutting began on one end until a long bench existed. Then the hay was sawed off into a lower bench and the process repeated. The hay was forked over the side of the stack for feeding on the site or hauled in a wagon to the cattle or horses to be fed. There are two wooden handles on this saw and both hands are used, but surprisingly it doesn't take much applied physical power to cut down through the wild grass hay.

At left, today a horse that suffers a deformed hoof from injury is usually sold to a dog food packer, but in the old days this was not always true. A blacksmith could and did contrive a shoe to straighten out the horse's walk until the limp was hardly noticeable. This was done with a crooked shoe, one fitted with a wide or deep caulk, or a side piece covering the injured part of the hoof, spikes, and so on. In some cases the shoes were thickened and built up, much the same as the sole of a shoe for a man with one short leg.

Below is one device used by blacksmiths for tightening vehicle wheels. It was a metal pan with a round curved bottom filled with water. The loose felloe in the wheel was soaked in it.

Clint Aldous Collection



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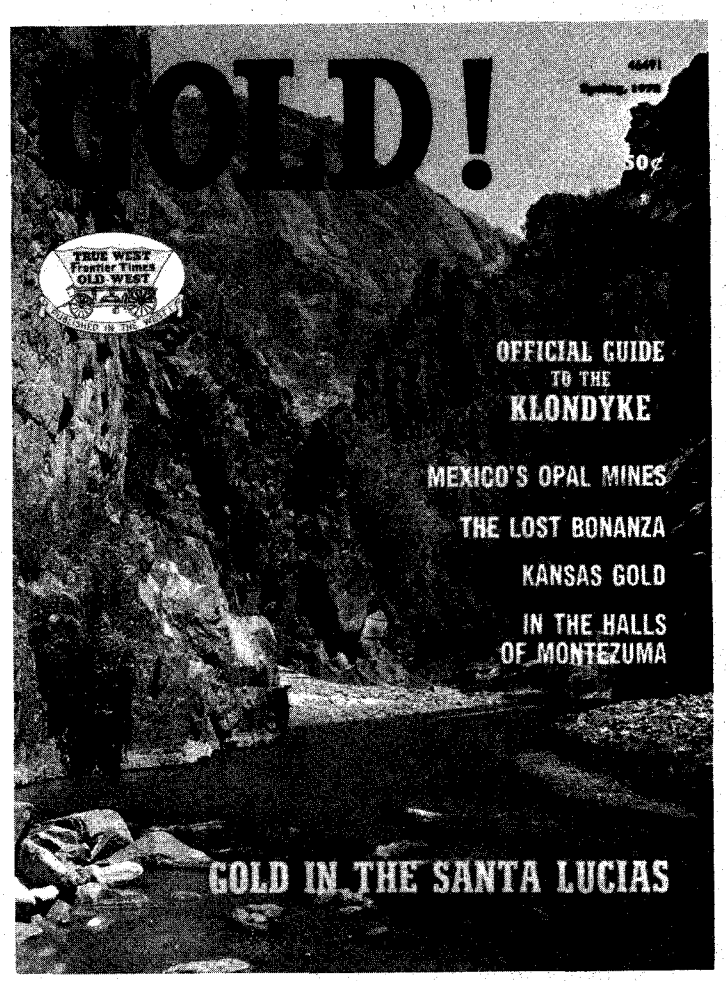
GOLD! #6

"There is something in a treasure that fastens upon a man's mind. He will pray and blaspheme and still persevere, and will curse the day he heard of it, and will let his last hour come upon him unawares, still believing that he missed it only a foot. He will see it every time he closes his eyes. He will never forget it until he is dead and even then he will pass it along to his survivors, that they may follow in his footsteps. There is no way of getting away from a treasure once it fastens itself upon your mind."—Joseph Conrad



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"What Was Your Name In the States?"

(Continued from page 11)

dawn. She knew she'd get a licking when she got home, but lickings were something she was used to. And when her father resorted to a practical joke as a method of punishment, Kate had the last laugh. One night, having discovered her absence, Charlie Parke, out of some wild logic, went to the trouble of bringing in the pet deer Dote and tying him to Kate's bedstead; but it was daylight when Kate got home, and Dote by that time had torn the bedclothes to pieces to get at the straw in the ticking.

Threats, blows, a deer in the bedroom—none of them worked. Meanwhile, Griffin had told Kate his real name and his history. And in the end, Grandfather consented to let Kate marry Jim Wilkes on the condition he produce proof of the story he had told the girl about his family and his past.

IT WAS at this point that Griffin wrote to his mother the second of the three letters that were saved. This letter is also postmarked Albion.

"Hardscrabble"
2d/10th/1884

My Dear Mother

Your most welcome letter of the 9th was received several days ago. Glad to know you are well and comfortable.

The weather has been very cold here for the last week or more, and the snow is coming down tonight. Our stock have wintered splendid so far; but it is a long time yet until spring and green grass. We do not have any green grass to speak of until about the 10th of April, and if we should have a very severe March we will lose more or less cattle.

You will get a letter from a *young lady*, making some inquiries about me, about the time this reaches you or very soon thereafter. Please answer any and all questions, correctly, do not keep anything back. I have already told her everything and told her to write you; and gave her your address—please write her a nice sweet letter.

She has never had the opportunity of acquiring an education, but she is *good*, and thinks lots of me—so I hope you will look over any mistakes made—say nothing to Father about it. He is not much interested in me; answer her letter and say nothing about it to anyone—do not be afraid. I trust her.

I wrote sister not long ago—I would like to have sent her a nice Xmas present but I never was as hard run for money in my life—I have heard nothing from the Montana business. . . . Am expecting to get word every day.

My love to all. Howdo to Aunt Mary and Randolph.

From your affectionate son,
G. S. M.

Kate's letter to Griffin's mother was not kept. Neither was Grandmother Marshall's reply. But her answers to Kate's questions were apparently satisfactory, for Kate and Griffin were married on December 29, 1884—not in Raft River Valley but at the home of Kate's Grandmother Watterson in Logan, Utah. The last of the three letters from Griffin to his mother reports his marriage; it also refers to the death in a railway accident of Griffin's younger brother Charles.

Ogden, Utah
Dec. 31st, 1884

My Dear Mother

You must not think strange of my not having written you since Mr. Gaines [his sister's husband] & father advised me of poor Charley's sad ending. It was a terrible blow. I can hardly realize that it can be so. But it does no good to talk of it now, it only makes it the sadder.

I do not suppose it will surprise you much, when I tell you I am married, was married the evening of the 29th. Will stop here two or three days, & then go on home. I would have liked so much to have made you all a visit this winter, but it is out of the question. I do not think I will live in this country very much longer. I was married by my own name; I was one hundred & fifty miles from home, & outside of my wife's parents, it will not be known for some time. I shall get my business straightened up so that I can resume my own name any and every where. I have a partner, papers are drawn between us; we will divide in the spring. I will have to keep quiet about it until then. You can therefore address your letters to me as usual.

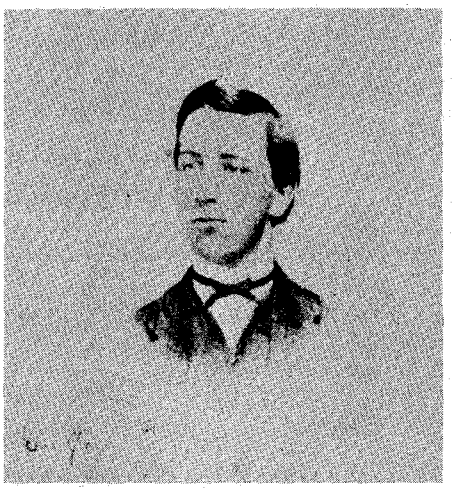
My wife joins me in love to you. You have had a sad blow, my dear Mother, but try to be as cheerful as possible.

With best love to all I am as ever
your affectionate
Son G. S. Marshall

THE FIRST CHILD of Kate and Griffin was born on April 1, 1886. He was named Hunter Holmes Marshall, after his grandfather.

Just when my father resumed his own name "any and every where" I do not know. One story has it that he was forced to do so before he planned to. He ran for sheriff of Cassia County, which had been created in 1879 with Albion as its seat. His rival got wind of the fact that Wilkes was not Wilkes and made an issue of the deception. Whereupon Griffin admitted that his name was not J. T. Wilkes but G. S. Marshall, took the offensive, and made such a good case for himself that he won the election. It is a good story. Whether or not it is true I have not been able to find out. My father was elected sheriff of Cassia County in November 1888, for a two-year term.

Griffin Marshall at 16 years of age.



Being sheriff of Cassia County, Idaho, in the late 1880s was hazardous. The country was wild and sparsely inhabited. Every man carried a gun as a matter of course. One of the stories my father told a brother who, years later, told it to me, was about a dangerous outlaw who was married to the daughter of a rancher in Cassia County. Some time before my father's accession, the outlaw came back from wherever he was hiding out to pay her a visit. A reward had been posted for him. His father-in-law decided to turn him in and sent word to the sheriff to come and get him. Meanwhile he kept his son-in-law within firing range.

When the prisoner asked to go to the privy one day, his father-in-law conducted him there and waited outside with his gun trained on the door. The outlaw, as he came out, leaned down as if to adjust his overalls, whipped out a gun he had concealed in his boot, and killed his father-in-law. He lit out and disappeared. Time passed. Then word came to the new sheriff, my father, that the outlaw was heading back toward Cassia County (he must have been genuinely fond of that wife of his). And what did my father do? I'm afraid his behavior would hardly suit the uses of Hollywood. Instead of waiting for the outlaw to turn up and preparing a hot welcome for him, at high noon, Sheriff Marshall got on his horse and rode for two days "clear into the Salmon River country" where the outlaw was reported to be. The sheriff found his man—and persuaded him not to return to Cassia County.

I was nettled when I heard this story, but the brother who told it to me argued that in a period when violence was rampant our father had only played the part of common sense in keeping the outlaw, and more violence, out of his territory.

In addition to being sheriff, my father had his own cattle, of course, and he also worked for a big cattle company. My brother said that he was connected for a considerable time at least with Miller and Lux, one of the biggest of the cattle companies, and that the territory for which he was responsible extended from the Canadian border to Mexico. This last sounds as if exaggeration had entered in. I do have letters, however—they found their way into the Virginia archive—that show that in 1890 my father was working for J. G. Baker and Company and that its affairs did take him to Canada.

Out of these letters rises a picture of my father traveling through Montana—his brother John's country—on his way to Fort MacLeod in North West Territory to sell a herd of cattle that had been driven there earlier for fattening. And they reveal other things as well.

(Continued on page 42)

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By COLIN FLETCHER
Photo Courtesy Author

Do any of you have the clue?

TWO YEARS AGO I was walking from Boulder Dam to Eldorado Canyon, picking a route through rough country near the Colorado River, for the good of my soul or something, when I came around a rock buttress and saw a trunk standing high in the middle of the narrow wash that I was following.

It was a beautiful trunk—metal-sheathed, wood-banded, hump-topped. The metal had rusted, the wood grown gray. Yet the trunk did not look decrepit; it had simply weathered into maturity.

As I came close I saw that scattered around it on the gravel surface of the wash lay an ancient canteen, a wash-basin, a rusty stove chimney, a shovel, a bucket, two empty five-gallon cans, some smaller cans, two steel animal traps, and a bleached yellow measuring tape that snaked erratically down the wash and ended near the trunk.

I lifted the trunk's lid. Except for two very ordinary brown paper bags—the kind you'd pick up in a grocery store for a fresh lettuce or half a dozen apples—the trunk was empty. But on the papered inside of the lid was glued an attractive color print of a woman in a wide-brimmed hat. Flowers and small pastoral scenes decorated the print's border.

The paper had cracked along four lines of dried-out wood; otherwise the print was in almost perfect condition. But, like the trunk, it stood in the past. The words that welled up in my mind were "turn-of-the-century."

I closed the trunk and walked on a few paces through the scattered camp gear. At once I saw, left and above me, a shallow cave. I took off my pack and walked up a natural rock ramp into the cave.

Near the head of the ramp stood an Indian *metate*. Its granite surface, where the grain had been ground, was worn into only a shallow depression. Beyond the *metate*, in the cave's central and largest chamber, lay three smooth stones, a stool and a small table (both made from

(Continued on page 67)

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"What Was Your Name In the States?"

(Continued from page 40)

THE FIRST LETTER from Griffin to Kate was mailed from Cartersville, Montana. It is written on the stationery of J. G. Baker and Company.

May 12th, 1890

My Dear Wife

I got here yesterday and will start out for St. Mary's River this afternoon. Stewart was not at Pocatello, had to wait for him until Saturday morning. We found our team here and everything in good shape. From what we know everything is all right North, and think we can sell without any trouble for about $25 per head. You can write me as soon as you get this to Lees Creek, Alberta, N. W. T. I will write you again at Choteau and again the first opportunity after getting to St. Mary's. I hope the children are well. Kiss them for papa.

Nothing more now. I wrote Sister from Pocatello. Do not put any extra Stamps on your letter, one will do.

Your affectionate husband
G. S. Marshall

The second letter was written from Birch Creek, Montana.

March 17th '90

My Dear Wife

I wrote you from Wolf Creek, but will write again. We are getting along as well as possible; we are now in the country where John used to live, crossed the creek yesterday where he lived and was killed. I met quite a number of his old friends. The outfit that got away with his property are about broke, it done them no good. Everyone says it serves them right. We think we will get to camp on St. Mary's by Monday night. We heard through a man yesterday right from there that there was a party wanting to buy the cattle and were waiting for us to get there. Write me at Lees Creek and tell me if anything is going on in the Sheriff's Office and how things are. Did Joe Smith get the stallion from California, from Rutherford? If not what did he do? Tell me if they have gone to working cattle over about Dry Creek. I do not think I will have to stay where the cattle are more than a week. I understand they are pretty much all gathered and in fine condition.

With a kiss for your dear self and the babies I am as ever

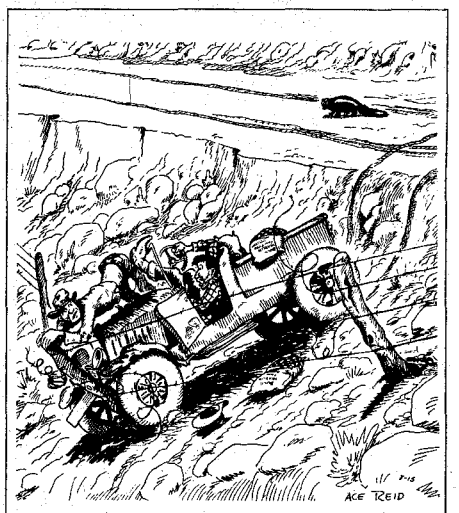
Yours affectionately
G. S. Marshall

The third and fourth letters were written from Fort MacLeod, N. W. T.

May 25, 1890

My Dear Wife

***I came in here yesterday morning* early, horse races here, the Queen's birthday, everybody from the surrounding country were in. We cannot tell right now just what we can do with the cattle, we can sell the steers and dry cows at a big price, say nothing about the price, two-year old steers and dry cows**



"You missed him all right!"

for $30 per head, 3's steers $40, 4's and up $45; but we want to try and sell them all in a lump. The cattle are big for now, this is by far the finest grass country I ever saw in my life.

I hope everything is running smooth at home. It will take us three or four days to gather the cattle when we sell; and I will try to go by Va on leaving here. Write me Lees Creek via Lethbridge, Alberta, N. W. T.

I do not think I will be gone more than a week over time, but you look for me any time after the 7th of June. If you need any money and can see Jim Pierce get it from him. Kiss my boys for me and a kiss for your dear self. I am as ever yours affectionately

G. S. Marshall

June 4, 1890

My Dear Wife

We have finally made a sale of the cattle $25 per head round and just as soon as they can be got together and delivered will start home. I will be so much overtime that I will not dare to go home (East). The Commissioners would surely kick. I do not think it will take us over a week or ten days at the outside to get through.

Have the patch of alfalfa watered and get Asel to water the pasture if he has not done so already. I think I will certainly be home by the 17th of June. I am in a great hurry so will say good-bye. Kiss the babys for me, and a kiss for yourself.

Your affectionate husband
G. S. Marshall

THESE FOUR LETTERS came to me from Virginia enclosed in a letter written by Grandfather Marshall to his daughter Mary. Grandmother Marshall had died in 1887. Grandfather's law practice kept him in Richmond most of the time, but he went as often as he could to Roxabel where Aunt Mary, whose husband had died in 1886, now lived with her four children. Grandfather had apparently heard from her of Griffin's trip through Montana, and his letter expresses a love and concern for Griffin that accords not at all with my father's contention that his father did not care for him. It is written on the stationery of the Westmoreland Club in Richmond. (I'm told that the Westmoreland Club was so exclusive it finally went out of existence.)

30 Jun. '90

My Dear Mary

I returned from Chicago Saturday morning—I was so uneasy about G that I hurried back, having left this city on Monday night. I reached Chicago on Wednesday morning, staid there till Thursday night and leaving then reached here Saturday morning—had a hard time, encountering heat that was overpowering, . . . As soon as I returned I saw Miss Lily who told me of the telegram and how she had sent it to you—and relieved my mind from the weight of anxiety which was crushing. While I tried to write encouragingly to you I was uneasy because G. had been in that country where his brother had been murdered and although he had left it I imagined that he might have been followed by some of those wretches and himself murdered. As it is—*He is all safe*, thank God. I wrote to his wife the moment I rec'd your letter enclosing hers—and yesterday rec'd an envelope addressed to her undoubtedly in his handwriting enclosing sundry letters and a telegram from Griffin—but not a line or memo from her. . . . I am very sorry that we will not see G. now—I hope he will come next year at any rate, if not sooner. . . .

God bless the little children. Tell them I hope soon to get up there to see them.

In haste most aff'ly your
devoted father
H. H. M.

Kate and Marshall, as they always called each other, spent the first eleven years of their married life on the ranch near Albion. Five of their "babys," all boys, were born there. After Hunter Holmes came Griffin Harris, Charles Parke, Wilmer Stith, and Joseph Lamoni. Charles died in infancy; Lamoni had spinal meningitis in his first year, and never fully recovered. In spite of these sorrows, the years in Albion, so far as I can make out, were relatively happy. Yet there was no trace in the family memory of any affection for Albion. My father never spoke of it. My mother referred to it as "that hole."

The town of Albion is fifteen miles over a low divide from Cassia Creek. Low on the Raft River Valley side, that is; the valley in whose pit Albion lies is smaller and deeper, the mountains that ring it are higher. It is a bowl, while Raft River Valley is a saucer. Albion was just as remote as Raft River Valley from civilization, the civilization of the Mormon communities in Utah. But it was a town as well as a cowtown; as the seat of the county it was a growing point of settlement, and in 1893 a state normal school was established there.

Mother said she hated Albion because it was low and because she always felt shut in there. She called in not only "that hole" but "that mudhole"—in the

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spring the mud in Albion was assuredly thick and deep. And there was no question that the words and phrases she used in talking about it—"low," "shut in," "mud," "that hole"—were, for her, set against the cluster of words that were associated in her feelings with Raft River Valley—"high," "open," "dry," "wide."

AS FOR MY father, he had never become committed to any part of the region where he had been set down by chance in 1870. Even in the letter he wrote to Mother from Fort MacLeod, Virginia was "home," though he inserts "East" in parenthesis as an afterthought. Thousands of miles of space and a quarter-century of time had not weakened the cable of affection that bound him to his early life. His mother had died, but his older sister, who was like a second mother, still lived, and she lived at Roxabel.

Since his departure from Virginia, my father had lived the strenuous life, first of a newcomer making his way in a new country without funds and without friends, and then of a man of affairs. Certainly his preoccupation with Virginia was not born of frustration in the ordinary sense. He had prospered and had come to terms with the world he lived in. He had credit at the bank, and his politics were those of the cattleman—high-tariff Republican. Nor was he unhappy in his personal life. He had married, he loved his wife, and they had founded a family whose future was his passionate concern. He had made for himself a life designed to discourage rather than intensify a preoccupation with the past; this life, moreover, had been built in a period of change so vast that to a man as sensible as he was in practical affairs any return to Virginia was unthinkable and in a region where the past had no standing. Yet the image of Roxabel not only remained central in my father's heart and mind; it was transformed into his vision of the good life. The power of this vision became greater as the years passed and reached its apotheosis in my early childhood.

Why? I think the image remained central and inviolate because it was preserved, against all chances and changes, in a substance as intangible and as indestructible as light—a love for his mother that never became quite adult. A boyish longing pervades his letters to his mother and his sister. His complaints about his father, whom he regarded with both awe and resentment, are likewise those of a boy. Through the years, though he had become a man in practical matters, his boy's feelings toward his parents had not altered—as if they had been fixed by exile and intensified by secrecy long drawn out. Moreover, he had remained an exile. He never accepted the West; he never, in one fastness of his being, accepted his growing up.

In such longings and refusals, visions find their rise. I speak from objective evidence, but I speak even more confidently out of my own experience. The nature of my father's love for his mother and his sense of being an exile—these became, very early, elements in my own inner life that yielded both pleasure and pain. They played a decisive and at times a destructive part in the lives of his other children and of his wife, my mother.

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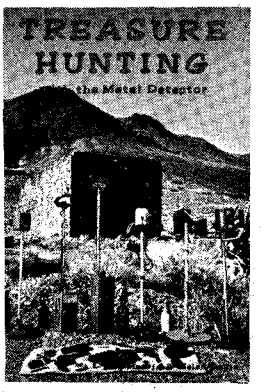

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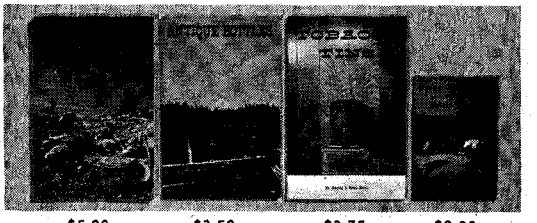

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Palm of a Three-Fingered Glove

(Continued from page 19)

ORAL ZUMWALT was born in Childress, Texas and the family moved to Montana soon after, yet Oral always insisted he was Morenci, Arizona born, and that is the way his obituary read. He'd had a few run-ins with Texans over who was best at what, and it stuck in his craw; he always wanted to get the best of men from his native state—like the time when he was expecting a lot of Texas calf ropers at the Midland Empire State Fair at Billings, where he was furnishing the stock. Oral gave orders to his ranch hands to load up one truck with the biggest calves they could find on the ranch, even though it meant an unnecessary trip; a second truck was used to haul the smaller one which would appear in the roping.

"Now, fellows, we'll put these big calves out in the corral where the Texans will be lookin' 'em over, and we'll hide the smaller ones until grand entry time."

It went as Oral anticipated. The Texas cowboys came and saw, and bitterly complained to Oral that the calves were too big. Oral pretended not to give an inch. "Listen, boys," he said flatly, "down in Texas, you Texans run things—but up here, Zummie does."

Then there was the time in Madison Square Garden when Oral was participating in wild cow milking. His protegé, Phil Manix of Augusta, was with him in the company of nine or ten other Montana cowboys. "It looked like Oral was winning the event," said Phil. "His mugger had made a fast catch, and Oral ran in, got the milk from the critter, but the mugger, in freeing the rope from the hondo, had bad luck, and when it appeared as if the noose had broken free, it accidentally sprang back over the head of the cow. But by this time, Oral was across the finish line. The judges ruled out the catch since the cow was not freed of the rope.

"It happened that some Texans were declared the winners. Oral hit the sky, for hadn't he seen the rope successfully free as he ran for the finish line? He

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challenged everyone south of the Mason-Dixon line. Northern roper Sonny Hancock looked at the small number of Montanans and the vast number of Texans on hand, and he shook his head slowly and said to Zumwalt: 'Oral, ain't that takin' in an awful lot of territory?' "

Oral sought out men who were big of heart and worthy ambassadors of the sport of rodeo, men such as calf roper Rufe Ingersoll and team roper Ray Krone of Augusta. Those he favored were fatherly men like himself, but fighting men if they were pushed too hard, and many the ruckuses Rufe and Oral emerged from in laughing and somewhat egotistical spirits.

Zumwalt was a natural-born story teller, and people gathered around him like bees to a honey tree. He would hurry his wife Mae into the car for the long drive to Blackfoot, Idaho where he would be staging a rodeo, but he would stop at the post office in Missoula to get the mail and begin telling rodeo experiences to the postmaster and forget about Mae and the rodeo. He lived, ate, talked rodeo. One time in the bunkhouse, in the company of Bill Haynes of Hot Springs, they were reliving rodeo while peeling potatoes. "Before we knew it, Oral had peeled enough spuds to feed Coxey's army," recalled Bill.

AFTER Oral's death one of the men who missed him most was a former rodeo partner of his, Bud Lake of Missoula. Bud had sold his partnership with Oral to Bill Lawrence, celebrated bareback bronc rider, who remained associated with Oral until Zumwalt's death on June 10, 1962.

Not many men are privileged to die at the sport they love best in the world, but this privilege was Oral's, and it almost seemed as if it were destined. Oral was staging the Big Timber Jaycee Rodeo in central Montana. Earlier in the morning a horse had stepped on Oral's foot; it was the first time the cowboys had ever heard Zumwalt complain. "I'm not feeling too good. That horse must have weighed more than I thought." He continued to express discomfort, this time because of the cold, something Oral had never noticed before in his life.

He was pulling a flank strap on one of his bucking horses just before it was to emerge from the chute—a thing he never let anyone do but himself—when he fell over backwards, dead. Mae did what she knew he would want done—she ordered the show to go on.

Heartache in good measure had been Oral Zumwalt's, as well as fame and fortune and good cheer. He had lost an earlier partner of his, Julius Peters of Great Falls, known to the cowboys as "Little Pete," and the two were like father and son. They commenced a rodeo business of their own following the death of Leo Cremer and prior to World War II. Oral had served as Cremer's stock superintendent. Leo's untimely death made it inevitable that Oral would follow in his shoes as a stock contractor. But his association with Julius, which would have meant so much to both of them, was cut short when Julius lapsed into a diabetic coma and regained consciousness only long enough to give Oral his watch.

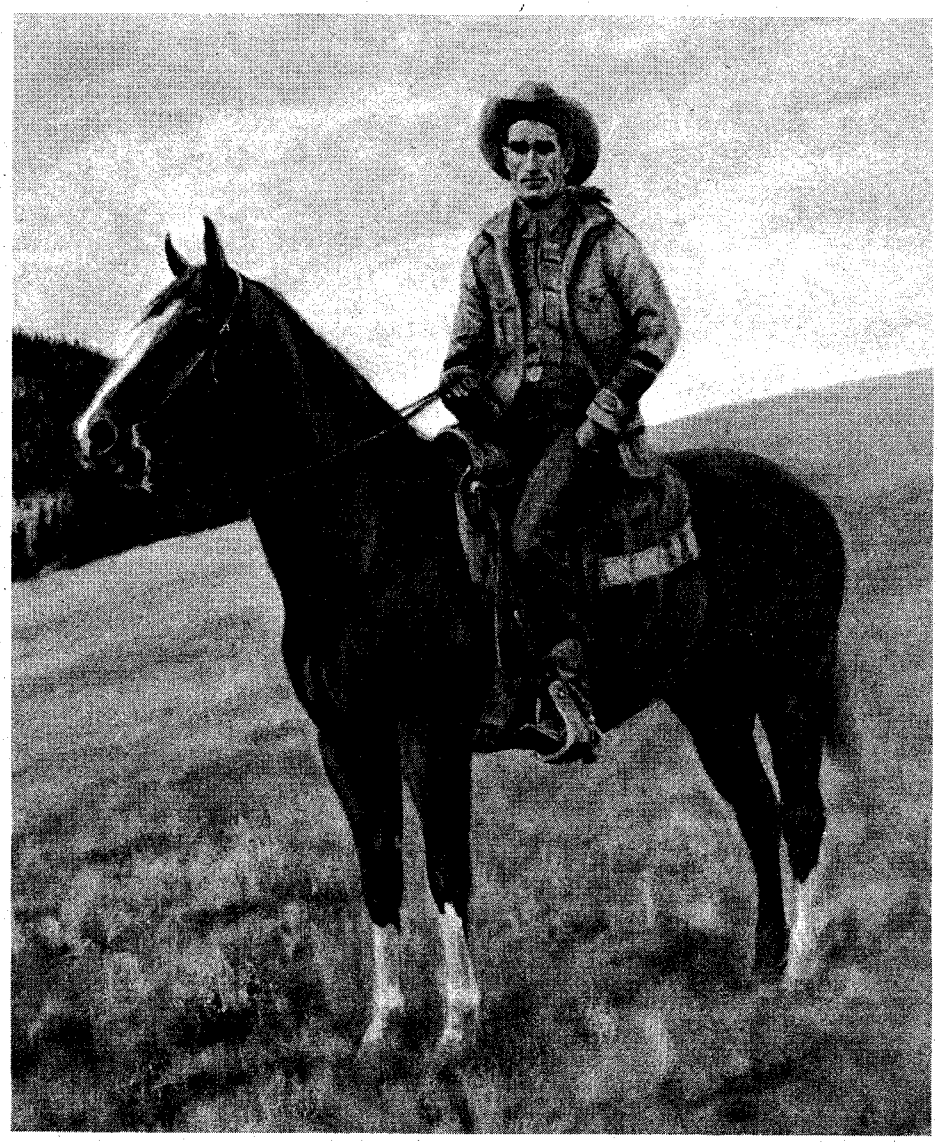
The death left a void in Oral's life which he tried to fill with other young fellows who loved the sport, for Oral never had a son of his own. However, his daughter Zana became a superb trick rider, barrel racer, and handler of livestock. She resides today in Victor, and Oral's widow, Mae, lives in Missoula. Zana is married to horse trainer Max Powell.

In his lifetime Oral produced some of the biggest rodeos in Montana, as well as neighboring states. He never had any trouble spellbinding a rodeo committee and convincing it that he was the man to provide the stock. Said his contemporary, Doc Sorenson of Roberts, Idaho, whose rodeo stock Oral bought out: "Oral never had to describe his stock. We would go to a committee meeting, and he'd get started on funny things that had happened to him in rodeo, and he would so regale everyone with laughter that at the end of the meeting, the contracts were signed even though Oral never got around to telling what he had to offer on the bill-of-fare."

Some things were characteristic of Oral. One was the plug of chewing tobacco he always carried, tucking a hunk of it in one cheek. Another was one of two little Chihuahua dogs, either of which might be seen riding in front of him in the saddle when Oral was not pushing a rodeo performance. Another was the left-handed rodeo glove he wore which had only three fingers. He had lost one finger in a freak accident with a horse at his cattle ranch at Augusta.

Gabby White of that town, another of Oral's protegés, told it this way: "We were helping a veterinarian alter some of Oral's stallions. One was particularly nervous and kicked at the vet, Dr. O. Chamberlain of Great Falls, who accidentally cut himself on the leg with a knife. 'Think nothing of it, Doc, it's too far from your heart to kill you,' said Oral, anxious to get on with things. Presently, a stud which Oral was holding by the halter clamped down hard on the third finger of Oral's left hand. It

An oil painting of Oral Zumwalt by Les Peters, Great Falls, Montana. It now hangs in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.



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wouldn't let go. Oral's stepson, Jay Overman, hit the animal on the head with the blunt end of an axe to make it loosen its hold, but by then the finger was badly mangled at the base. We worked hard to shut off the bleeding, and the vet insisted that Oral get to the hospital at Great Falls.

"By the time the doc and Oral got to the hospital, Zummie had lost a lot of blood and had to stay overnight. 'Don't worry about it,' quipped Doc Chamberlain, 'it's too far from your heart to kill you!' "

From that time on, Oral called the horse who had maimed him "Fingers." Oral cut off the third finger of every left-handed glove he owned, and when a cowboy would ask to borrow his gloves, Oral would wait eagerly to see what the waddie would do with an extra finger.

Oral left Augusta in his late forties to lease some property at Missoula which he called the KO Rodeo Ranch. For approximately a decade he put on the first Montana Rodeo Cowboys' Association performance every spring. Rookies he started down the rodeo trail are today champions in their own right—rodeo announcers Don Harrington of Butte and Bill Holt of Lolo; pick-up men Sam McDowell, Wisdom and Jay Overman of Augusta; judges Walt Linderman of Belfry, today second in the nation in steer wrestling, and Marty Backstrom, bareback bronc rider from Wickenburg, Arizona; clowns Larry McKinney of Phoenix, who has worked the National Finals Rodeo, and Scotty Bagnell of Spokane, Washington.

That Zumwalt was quick to praise and instruct will be attested by all these men. One reason that Oral was quick to help others was due to the fact that someone had helped him. "I had been having trouble steer wrestling. I was making the catch and throwing the steer, but my timing wasn't right—maybe just a second or two off, but I didn't know what I was doing wrong," Zumwalt explained. "One day I rode over to an old-timer sitting on the fence and I said, 'Friend, tell me where I'm failing.'

"The man said: 'Put your stirrups down another notch, take a deeper seat when you're leaving the barrier, and you'll be all right.' He was right. That one little detail made all the difference between success and just average accomplishment. I owe it to that old-timer to do the same for others starting out."

Oral had known rodeo since he was nine years old. He won his first prize at it at the age of twelve at Roundup, Montana. From that hour his heart was lost to the sport. He worked as a cowboy on the J. W. Newton ranch. In his youth he rode in the 101 Wild West Shows. He was to become a capable pick-up man for McCarty and Elliott.

W. T. Johnson was the man Oral tried hardest to emulate. "Johnson was a born showman who put the dressing on rodeo. He gave it style and color. His grand entry was always thrilling. He made all his staff take bows. He believed in spectacular announcing, and he put women in the arena to give glamour and beauty to his shows. He was tops."

To one bucking horse in particular, Oral lost his heart, the famous Trail's End, a beautiful sorrel still going strong although now almost fourteen years old. *Life Magazine* once featured the bronc and Oral. Magazines as far away as London, England had stories about them. After Oral's death, at the rodeo stock dispersal sale, Trail's End brought the highest price ever paid for a Montana bronc—$4,400. The sorrel was purchased for the Big Bend Rodeo Company by owners Ed Ring of Wilbur, Washington (recently deceased), Bill Hutsell of Davenport, and Bud King of Odessa, Washington. Trail's End unseated such greats in the saddle bronc riding as Casey Tibbs, Jim Tescher, Ellie Lewis, Guy Weeks, Jim Rossier, Tex Martin, Joe Chase, Bill Dygert, Shawn Davis, and quite a few others.

Another horse dear to Oral was the bronc, Inflammation. And there was Fox; Centennial, named ofter Montana's Centennial Valley, from whence the bronc came; Peterson's Special; and other greats too numerous to list.

Oral was fifty-nine when he died. He had been for fifty years a lover of rodeo. He lived and died as he would have wished. His saddle and trophies reside at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, but no case can contain the spirit of the man; only love can do that, and he was loved by thousands.

Ishi

(Continued from page 15)

with Professor Waterman at the museum in Golden Gate Park, where he was to live. He was now a city man with a street address.

ISHI was truly the last man of Stone Age culture in North America. Scientists agree that he and his lost people lived in the most primitive culture known on the North American Continent.

If we would understand the giant changes that Ishi chose to make, we should look with him into an age when the golden land belonged to his people.

Gaze through chaparral, the low evergreen trees on the Western mountain slopes. There seems to be neither dwellings nor people. Slowly, dimly appear a wooden frame strung with surf fish to dry, a sunny beach, a hazy clearing in the trees. A wisp of smoke winds upward from a long, redwood house. An old woman tends an open fire, a man spears a fish in a stream. A hunter brings down a deer with bow and arrow. On the hillside a girl gathers iris; a young boy paddles downstream in a dugout canoe.

Silently these people step over the ground. Their naked or nearly naked bodies blend with the colors of the earth. Their voices are neither hard nor loud, whether in dialogue, song, prayer or mourning cry.

Ishi could not picture his tragedies to the scientists, but he showed them the habits and skills of his former daily life. He was able to explain that his burnt hair was a sign of mourning for the death of his mother. After her death

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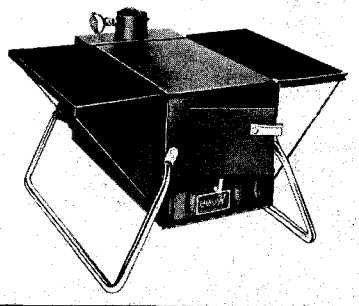

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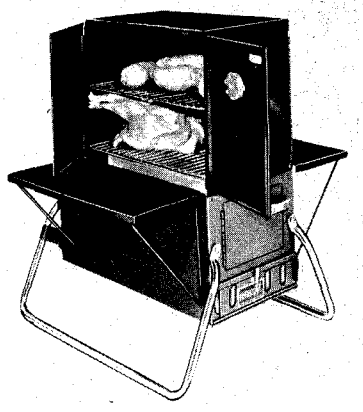

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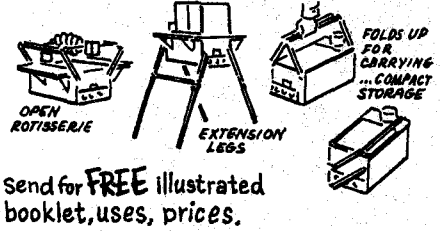

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in November 1908, until August 1911, Ishi was without human companionship. Other members of his small tribe had fled into unknown hiding places because of their fear of the white man.

A space was arranged in the museum for an exhibition of Ishi's Indian life and his crafts. On Sunday afternoons crowds of visitors came to watch him string bows, chip out arrow heads, and make fire with a fire drill. Professor Kroeber introduced Ishi to the visitors and talked briefly to them. He answered their questions through translations of Ishi's replies.

Ishi's needs were few. He prepared his own breakfast and lunch in the museum kitchen. For the evening meal the professors took him to their homes and sometimes to a restaurant.

The scientists soon realized that Ishi was proud. In order that he might be independent they arranged for him to be appointed assistant janitor on the museum staff. He worked for two hours each day, cheerfully and well.

He was paid $25 a month, by check. In order to cash the check, he learned to trace his signature—simply Ishi. The dialect of his tribe counted only to ten. The professors suggested that his check be cashed in silver half-dollars. It was easy, then, for him to learn to count change. He enjoyed buying candy, ice cream and tobacco.

Ishi saved half of his salary, placing the coins in empty film roll cans. Professor Waterman showed him the huge iron safe in his office. Ishi was delighted to place the can in the safe. He was now a twentieth century businessman.

Saxton Pope, an English doctor, worked in the hospital next door to the museum. He met Ishi in 1912. Between these men, so different, grew a special friendship that deepened through the years of Ishi's life.

Ishi as he appeared in his natural surroundings.

Courtesy Lowie Museum of Anthropology, University of California, Berkeley

IN THE SPRING of 1914, Professors Waterman and Kroeber, and Dr. Pope proposed a trip back into the Yahi country where Ishi had lived. Ishi showed great surprise at this suggestion. He told them they would find no houses, furnishings or food, only cold weather and discomfort.

The three men assured him that they expected no city comforts. They explained that they would take supplies and hire horses to carry men and baggage. Ishi had seen horses and even dreamed of owning one, but he was suddenly terrified at the idea of actually riding horseback.

Patiently he gathered together his bows, quivers and arrows, his fire drills and harpoon, made by him with loving care in the museum. He began to remember the smell of the pines, the taste of fresh salmon and deer, and the feel of canyon trails against his bare feet. He would swim again the rapids of the mountain creeks.

The trip was a wonderful experience for the scientists. Notebooks were filled with records of native plants, herbs, shelters and caves used by the lost tribes of Indians. Many maps were drawn, and roll after roll of photographs were made. Ishi gave himself completely to the experience of returning to his land, and shared his memories with his white comrades.

But when the day for departure arrived, Ishi left the land without a backward look. He was the first to board the train for the return to San Francisco. Deep in him were old memories, black with sorrow.

In the museum, Ishi's habits were a high order of neatness. He bathed daily, and frequently washed and combed his now long hair. His belongings were placed in even form, clothing squarely folded.

There was a complete lack of immunity in the Indians to the diseases of the white man. This lack threatened early death for the brave and patient Ishi. In the summer of 1915 Ishi lived in the home of Profesor Waterman. His gentle be-

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havior endeared him to the family. Ishi spent hours with the professor, learning English and teaching the dialect of the Yahi to his friend.

During that visit Professor Waterman noted that Ishi seemed to tire easily. He reported this to Dr. Saxton Pope. An examination of Ishi revealed that he had tuberculosis. Ishi fought his illness according to Dr. Pope's advice, and accepted his defeat with grace, wishing only to be as light a burden as possible.

The scientists knew the deep wish of all Indians to be home when death came. A sunny room was arranged for Ishi in the museum. There he was treated as Ishi and not as a hospital patient. The large room had a wide-window view overlooking Golden Gate Park and the black mass of trees in Sutro Forest.

Ishi lived on, uncomplaining and responsive, until noon on March 25, 1916. The long journey he had made from his ancient homeland to the land of the Yana Dead was now ended. His last words to his white friends were his own farewell, "You stay. I go."

The Best Darn Vacation!

(Continued from page 31)

stayed warm after the norther and we got along fine. I only had two weeks after the norther for leave but I wrote a letter to Uncle Frank, the postmaster, and told him to get a substitute for me; I didn't know when I would be back.

ONE DAY we went into the store at Elkins and the storekeeper said to Jake, "Those friends of yours from Kansas must be a pretty tough bunch. The law in Roswell raided a poker game the other night, and the only one they knew was the big fellow with the brown hat and the alligator boots. They all got out the windows but the law knew him and they've got a warrant out for him."

Well, soon after, a fellow came through with a letter from John, telling me to come up to his place north of Roswell; that they were going to work the cattle on a certain date. He said the law was looking for George, but that he had got out of town and was staying at a ranch about half-way between Roswell and John's place.

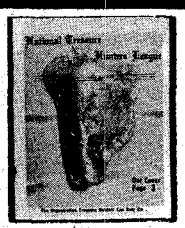
Jake told me how to get there. It was about forty miles up the Pecos on the other side. He said I could tell it because John kept a farm family there and had an irrigated field of sourless sorghum, the only such crop in the country. I took Star, a black horse of Wesley's with a white blaze in his face, and set out. Jake had told me that Star knew the way. I made it to Elkins and the storekeeper told me what trail to take and I rode all day.

The only soul I saw was a young fellow with a target rifle and a load of rabbits which he said would be shipped to St. Louis. He said he never missed—one shell, one rabbit— and that I was on the right trail. I came to the Pecos at almost sundown. I could see where the trail went up the bank on the other side but my side was all sand and the wind had blown the tracks out and I couldn't see where the trail entered the water. I remembered George telling me it was full of quicksand and the water was red as blood. I could see a big bunch of men holding a herd of cattle up high about a mile off and I thought somebody would see me and come down and tell me where to cross, but nobody did.

I rode up and down the bank for quite a while and finally spurred old Star into the water. I thought, "Here goes nothing." Star didn't want to go and I decided, "He knows this country better than I do," but it was all hard bottom and not up to my stirrups anywhere. I had had my scare for nothing. I don't know who wrote that 'a coward dies a thousand deaths, a brave man dies only once,' but he was a smart man.

John had a rock house and a lot of pens and corrals, and Wesley came in from the herd with some more men, also my saddle. We were both glad to swap back, but I hated to lose those Chihuahua spurs. George was there and said there had just been an election in Roswell and the marshal was trying to make a name for himself. The reason they pinched him was that he was the only stranger, so they said he was the only one they knew. George had been staying at a place about fifteen miles north of Roswell. Uncle Bud was there, too, and I slept on the floor in a room where he and John was talking. He was telling John, "When a banker writes you a letter go to see him, or write him a letter, don't just stay away. You can't do business that way." John would just grunt and I figured it was none of my business so I went to sleep.

NATIONAL TREASURE HUNTERS LEAGUE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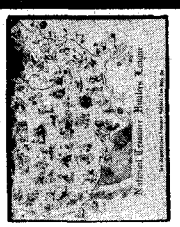
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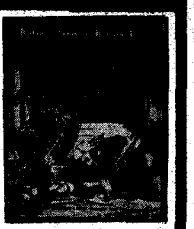
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When we got up we had our breakfast and went out. They had a rope corral and a fellow roping out the horses. He caught me a long-legged grey horse and I wished I had Jake there to uncock him for me, but the horse only took a couple of hops and I made it fine. Men were coming in to help and every one had his bed dragging behind on a burro clear out at the end of a rope. One fellow said, "That damn burro has had the air set for thirty miles." They would unload the bed and turn the burro loose and the burro would wake up and go to eating whatever was handy.

The cattle had all been rounded up and they sent me out where they were holding the cut. I had to work pretty hard, for those calves could fairly run. I think

Fred Curry on "Buddy" in Ellsworth, Kansas about 1916.

we were two days at work. They were big calves and we took them and fifty or sixty cows that John didn't think would make the winter—over 1,000 head altogether. We got them across the river, and I was up and down it for a mile or two. The boys all laughed at me when I told them how scared I had been. It was all good hard bottom.

We had a wagon along and John's farmer was the cook. We butchered a calf the first night. A couple of the boys took a big wool sack out of the wagon and rode off. They came back dragging it between them, full of cowchips for fuel. I slept with a fellow who lived on John's place and he had a featherbed. If anybody woke up at night he would throw a few chips on the fire and in the morning it was on top of a pile of ashes three feet high and smoke going straight up in the air.

It was the first time, and the only time, that I was ever out with a wagon and I enjoyed every bit of it. Uncle Bud had gone back to Roswell but Wesley was with us. I think we were three days getting into Elkins, maybe it was four.

George told me all the Roswell news that had happened while I was out with Jake and I was sure glad I had stayed out there. The reason they hadn't sent me word sooner was that they had to wait for cars. George said if any deputy sheriff came in before we shipped the cattle he would ride out in the chaparral and flag the night train and get to Amarillo, out of the state. He said they had tried him "in absentia" or something, and had a one-hundred dollar fine against him. The only thing that hurt him was "he was the only one they didn't know"—they knew everybody in the bunch.

I knew George pretty well and I'd hate to have him get mad at me. When we had driven the J.J.s from Geneseo we were camped at the stockyards unloading cattle, and George went up town and got a bottle and the town marshal came down after him and poked a big pistol in his stomach. George took hold of the barrel and turned it off to one side and kicked the marshal in the shins and made him turn the pistol loose. He said, "You're out of your jurisdiction down here. You get back up town and stay there and I'll give your pistol back to you the next time I see you in town." George told me after the marshal had left that he knew he wouldn't shoot that pistol, and he was tired of being bothered by him.

WELL, we got into Elkins but we still had to wait for cars. John went back to Roswell and Wesley stayed with us. We had to herd in the White Lakes pasture and Jake came up and helped us and we took up our talking where we had left off.

I had been in the factory in Rawlins, Wyoming where they made my Knox and Tanner saddle and they were making a bunch of saddles to send to Uraguay or Argentina or somewhere in South America and Jake and I decided we would go down there instead of going to Wyoming. I popped the head off a rattlesnake to show Jake how smart I was and then he popped one to show me he was smart, too. Jake was a tie man and I was a dally man and have a busted thumb to prove it. In case you don't know, most Texans tie their ropes fast to the horn when they go to catch something, and a dally man just takes a couple of turns around the horn.

We ate in the boarding house and slept in some big hay barns. Uncle Bud was there. They had a dance one night in one of the hay barns and the boys and girls came from all over. I thought the girls were a little reserved with me because I came from up north. Jake said Uncle Bud used to fuss because every boy took one bale of hay to sleep on and another to feed his horse, but he wasn't there that time. They had a Mexican orchestra with guitars and accordians.

I bought a blue shirt at the store with part of Uncle Bud's ten dollars. The weather was warm enough in the daytime but it was pretty cool in the morning. When I left, the storekeeper gave me a big bone that stood in front of his store. He said somebody had picked it up over on Capitan Mountain. It wasn't petrified; it was light and dried out.

Finally John came out from Roswell and we got our cars. When Uncle Bud arrived, he had a couple of stock inspectors with him and the back of his car filled with John I. Harper whiskey. George saw them coming and took off in the brush. When Uncle Bud got out of his car he asked me, "Where's George?" I said I didn't know but I bet I could find him if I wanted to. "I paid his fine," Uncle Bud said. "You find him and tell him he's in the clear." I rode out a-ways and waved my hat and George came in and I told him. George said, "That damned old fool! Now I'll owe him that hundred dollars the rest of my life. I'd have got away all right."

Jake and I loaded the whole train. We set a quart of that John Harper on the runway by the cattle and everytime a car door would shut Jake would say, "What did the governor of North Carolina say to the governor of South Carolina?" and we would have another snort. We did fine, but if we had ever got off our horses I think we would have been in trouble.

We finally got loaded and tied our saddles up in one of the cars above the cattle and I tied my bone up there too, and I gave Jake my corduroy coat. George said Jake and I both cried when we left. I surely did like that boy and I think he liked me.

We had a solid trainload of cattle and we made time. Their fare was paid to Kansas City and they had it fixed up some way so they could be dropped off at Langley and go on the next fall. I forget how long we were on the road but we unloaded and fed at Woodward, Oklahoma or maybe it was Waynoka. We got there in the night and there were a lot of Indians at the yards to get the dead cattle. We had several. The Indians were big fellows and seemed to be making play of it. George said they were Comanches. He said the yardmaster got the hides and was making a lot of money off it.

We got a real good meal, steak and onions. I remember the next morning I saw the Indian camp, a lot of tepees and wagons and spotted ponies on a hillside, with wires strung all over holding jerky.

We got on the Missouri Pacific at Wichita and finally got to Geneseo. I gave my bone to Dr. Bush and it stood in front of the bank for a while until he finally sent it to the Nyche Museum at the university in Lawrence. I saw it there years later, labeled "Shoulder blade of a mammoth found on Capitan Mountain in New Mexico."

We got the cattle unloaded and through the lanes. Dick Cadwell had met us with our horses, and we got them strung out across the pastures toward Langley. Since John had lots of help and I was a little worried about my job in the post office, I threw the hook into my race horse and lit out for Ellsworth. That was the finest vacation I ever had.

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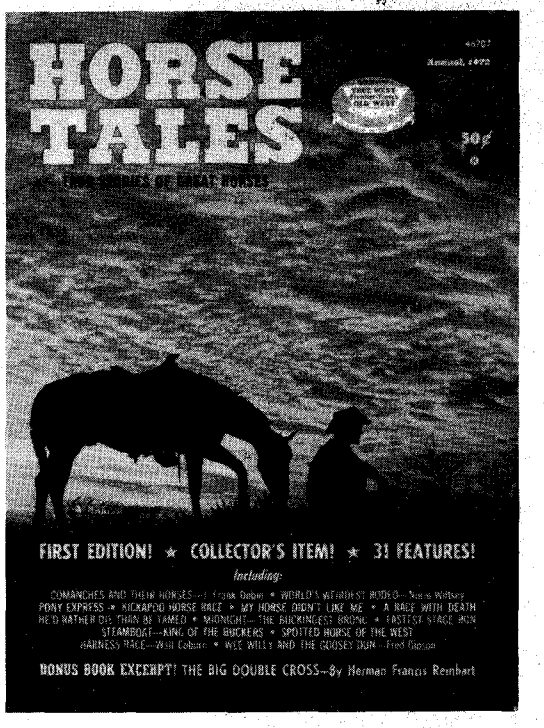

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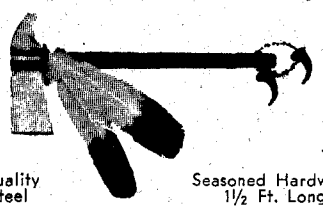

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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GREAT TEXAS ARTIST

The annual winter exhibition at the Institute of Texan Cultures at San Antonio has become one of the cultural (and social) highlights of the Texas scene. In previous years the works of three El Paso greats have been featured: Jose Cisneros—artist, Tom Lea—artist and writer, and Carl Hertzog—master typographer. Last winter's show, December 8, 1971—January 15, 1972, featured the art of Buck Schiwetz who was born in nearby Cuero and now spends most of his time at his Hill Country retreat near Hunt. The catalog bears the title *Texas' Buck Schiwetz* (Institute of Texan Cultures, P. O. Box 1226, San Antonio, Texas 78206, $3.14—Texas customers add 15c sales tax) and it is a dandy. Bill Wittliff of the Encino Press at Austin designed it and it is beautifully illustrated with twenty-six of the hundred Schiwetz items included in the exhibition. R. Henderson Shuffler, Director of the Institute, wrote a glowing tribute to Buck to introduce the catalog. Recommended.

MORE CUSTER

Perhaps as many books have been written about George Armstrong Custer as any other figure in Western American history. Since his debacle at the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876 admirers and critics have been prolific in airing their views. *Custer, Man and Legend* (Dodd, Mead & Co., $4.00) by William Heuman is the latest Custer story related in a novel-like narrative. Heuman employs a mixture of fact and legend in a personalized biography that makes no pretense of answering unanswered questions. That Custer was much of a man there is no doubt; that he made glaring mistakes is fact; what his life might have been sans the Little Big Horn is strictly speculation. Custer's legend continues to grow as do the number of people who write about him.

TRAIL DRIVING

The Longhorn Trail (Prentice-Hall, $4.95) is the first American edition of a somewhat fictionalized account of a Texas to Wyoming herd by the English author, Kenneth Ulyatt. John "Portugee" Phillips, hero of one of the greatest rides for help in the annals of the Indian fighting army, is the trail boss. He takes the herd from near San Antonio via Horsehead Crossing and the Goodnight-Loving Trail, then up the east side of the Front Range to his ranch on the Chugwater in Wyoming. There was plenty of action on the drive and it should hold the attention of the younger readers.

CHARLIE RUSSELL IN PRINT

The Old Bookaroos have done it again! This time Fred Renner is the guilty party. With his biblio-partner, Karl Yost, he has compiled *A Bibliography of the Published Works of Charles M. Russell* (University of Nebraska Press, $25.00). It is a big handsome book that will guide the collecting urges of the Russell buffs for years to come. It is a must for librarians, dealers and serious students of western art and history. There are 3,500 entries and these have divided into seventeen sections to make the big volume a more useful research tool. There is an indispensable index and the entries are interrupted and enhanced with 42 illustrations including 18 in full color plus a great Russell painting reproduced in color on the dust jacket. One of the most interesting sections of this bib is titled "Index to Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture" alphabetically listing nearly 3,000 titled original pieces of Russell art used in illustrating the printed items listed in the previous seventeen sections. The continued use of Russell art by present-day publishers of Western Americana is a high tribute to the agelessness of the record he left of the cowboy, the Indians and his adopted homeland. Just because one of our own had the major role in preparing this great book for publication does not mean that The Old Bookaroos think it is perfect. To be sure, Yost and Renner missed a few items that the dedicated Russell collectors will call them on—but then what bibliographer doesn't miss a few? A bibliographer's work is like a woman's—never finished. The errors in text are few indeed—a switch in the captions for a couple of the illustrations certainly seems the most serious. Our biggest criticism is the time gap between the date of the last entries (1966) and the date of publication (November, 1971). In the five-plus years since the authors submitted the manuscript to the publisher many additional books, pamphlets and magazines have included Russell art worthy of note. Despite our quibbling, it is a tremendous book of great and lasting value. Highly recommended.

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Tragedy on the Moffat Road

(Continued from page 21)

and took his seat on the left side of the cab. He rolled the collar of his overall jumper up around his neck, pulled his cap visor down, put his blue bandana across his nose and mouth and tied it at the back of his neck. Now the cinders, fly-ash and smoke wouldn't bother him too much in the tunnels.

Gene Muggridge, the engineer, pulled on the heavy chain that crossed his overall bib—this for the tenth time in the last few minutes—and the big silver-cased watch which peeped out of the slitted opening of its snug pocket confirmed it was time to go. He turned and looked back toward the caboose; the conductor's arm projected from a window and waved up and down.

Gene gave the whistle cord two quick jerks, signaling "up brakes," then pushed the air throttle to "open." He heard the blast of escaping air and heard the brake shoes on his big engine clank loose from the drive wheels, but he couldn't know that the action did not go beyond the tender. He opened the steam throttle a little and the big engine moved forward slowly, tightened up a few draw bars, and stopped. Gene opened the throttle more and the engine strained and burst into a runaway spin. Sparks showered from the drivers and the fireman's expertly laid bed of coals was torn apart and blown out the stack in one great belch of cinders and smoke. The fireman cursed as he grabbed for his clinker hook and coal scoop, then quickly began rebuilding his fire.

Gene mumbled something about frozen brakes as he jerked the throttle closed, then opened it again very slowly. The engine strained once more; brakes screamed, wheels rolled or slid, and the train was in motion. The engine was still straining, and the engineer was still blaming frozen brakes, brake retainers, and triple valves, but he was moving better now.

Gene Muggridge did not like the action of his train and he kept trying to cycle the brakes while cursing the temperamental retainer valves on the car's reserve air tanks.

The Moffat was using Westinghouse type K brakes, and this cycling to keep the reserve tanks full and the engine's air pressure up required great skill on a four per cent grade. Gene felt sure he knew as much as any other engineer on the line, but he wasn't getting the right response now.

When he passed the old Boulder-Rollins Pass wagon road, he thought he was going too fast. When he crossed the Devil's Slide bracket trestle, he was sure of it. Tunnel No. 32, the Needle's Eye, was coming up, and Gene knew that he was in bad trouble. He slammed the engine's controls into "emergency." Sparks showered from the drivers and he mumbled to himself as he turned in his seat and looked back at his train. It was then he discovered that the car wheels were not sparking.

Gene Muggridge was an engineer. He had known that something was bad wrong wih his train, but he just at that moment realized what it was. He had committed his train to the steep descent of the mountain, and all he had to hold it in check were the brakes of his engine. Gene knew they were not enough. He yelled frantically to Larry Shields and the fireman, "We got no air! For God's sake go and club brakes!"

LARRY and the fireman knew what Gene meant. They hurriedly climbed back over the tender, each grabbing a stout brake stick as they went over the top. They climbed up on the first car, and Larry began tightening the brakes with the hand wheel. When it was as tight as he could turn it he inserted the club between the iron spokes, and with this added leverage got three or four more notches on the ratchet wheel. He kicked the dog into place to hold it, then climbed up on the run plank and ran along the careening car top to another brake wheel. The irony was that if the fireman rather than Larry had set the brakes on the first car, perhaps he might have recognized the trouble and then remembered the non-standard valve handle.

But it didn't happen that way, and the two men continued to risk their lives treading the swaying runways and setting brakes. This was, at best, a slow process and, of course, not as effective as air set brakes. Also, just a few cars with set brakes at the head of a heavy, fast moving train could cause derailment.

Derailment of cars could have been good, at the right place, but now the train was on the shelf part of the road, where the trestles were like brackets on a wall, a thousand feet above a boulder-strewn chasm.

As speed increased, the engineer tried all the maneuvers at his command, even reversing the engine, but the once powerful drive wheels were now locked and were being ground flat as the heavy engine skidded through Needle's Eye tunnel. The two men on top of the cars continued to club brakes.

Back in the caboose, the head brakeman sat gazing into the forest looking for elk and deer. The second brakeman sat by the little stove, reading the *Police Gazette*. Denny Markle, the conductor, sat by the right window working on his log book.

These three men, each engrossed in his own thoughts, had failed to notice the increasing tempo of the clickety-clack of the rail joints. Denny finally snapped to attention and realized that something was not as it should be. "Will, how fast are we going?" he called to his head brakeman.

"Too fast!" Will answered excitedly.

"How much air we got?" Denny asked.

"Not a damned pound! We're a runaway!"

"What do you see down the train?"

"Wait till we straighten out!" Then, "Two men clubbing brakes! Let's get out there fast!"

"No, I can't let you do it. Once you got up there you could never get off alive. Cut us off the train and brake us down, then follow at a safe distance, and we'll try to be of help when they

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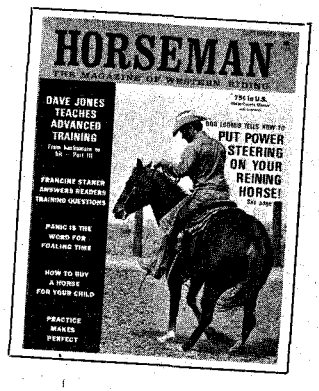

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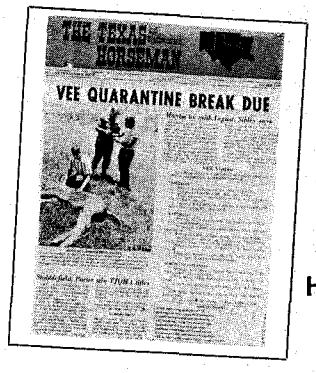

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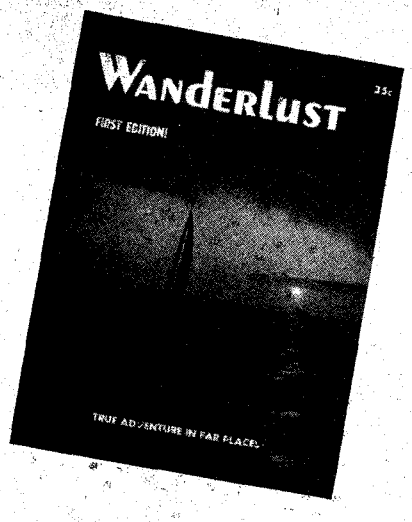

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pile up." And Denny Markle, being the closest to the caboose platform, was already doing the thing he had just ordered done.

THE SKIDDING, careening train was now through the Needle's Eye and well into the long, wide sweep to the left, which ended in a sharp reverse curve in the rock cut just above Yankee Doodle Lake. The men in the caboose felt certain that the train would crash there, but she plunged on and the rails screamed their agony at the enormous side pressure they were called upon to endure.

Larry Shields and the fireman were now crawling on their bellies across another car in their frantic effort to set another brake.

Denny Markle told me this story in 1917, and when he got to this part he became very emotional. Here were he and his brakeman standing on the platform of their caboose, following the runaway train in comparative safety, trying to contemplate the end of this nightmare, wishing there was more that they could do, hoping for some opportunity to save the lives of their friends. But while they watched, the big heavy Mallet clung to the rails and led its swaying cars of live cargo around Yankee Doodle Lake and into another big wide curve. This one ended with a reverse curve of sixteen degrees in a rock cut, at mile post 62.5, just above Dixie Lake.

The extra speed gained on the wide curve was too much, and the big stiff Mallet ignored the reverse curve and dived straight into the solid rock face of the cut and exploded. As the first cars loaded with cattle telescoped over the wreckage, the last cars were rolling end over end into this horrible build-up of death and destruction.

The entire body of the engineer was never recovered. The fireman's body was collected and taken off the mountain. But the tricks that fate sometimes plays defy the imagination—Larry Shields was thrown several hundred feet through the air and into the close-woven branches of a blue spruce. There Denny Markle and his men found him, in complete shock and jibbering madly. Perhaps he had somehow sensed that he had done something wrong, but he never found out what it was.

Several weeks later at an official inquiry, Larry related what the investigators already knew from reading the train's manifest and finding that a Green Valley car was at the head of the train.

"I found the air turned off on the last car, and I opened it," he said.

"Do you not know about Green Valley air valves?" the chairman asked.

"What about them?" Larry asked in simple innocence.

"Nothing," the chairman answered, and called for adjournment of the investigation.

Denny Markle was a veteran freight conductor, and he had been in other wrecks on the Moffat Road. In one wreck two of the precious Mallets rolled over the hill. Bill Freeman, the president and general manager, wired him asking if the engines were badly damaged, and Denny had answered, "No, and the men are safe also."

After the Dixie Lake wreck, Denny took time off and tried to drown his thoughts in whiskey. One morning he stepped out of a Denver saloon and came face to face with Bill Freeman.

Rule "G" stated that taking a drink of hard liquor was cause for discharge, and Freeman was known as a man who did not make exceptions.

Denny Markle told me his story in his mother's home at Markle's Mill, Elsworth, Indiana, now known as North Terre Haute. He died some years ago.

My son in Denver found a man who worked for the Moffat back then and he remembers the wreck that I have described. He thinks he knew the brakeman involved. He also thinks that I *might* be wrong about there being a specific railroad whose cars all had nonstandard air valves. He thinks that the box car belonged to the Moffat, that Bill Freeman sometimes had his repair shop use salvaged air valves, and some of them were "triple valves" that normally were only on the reserve tank under the car, and that the situation would be exactly as I described it. Also, that all experienced brakemen would recognize it. So, the name I gave the railroad, "Green Valley," is purely fictitious. So are the names of all the men involved, except Denny Markle, Bill Freeman, and J. B. Culbertson.

I am not a railroad man. I am a retired construction man. But I am a railroad buff, and have been in very close association with railroading all my life.

At the age of ten I stood 500 feet away and watched a big Mallet freight engine and a high-wheeled passenger engine meet head on. They both had slowed down considerably and only one person was killed—the engineer on the small engine. This was at Philippi, West Virginia.

When I was sixteen, I stood within 100 feet of the tracks and watched a Mallet sideswipe a switch engine and then roll over on its side, bursting its boiler and blocking the road and streetcar tracks for an hour with a blast of steam out of its smokestack, while the big engine died with loud groans and roarings. This was in Clarksburg, West Virginia.

And, when I tell you this one, you will feel sure that I am a liar and a very poor one. In 1920, just three years after Denny Markle told me about the Moffat wreck, I sat on the roof of a factory building just five miles from Denny's home at Markle's Mill, and watched a west-bound section of "The Spirit of St. Louis," the Pennsylvania Railroad's crack passenger train, hit a heavily loaded lumber truck that was stalled on a grade crossing. I watched the man get out of the truck and try frantically to crank the motor, and finally run when the train was bearing down on him. The engineer did not slow down but seemed to put on more power. He hit the truck hard enough to break it in two and cast it aside, but he carried half the lumber on the front of his engine until he stopped right in front of me. Then

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the lumber slid off onto the track, and I got down in time to help move the last few pieces. There was not enough damage to the engine to prevent it from continuing on to Terre Haute.

In 1934 I built the sub-structure for a high railroad bridge at Brinkhaven, Ohio, to reroute the main line of the Pennsylvania Railway around a lake that now covers Brinkhaven with fifty feet of water.

In 1951 I went to Denver to help build the Rocky Flats plant for the A. E. C. and the first people I got acquainted with were the postmaster and his wife at Plain View, Colorado. This was a section point, way station, passing track and siding for pusher engines between tunnels number one and two on the Moffat Road, and still is for the Rio Grande.

I lived in the Denver area for the next eighteen years, and almost every July, when the snow had gone, I either drove or hiked over Rollins Pass and studied the engineering feats of those hardy men who did that wonderful job.

Livin' High and Layin' Low

(Continued from page 27)

looked after by the new husband of Jake's ex-wife. All of this information discouraged Jake, and he and Martha did not linger long in Manhattan, even though there are still places available in the locality in which to stake out claims.

We stayed on, and the summer proved to be one of pleasant activity. We became acquainted with the residents and soon found that there was employment to be had in Manhattan. Yes, a job in a ghost town! One of the oldest residents, a man I shall call Art, needed help with a variety of odd jobs to be done around his house and at his mine; trees and shrubs to be planted, clean-up jobs, an old building to be taken down, a new house to be built.

Art delighted in having someone listen to his tales of the old days when he handled teams of horses that freighted ore from the mines. His yarns were spun best over a nip of brandy when the day's work was done. Art's active working years had ended long ago and he owned a nice home on the West Coast but his roots were deep in this old ghost town and he maintained a comfortable home here, too, where he enjoyed spending the summer months. He had been many places and had done many things. Now—when he was the other side of the age of ninety—he just wanted a "chair in Manhattan," as he put it.

Besides Art's new house going up, an old one was moved into town while we were there and someone had bought the old two-story "women's club building" and was fixing it up. The upper rooms were used long ago for meetings of the "Tabby-Cat Club"—so dubbed by the male populace—and the downstairs part was where movies had been shown. Manhattan was beginning to have growing pains all over again!

SO the summer went. We had a nice camping place for our little trailer and we had congenial neighbors; a job in a ghost town and time to explore

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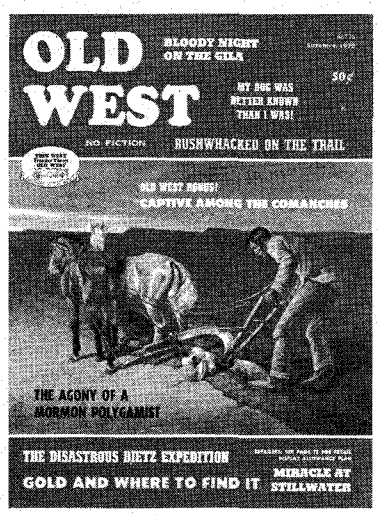

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the beautiful canyons of the Toquima Range. We searched the old dumps for bottles and sun-purpled glass, and some of the old mines for relics. We made interesting side trips to other Nevada ghost camps. We picked up geodes in the Silver Creek area and gathered Mormon tea there. The multitude of song birds gave us pleasure, the mountain bluebird being a favorite. We tamed ground squirrels and delighted in their antics. Piñon pines developed cones heavy with nuts. Every three or four weeks we reluctantly made the fifty-mile trip (one way) to Tonopah to replenish our supplies. Almost every evening found us by our cheery campfire making the most of the gorgeous sunset and soaking up the peace of our beautiful surroundings. Often we were joined by some of the friendly folks of Manhattan. Life in this ghost town was serene, complete.

Sam's hidden gold still remains a mystery. There has been much speculation about where Sam might have buried the jar of gold reportedly said to have been worth in the neighborhood of $80,000. There is also a rumor that Sam had a metal pipe filled with silver dollars that he buried somewhere on his property. Besides the houses, Sam had also owned several lots to the west of the houses. The lots are vacant now except for the trees he once set out along the outer edges, and the two privies which stand about fifty feet apart to the rear of the lots. It seems that Sam found many uses for old privies—one use being to mark claims. One such old privy sets askew on a steep slope to the rear of the house that Sam had occupied. It covers the opening of a mine tunnel. There are also various sheds and out-buildings to the rear of Sam's houses.

We were told that Sam once made the remark that he could see the place where the gold was buried when he sat on his front porch. Another clue that was supposed to have come from Sam was that it was buried in line with the old mill to the west. By all indications the gold is still there and our first impression of Manhattan has remained a lasting one—peace, quiet, serenity, rest.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 35)

Winnipeg, where Hugh Sutherland, a lumberman, became interested and sent men to Roche Percee to mine and ship coal back to Winnipeg in the spring. Sutherland, born at New London, Prince Edward Island, February 22, 1843, had come to Winnipeg in 1878. He built the first sawmill there, and was the chief promoter of the Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railroad Company.

In a book compiled for the Women's Institute of Melita, Manitoba, *Melita's Tales and Trails*, A. B. Estlin tells of settlers who were living around Melita when some men came through on their way to the coal fields at Roche Percee. They wanted to take the settlers along and hire the horses they had. The story goes on to state that in the spring these men came back to Melita with one scow of coal. The other had been lost in the river. On this return trip three men left the Melita area and were not heard from again after they reached Winnipeg with the coal miners and the coal scow. They were named West, Kingley, and Dugay.

An official report mentions this coal being delivered to Winnipeg in 1880. In the Session Papers, Volume XLV, No. 3, Session 1880-81, Page 6, one finds the report of the Department of the Interior for the year ending June 30, 1880. It states: "In connection with the fuel supply for this part of the country, it may be of interest to mention that several barge-loads of lignite from the valuable deposits of that material on the upper waters of the Souris were floated down that stream and the Assiniboine to market at Winnipeg, by parties who had embarked in the enterprise under the permission from the department."

On the front page of the June 9, 1880, issue of the *Manitoba Daily Free Press* of Winnipeg, a story is headlined "Black Diamonds—The First Arrival From the Souris." It tells of two barge-loads of coal arriving from the Souris region in charge of John Sutherland, brother of Hugh. The barges were constructed at the coal fields from trees felled on the spot. The party had been forty-three days on the river and had encountered many timber jams, but all obstacles had been surmounted and the primary object of the enterprise gained—namely, to test the feasibility of navigation on the Souris. It was anticipated there would be sufficient water in the river until August of each year to float barges. Hugh Sutherland, it was stated, had spent $15,000 on the project. Now he planned to float enough coal down the river each spring and summer to supply Winnipeg for the year. A specimen of one-half ton was sent to Toronto to be further examined.

No mention is made of the number of tons these first two barges carried. Other issues of the paper described how a rowboat had been sent down the river to clear a path for the coal barges and to pick the channel for them.

There were no towns along the river in 1880. Minot, North Dakota did not get on the map until 1886. The river miles from Roche Percee to the North Dakota line is given as 100 miles. The river loops into North Dakota and back to the Manitoba boundary for a total of 358 miles; river miles in Manitoba are given as 102 from the North Dakota line to the Assiniboine, and from that point the Assiniboine travels 132 river miles to the Red at Winnipeg. The barges had made 692 miles in 43 days.

This one trip was to open the plains area to the white man and his plow, for now he had fuel for the winter. After the railroads came in, great underground mines operated for many years, gradually giving way to the present-day method of strip mining.

Today many of the large railyards stand empty due to widespread use of oil and gas for heat. There is still some mining in the area but it isn't as vital as when the pioneers of 1880 floated coal nearly 700 miles to Winnipeg.

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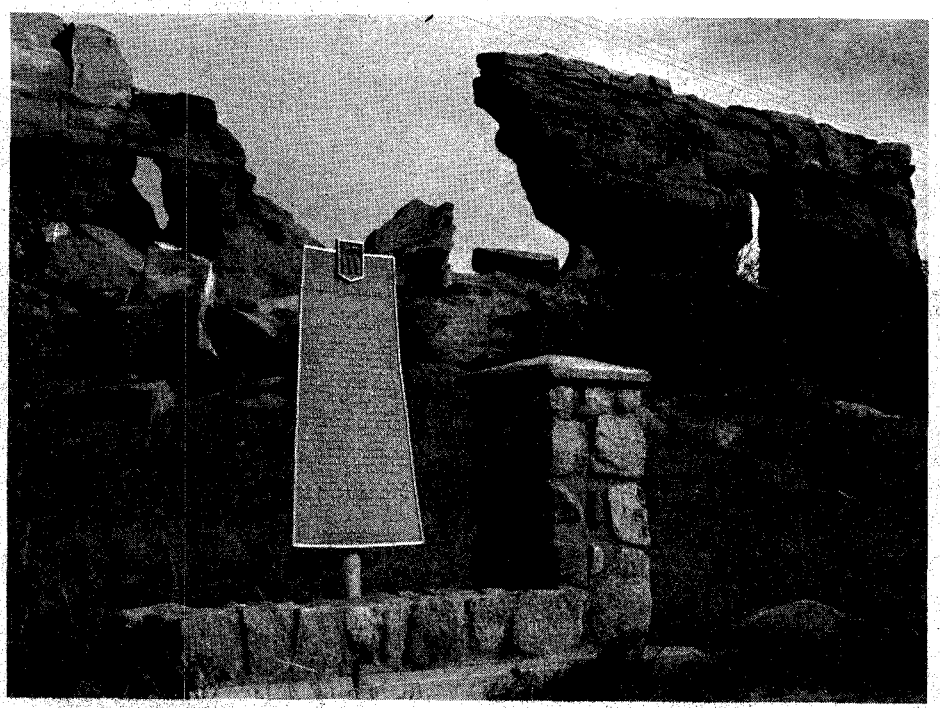
The author at the site of a marker in the strip mining area to the north of the Souris River. Three marker plaques are set into a large gear that at one time saw service. They tell the history of coal mining in that area. Below, La Roche Percee on the south bank of the Souris, near the town of Roche Percee, Saskatchewan, Canada. A popular tourist attraction, many people come yearly to see the strange rock formations formed by wind and water erosion.



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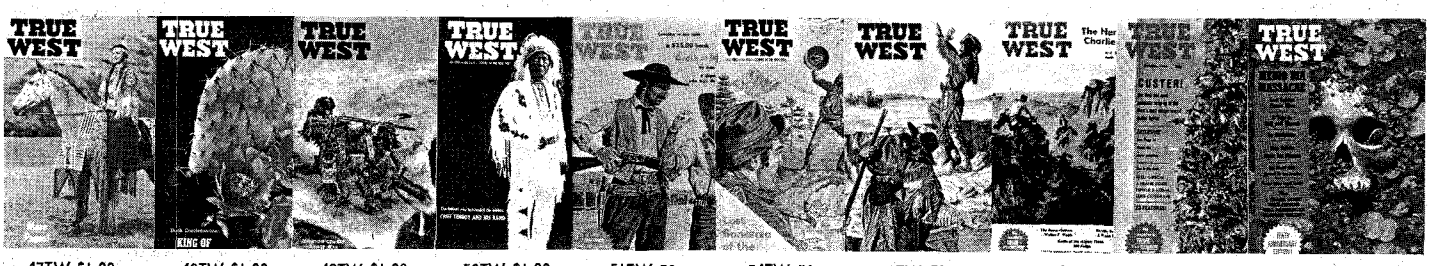

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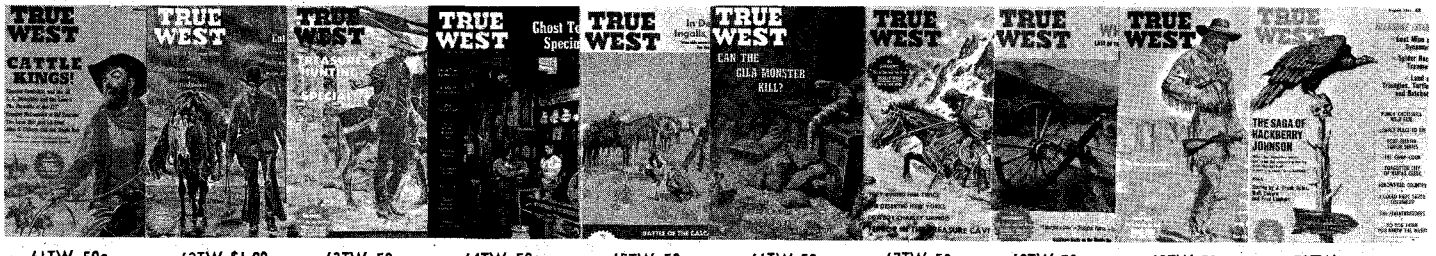

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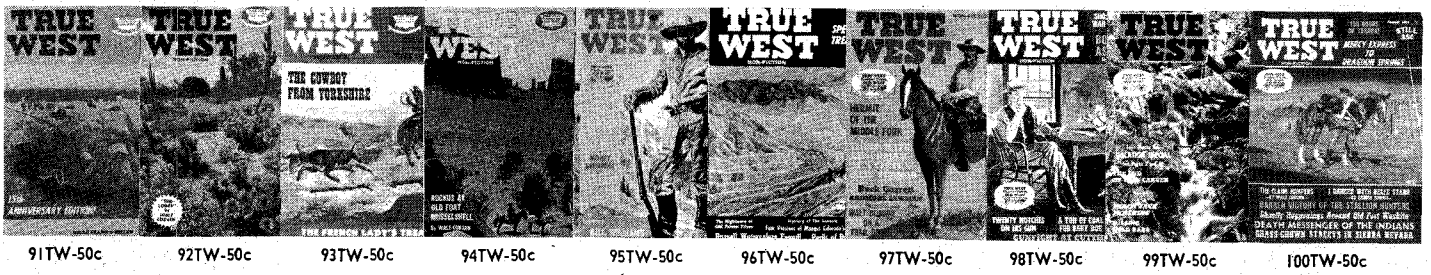

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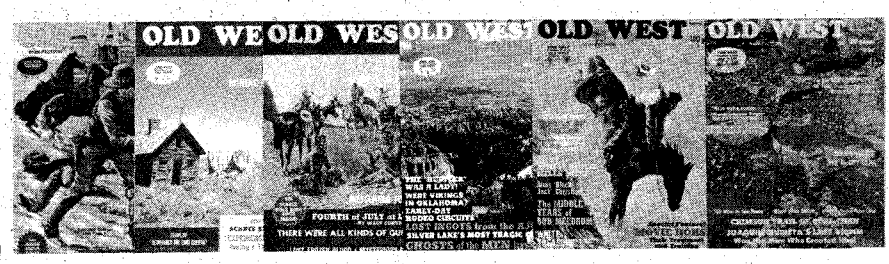

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Cantankerous a Man As Ever Lived

(Continued from page 33)

so-and-so." Amos Hill laid Watson out very soundly with a severe blow from the blade of his shovel.

Watson went over to Evanston, county seat of Uinta County, and preferred charges. Sheriff Ward and his deputy, Bob Calverly (who gained fame as the only lawman to arrest Butch Cassidy and convict him to prison), came down to Mountain View via Fort Bridger and arrested Hill, who went quietly except for a few choice remarks about the legitimacy of Mr. Watson.

The Watson-vs-Hill trial brought hundreds of spectators from the surrounding region to Evanston, Wyoming. Many of them had had encounters with Amos and wanted to see him receive his "just deserts." The trial commenced and from the beginning it appeared that Amos was going to emerge the loser. Before final sentence was passed, the defendant disappeared and was never seen around Mountain View again. Speculation ran high as to Amos' whereabouts and those whom the old man had grudges against kept their curtains closed tightly at nights and their rifles well oiled. But Amos Hill didn't show up, and after several years he was all but forgotten.

THE NEXT that anyone heard about Amos was in the mid-1890s when Nathan Galloway, a trapper, explorer, and river-runner extraordinary, encountered the old man trudging along the river bottom in Red Canyon with traps slung over his shoulder. Galloway transported the old hermit down the river in his boat to a point about three miles below Little Hole on the Green River to a place since called Devil's Hole. Here Amos Hill had made his home, a crude dug-out in the hill with a small garden patch irrigated by a trickling spring coming down from the nearby mountains.

Galloway later reported the presence of the hermit to authorities in Vernal, Utah because the strange actions of the old man left little doubt in Galloway's mind that he was wanted by the law. But inasmuch as Utah law officers had nothing on record against the man, he was unmolested and for all intents and purposes, forgotten.

During this period of time, Amos Hill had some unusual visitors. From his little dug-out Amos emerged one day to the sounds of gunfire reverberating through the canyon walls. The shots evidently were coming from Little Hole, three miles upriver. Picking up his rifle and some ammunition, Amos trudged up the canyon trail that he knew so well and then up the valley to a place where several log cabins were situated. Amos was familiar with the place, for he had lived in one of the cabins during his first winter in the canyons, but finding it too drafty and cold, constructed his dug-out in Devil's Hole, which afforded him more protection.

The men that Amos Hill encountered in Little Hole were none other than Butch Cassidy, Harry Longabaugh (the Sundance Kid), and a mean, surly character as different from his companions as night is to day, who called

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himself Harry Bliss (in reality, Harry Tracy). Old Amos came to be as friendly with Cassidy and Longabaugh as he had ever been with anyone in his mean and ornery past, but never attained the same attachment to Harry Tracy, whose tenure at Little Hole was rather short-lived anyway.

Amos made two or three trips a year into Vernal or north to the little settlement of Linwood, Utah for supplies. Each time he took one or two pack animals, loading them down heavily with such things as slab bacon, flour, beans, coffee and frequently ammunition. What most of the residents of the region were not aware of—or if they were they never mentioned it—was that Old Amos was supplying the Wild Bunch as well as himself.

But Amos Hill soon tired of this company; he had become so accustomed to the peace and serenity of his solitary existence that he resented any intrusion upon it. Therefore, sometime near 1900, Amos packed up his few possessions and moved up the river, settling in a little depression in the canyon walls between Trail and Allen Creeks. Here he lived for more than twenty years.

His "home", not much bigger than a large doghouse, was a mere wickiup constructed over a hole in the ground with earthen seats which provided him with a place to sit around a small fire. He planted a small garden and an alfalfa patch which he watered by a series of zig-zag ditches, as well as a small patch of corn which was almost always smothered with sweet clover. In addition, he had a few head of cattle which he cared for, but most of his time was spent in trapping or panning gold along the river bottom.

For clothes, Amos was not very original. He wore ragged over-alls and a piece of canvas with a hole cut out of the center which he slipped over his head. His boots were made of fifteen-inch squares of heavy rawhide laced to old rubber overshoe uppers. He made a beaver hat for himself, much like the old raccoon-tail caps worn by the early frontiersmen, except for the long flat tail of the beaver hanging limply on the back of his neck, slapping him with every sudden movement.

During this time a small settlement had grown at Greendale, a meadow-like valley high in the timber on the rim of the canyon above Amos Hill's "residence." Here the families of John Green, James Swett, and Lewis Allen settled, and Amos became very friendly with them, especially with James Swett for whom the old man had a strange fondness.

The Swett children constructed a trail down the canyon side to Amos' wickiup on the river bottom, and were constant visitors. Amos never resented this intrusion, but instead looked upon these children as his very own; reminiscent of a family which he never had, possibly.

When Amos Hill grew very old he left his secluded canyon and went to live with the Swett family. To them he was "Grandpa Hill" and he enjoyed these years. Frequently he could be seen, when well into his eighties, roaming around near the crest of the canyons, looking off into their depths, probably remembering many things about his old canyon home.

When James Swett moved away and went over into the Uintah Basin, Amos Hill made a difficult choice—whether to remain in his beloved Green River country or go with his adopted family. He eventually chose the latter and died at an advanced old age in the companionship he had never had in early life.

All that remained of Amos Hill's secluded canyon home near Allen Creek was eliminated when construction of Flaming Gorge Dam on the Green River was completed and the waters rose over it. But his old domicile and traces of his garden still exist farther down the river at Devil's Hole. They are very isolated, even to this day, and somehow one imagines that this is the way Amos Hill would have preferred it.

Blood of a Hundred Men

(Continued from page 25)

Jacob was killed and Tom was shot in the foot. He was bleeding profusely. Knowing death was near if the bleeding were not stopped quickly, Tom rode into the wooded hills and built a fire. He placed the blade of his knife into the hot coals until the blade was a glowing red from the intense heat. With nerve that few men have shown, even in the face of death, he took the knife blade and placed it on to open the wound, searing the flesh together and stopping the bleeding—saving his own life.

Every bad deed committed was attributed to Tom Starr. Most were not done by him. By nature, he was not a thief; nor did he murder for money. Stealing horses was a most horrible crime, as Tom saw it, and he was not a horse thief. Many times when his horse was wearing out from hard riding, he would exchange it for a fresh horse at the first convenient place.

While on the scout, he traveled far and wide. Some said he went as far as California. It is known he did travel into Texas many times, often going without food and water for as long as eleven days. During his Texas roaming he once developed a high fever. Without money for food and supplies and unable to work, the end looked near. Tom's alternative was to capture slaves and sell them to the first bidder.

Tom Starr's name was known across the country. Though most stories told about him were exaggerated, his life was in less danger because of them. He rather enjoyed his notoriety and did not miss an opportunity to add glamour to already unbelievable stories told about him. People in the Cherokee Nation said they would rather "meet the devil himself, than to meet up with Ol' Tom Starr." Due to this fear Tom's family was never bothered or terrorized.

His infamous reputation gained him a certain status. He was so feared that the Cherokee Nation wanted to treaty with Tom. An envoy was sent to the Cherokee capital to negotiate. The Nation stated that if Tom would settle down, stop killing and live in peace, he would be granted amnesty for everything he had done. Tom agreed. He was

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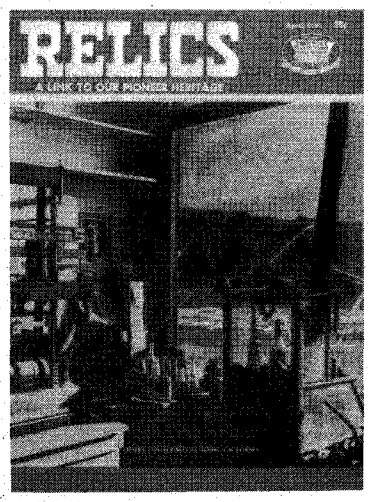

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tired of living the life of a nomad, for he had several children and wanted to be with his family.

They settled near the present town of Briartown, Oklahoma, on the Canadian River. Peace reigned for a time, until he was accused of a crime he did not commit. Tom threatened to go on the rampage again and was chased to the Canadian River by the police. He jumped into the river, and held onto a branch that dangled just above the water, with his teeth. With only his nose exposed, he remained in the water until the police were satisfied that he had drowned, and rode away.

IN 1867, Lewis Downing was elected principal Chief of the Cherokees. This broke the Ross power in the Cherokee Nation. With the election of Downing, old resentments between the factions began to die. The Cherokee Nation, under Downing, treatied again with Tom Starr. At last the Nation lived at ease and Tom Starr lived in peace.

In the ensuing years, Tom was granted a great deal of respect by all who met and knew him. However, his reputation as a notorious character never waned, nor did his sense of humor. When Tom was an old man, a woman visited the Starr home. During the course of their conversation, she boldly remarked about a story she had heard many years earlier of Tom burning a building and throwing a child into the raging flames. Tom casually stated, "My, I do hope the good Lord will forgive me for that!" The woman was so shocked by Tom's somber reaction to her statement, she left in a hurry and it is doubtful she ever returned to the Starr home.

After Tom treatied with the Cherokee Nation, he settled down to an almost normal existence and devoted his time to improving the already beautiful farm he owned near Briartown. His great love was raising fine horses. One day a circuit preacher appeared at the Starr home, riding a poor swayed-back nag that looked as if it would not be able to make it a mile farther down the road. While the preacher enjoyed a fine dinner, Tom called to one of the men working at his home to go to the corral and pick out a good horse. The man was told to remove the preacher's saddle from his horse and put it on the horse from the Starr corral. After the man had done as he was instructed, Tom slipped to the front door, removed his shotgun from its resting place, aimed at the preacher's pitiful animal and shot it dead. The preacher rushed to the door to see what the commotion was all about. He saw his horse lying dead and his saddle on the Starr horse. Tom told the preacher to get on the horse that was saddled, ride, and not look back. The frightened man did as he was told; he mounted the good new horse and rode off shaking and confused. Tom roared with laughter! That was Tom Starr's way of doing a good deed and having a little fun with the doing.

I was in Briartown not long ago. Tom Starr's direct descendants still live there. I first visited my cousin, Mrs. Lucy Manus, who lives near the old Tom Starr homeplace. It was fascinating to hear her recall stories of her grandfather. For the first time I met her sixteen-year-old grandson and was completely in awe at the unbelievable likeness to Ol' Tom. He inherited Tom Starr's stature and handsome features—six feet four and rising! He is as straight and sturdy as a mighty oak. I then visited Cherokee Starr Roberson, another granddaughter of Tom Starr, who lives near Porum. As usual, I was completely charmed with her refreshing sense of humor and the inherited wit of her grandfather. Truly descendants Tom Starr would proud of.

Not much remains of the old homeplace, situated outside of town at the end of a winding road. Three cedar trees, planted by Ol' Tom, stand against the wild Oklahoma winds. Only a few logs are left of the original double log house. Unfilled holes have been left by treasure hunters, searching for some memento of the infamous Tom Starr.

Near the homesite is the Starr Family Cemetery. The land was set aside for that purpose by Tom. About thirty-five graves are in the well kept area, enclosed by a cyclone fence. Towering above the other monuments is one tall stone. Chiseled in the granite is a closed fist with the index finger pointing toward heaven. Beneath is the inscription:

TOM STARR
Born 1813 Died 1890
Dying Is But Going Home

Somewhere from the beautiful wooded hillside, in the chilly autumn evening, a night-owl called—and for an instant a mysterious, unexplainable calm fell over the area. It was as if Ol' Tom were there, somewhere unseen, keeping watch over the trespassers on what was once Tom Starr's stomping grounds.

Gold Bars From the B.X.

(Continued from page 14)

had passed, its entire length had been taken up with mining claims.

Scott Creek is a small tributary of the Bonaparte River and runs westerly until it joins the Bonaparte near present-day Cache Creek Junction, and many old-timers around there had their doubts. "Who'd you say made the strike?"

"Samuel Jackson Rowlands. Seen his poke myself 'fore they stashed it in Foster's safe up in Clinton."

"Sam who?"

"Rowlands. You know old Sam. Why, he's prospected every gravel bar of the Fraser from Hope to Quesnel."

"Nope, don't know him. But I do know they ain't no gold on the Scotty. Hell, man! The Chinamen quit her years ago, and when they can't find gold, there ain't no gold." And so went the sidewalk controversy about the latest "strike."

Samuel Jackson Rowlands was a rather unfriendly sort who had indeed been around the Cariboo goldfields, as well as points south, for a goodly number of years, never having found much gold anywhere. Now, it seemed that his claim on Scott Creek was Fate's way of making up for all those barren pans of gravel he had washed while others around him

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were getting rich. Rowlands made weekly trips to F. W. Foster's store in Clinton, each time taking back supplies for himself and his three Chinese hired hands. He had the best credit rating in town and everybody wanted to be his friend. "Howdy, Sam!" they shouted from every boardwalk bench. But Sam stayed true to character and never said a single "Hello" to anyone.

This surly attitude hardly endeared Sam to his fellow miners, and even less so when, one by one, they realized that the only miner on Scott Creek finding gold was Sam Rowlands. The old-timers scratched their heads, and the disgruntled claim-holders on all sides of the Rowlands claim collectively shook theirs.

"Now, it just don't make sense," they said. "Ain't no creek anywhere that had just one gold pocket and not a speck up or downstream from it."

One or two miners had already approached Sam at his claim on outwardly goodwill missions, but designed to find out his secret for extracting gold from the gravels of Scott Creek which they were wearily working so unsuccessfully. But each visitor had been met with a threat and a wave of a rifle which was never very far from Sam's side.

"That old coot's going to kill somebody someday," the last miner had reported to his colleagues, after which they gave up the direct approach and resorted to another tactic. They appealed to the merchandising clerk at Foster's store through a mutual friend.

And so it was that on Rowlands' next trip into Clinton, after the clerk had weighed and deposited his customary poke of nuggets, he asked the question: "Sam, how is it that you're the only miner finding gold down there on the Scotty?"

Sam only grunted, but when he noticed the clerk was no longer making up his supply list, finally answered, "Cause them damfools don't know what they're doin', that's why. I happen to know what I'm doin'. When they've all climbed the Cripple Creek Rockies, sweated in the deserts of Arizony, an' worked as many rockers in Californy as I have, then mebbe they'll know what they're doin' too. Now, store-man, if you'll quit your jawin', I'll be the hellandgone."

After that unrewarding discourse was reported, most of the Scott Creek miners gave up their claims and went back to whatever tedious occupations they had previously concerned themselves with before the Scott Creek "rush."

EAST of Ashcroft, at the City of Kamloops, Chief Constable Hussey had received word of the strike near Clinton. During the '70s, before joining the Provincial police force, he too had carried boulders, shoveled gravel and built his share of sluices. Now he was more than a little interested in the peculiarities of Sam Rowlands' golden nuggets. And when only a short time later, old Sam announced at Foster's store that his claim had "played out" and he intended to be leaving soon, Hussey ordered his subordinate, Constable Burr in Ashcroft,

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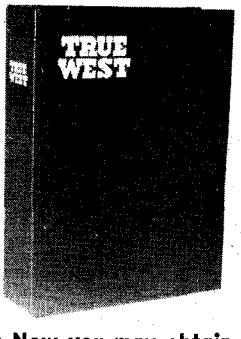

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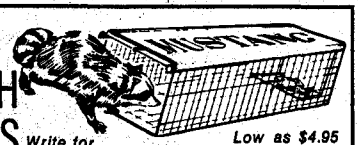

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to go to Clinton and place Samuel Jackson Rowlands in protective custody.

As soon as Rowlands was safely in the Ashcroft jail, the two constables availed themselves of a powerful magnifying glass and proceeded to closely examine the sack of nuggets which were still in F. W. Foster's safe. Their suspicions confirmed, Hussey thereupon charged Sam Rowlands with the July robbery of the B.X. stage out of 100-Mile House and ordered him held for trial.

At the trial, the Chief Constable summed up the Crown's case against Rowlands by showing the jury the bag of nuggets he had examined previously. He told the jury that every creek has its own individual kind of gold. Some creeks, he told them, wash the gold so violently that each nugget is pounded flat; other rivers, like the mighty Fraser, produce gold so fine only experts at the business can extract it. Some gold, he went on, is washed only a short distance from its source and is, as a consequence, heavier and rougher in texture. Then, pointing at the sack of gold on the table and looking directly at the defendant, he climaxed his testimony.

"The gold in that bag came from several Cariboo creeks, but primarily it came from the Barkerville region. The only place from which such an accumulation of various nuggets could come is a strongbox, collected by many different miners and placed there for transport. My belief is that Mr. Rowlands held up the B.X. stage of July last, salted Scott Creek with the loot, then pretended to wash it out in order to explain his sudden wealth prior to leaving the country."

Already driver Billy Parker and his passengers had testified their belief that the voice and build of Sam Rowlands and the highwayman were one and the same. Rowlands was found guilty of robbery and sentenced to five years at Okalla Penitentiary in New Westminister.

The three Chinese whom Sam Rowlands had hired shortly after staking his claim on Scott Creek were named Mon Ah Wong, Yuen Low, and Wen Lit Ong. They had been paid rather well by that day's standard, nearly 30¢ an hour. At the trial, Wen Lit Ong, through an interpreter, had told the jury that each time he was paid Sam would admonish him, "No talk." Other than that, he had little else to contribute except that old Rowlands cleaned the sluices out himself and none of the three Chinese had even seen any of the gold they were apparently digging.

Following Sam's conviction, Wen Lit Ong stayed in Kamloops, having secured a handyman job at a local hostelry. Mon Ah Wong moved north to Soda Creek to spend the winter with a relative. Yuen Low had no plans, but he did have a shanty of logs and rock on Rowlands' former claim and, as no one particularly cared if he stayed on that worthless ground or not, he decided to stay. Winter was fast approaching, his needs were simple—and, besides, he really had no place else to go.

FROM KAMLOOPS the confiscated sack of nuggets was returned to the Barnard Express Company's office at Ashcroft. The company was only slightly pleased, however, for their records showed the stage had been carrying around $15,000 in both nuggets and bars. The nuggets in hand accounted for only $3,000. Where, then, had the $12,000 in solid gold bars gone? Since Sam Rowlands had been seen in the Bonaparte Valley area before as well as after the holdup, it seemed obvious that he must have buried the bars somewhere there, planning for them to join the nuggets he had supposedly washed from the creek when he made his eventual getaway.

Wen Lit Ong got word of the missing gold ingots and as soon as he was able to leave his job for a couple days he paid a visit to his former mining partner, Yuen Low. He and Low had never been very friendly, primarily because Yuen Low was a confirmed user of opium and Ong detested it. But gold can bring otherwise divergent views together, along with the men who possess them. Ong conversed with the rather isolated Low, filling him in on the latest facts from Ashcroft. If old Sam had stashed the nuggets hereabouts, wasn't it logical the gold bars were also close at hand? Low puffed his odiferous pipe and shook his elderly head. No, he wanted no part of it. If they turned up with the gold bars, chances were they would both go to prison as accomplices in the stage robbery. The whites generally regarded Chinamen with suspicion anyway, he reflected. Low agreed with him, but went on to explain that his idea was not to keep the bars, should they find them, but to turn them in to authorities and collect the $1,000 reward being offered by the Barnard Express Company.

Yuen Low stroked his sparse whiskers, puffed his pipe, and reflected on that for awhile. Finally, he agreed and the two began searching their memories of past weeks in association with Sam Rowlands for some clue as to where the loot might be hidden. Low recalled having seen Sam carrying two buckets of gravelly soil down from a knoll which overlooked the creek and dumping them into the sluice. He had thought at the time that Sam was merely testing some sample gravel for possible gold. Now, however, he wondered how Sam would have known which gold came from where since the sluice already was heavy with gravel dug from the creek.

The two Chinese beamed delightedly at each other. That was it! Sam's stolen gold was buried somewhere on that knoll! They hurried out and commenced to dig. After some hours of labor on and around the knoll they began to have second thoughts. But it still seemed to be their best lead, and they moved some thirty wheelbarrow loads of dirt down to Sam's rickety old sluices and washed them out, looking for a single nugget which, in turn, might reveal the location of the ingots.

Not a trace of gold did they find. Winter winds were blowing now and snow fell intermittently. Yuen Low returned to his shack and opium pipe. Wen Lit Ong went back to his job in Kamloops.

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THE following spring they resumed their search and washed many more wheelbarrow loads of dirt and gravel. Others searched too, including Constable Burr and one or two provincial policemen. Mostly, perhaps, they came to check on the doings of the two former workmen of Sam Rowlands. Noting the conditions under which Yuen Low was living and seeing Wen Lit Ong almost daily in Kamloops, they finally were satisfied that neither of the Chinamen had any of the B.X. missing gold. Their conclusions were further strengthened when that spring a collection was taken up by a Chinese fraternity to pay passage for Mon Ah Wong, the third former employe of Rowlands, to return to China, so impoverished was he.

Yuen Low continued to live in his shanty on Rowlands' old claim, subsisting on occasional money sent by a relative near Barkerville who was doing moderately well on a reworked claim there. Some say Wen Lit Ong, who was convinced the gold was hidden somewhere on Rowlands' claim, also gave Low a little money from time to time just to keep Low on the property. Ong reasoned that if old Sam should ever reappear for his cache, he and Low would be the first to know about it.

Then, almost two years after his conviction, Samuel Jackson Rowlands escaped from the Okalla Penitentiary. Wanted circulars, complete with his picture, swept throughout British Columbia like leaves on an autumn wind.

It is about 500 miles, round-trip, from Okalla Prison to the Bonaparte Valley region and only about 50 miles, one-way, to the U.S.-Canadian border. History does not record what became of Sam Rowlands, but the chance he could return to the Bonaparte Valley and get out unobserved is exceedingly remote, while the probability of his crossing the border immediately after his escape seems rather good. A rumor has it that he died while pursuing a silver vein (or was it train?) in Sonora, Mexico. In any event, the book seems to close on Sam Rowlands after his disappearance from the prison.

Yuen Low died of pneumonia the following year, having never left Scott Creek and always living in a state of abject poverty while there. Following his partner's death, Wen Lit Ong continued working in Kamloops for another year before moving to the milder climate of Vancouver. He died around 1920. A stepson of his lives there today, and affirms that Ong never succeeded in finding the gold bars for which he so diligently searched.

These, then, are the circumstances, brought up to the present time, about a hoard of gold that today would be worth over $25,000 if it could be found. Skeptics will recall the old-timers' statement, "When the Chinamen can't find gold, there ain't no gold there." But the skeptics should also remember that even at the time it was said, it was only partly correct.

A Stranger Rode With the Posse

(Continued from page 17)

condition; to repair fences and buildings. A year and a half later he was appointed constable; after a few months he was promoted to deputy sheriff. At first, while serving as a lawman, he was able to work on his farm since demands for serving the county were few; but as time passed, crime increased in Grayson County and it finally became necessary to rent the land and devote full time to his duties as deputy sheriff.

Sherman by road was nearly three hundred miles from Austin, the state capital. For that reason more than any other, Grayson County had been ignored almost totally by the state government. The county judge and county commissioners, honorable men all, were free to administer justice as they saw it. Criminals and crimes there were, but probably fewer than in many Texas counties. At this time men such as Sam Bass and Bill Penn were just beginning their criminal careers and had not reached maximum notoriety. Their major crimes were in the offing.

As Bill Everheart turned the corner at Crockett Street and headed diagonally for the west side of the square, a young fellow moved out of a doorway where he had been waiting and set out on a path to intercept the lawman. Out of the corner of his mouth the boy said, "I heerd two men say the Baxter Gang wuz hiding in Ol' Man Foster's cabin 'bout ten miles west o' Preston Bend."

"Thanks, son," said the sheriff without breaking his stride. "Come see me at the jail after supper."

MOUNTED on a handsome pinto with a fluid single-foot gait, Sheriff Everheart was making smooth progress northward at about five miles per hour. Pulling his mount to a halt, he turned in his saddle and looked back down the road he had been traveling. His position on the rise was elevated sufficiently to give him an unobstructed view as far south as Sherman, some eight miles away. Strung along the road—usually called Preston Road, but known also as Texas Road and Shawnee Trail—he could see riders headed his way in singles, two, and threes, as they detoured around a slowly moving herd of longhorns being driven north to the railroad at Abilene, Kansas.

The sheriff smiled his satisfaction as he continued his journey. Most of the men following were members of his posse. He had them riding in small groups to avoid suspicion; he wanted this mission to be completely successful.

It was early October and Everheart was riding through a beautiful, gently rolling country that was beginning to reflect a bit of autumn. Ahead lay Preston Bend, the finest ford on Red River; beyond was Indian Territory which since the war, had become a refuge for every variety of desperado. When their criminal acts brought Texas lawmen after them, they fled across Red River and hid until they felt it safe to return to the brush country that lay to the west of Preston Bend. In time they would again make forays into the settlements for money, cattle and horses.

As he continued his easy pace along

(Continued on page 66)

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives *who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners,* cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Joe Tow

Joseph William Tow was born in Missouri around 1849. He moved to Arkansas in 1880. He was my grandfather's cousin. I've been told that he was one of the bravest lawmen of his time and that he took many a bad outlaw without a shoot-out. He was feared by outlaws and loved by law-abiding citizens. I've also heard that there were as many as 150 outlaws caught and tried in Judge Parker's federal court in Fort Smith, Arkansas, due to his cunning judgment and that when he died in 1914 in Mena, Arkansas, there was a stream of people passing by his coffin for forty-eight hours, and that "big-wigs" came from as far as Washington and New York to pay their last respects. I'd sure like to hear from anyone who remembers him or any of his deeds.—Odys D. Layten, 6649 Mayhews Landing Road, Newark, California 94560

White Eagle

Would appreciate any information from anyone who knew or knows my father, Charlie White Eagle. A great horse rider, stuntman and movie actor, he was a Sioux Indian, born in 1885 in South Dakota. He traveled throughout Europe performing in Wild West shows. In 1911, while in England, he married Linda Spence Watson, mother of Mabel, who later became Mabel Talley and worked in the moving picture industry in Hollywood. In 1914 White Eagle settled in Los Angeles and continued to work the Hollywood movie studios as an Indian actor, horse stuntman, and technical advisor on Indian pictures until 1940. Another son, George White Eagle, was born to him and Mary Brittain in 1922. Would like to hear from anyone who has information about these people.—Charles White Eagle, 1012 Flax Court, Inmperial Beach, California 92032

Monahan or Monaghan

My aunt, Clara Mae Monahan or Monaghan, was last seen around Ozark, Arkansas, where she was visiting her brother, Clarence S. Monahan, in 1935-36. She made her home in Detroit, Michigan at that time. After she left my father's home, none of her family ever saw or heard from her. If any reader has any information whatsoever, please write.—Jim Monahan, 3410 South C St., Oxnard, California 93030

Simpson

I would like to hear from my cousin, maiden name Carrie Simpson, daughter of Redman and Josie Simpson. When last I knew of her, she lived at Cooper, Texas. I have a wedding picture of her parents. Thought maybe she would like to have it. —Mrs. Artie Simpson Pearson, Box 1031, Madera, California 93637

McCune (McCuen)

I would like to locate and correspond with any descendants of Margaret, Mary, Jennette, Elden or Thomas McCune (McCuen), sons and daughters of Collon and Elizabeth McCune who lived in or around South Lyon, Michigan in the year 1888.—Jesse J. McCune, Route 1, Box 109, Edmund, Oklahoma 73034

McCulloch (McCullough)

We have read of Generals Ben and Henry McCulloch and would like additional information if possible. My father's grandfather knew nothing of his father except that he died when my father's grandfather was three years of age and that his last name was McCullough. My father's grandfather was born January 22, 1855 in Ohio and he was named William J. McCullough. He was raised by his mother and a stepfather. We thought there could be a possibility that one of these generals or a close relative could by my father's great-grandfather.—Mrs. Frank Lowrey, 601 - 11th St., Auburn, Nebraska 68305

Seaver-Sever

I am descended, it is believed, from Robert Seaver who came to the colonies and settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts in 1634, and married Elizabeth Ballard, December 1634, another emigrant. I believe I am directly descended in a blood line from Robert Seaver's eldest son Shubael, born January 31, 1639. I go along pretty well tracing the lineage until I get to Peter Seaver, Sr. who married Hannah Seaver, the daughter of Ebenezer Seaver who is the son of Joshua Seaver and Margaret (Heath) Seaver, Joshua being the brother of Shubael Seaver, born 1639. Peter Seaver Sr. and Margaret (Heath) Seaver had five children; William, Peter Jr., Ebenezer, Mary, and Margaret. Peter Seaver, Jr. is believed to be my great-great-great-grandfather and was supposedly born in Massachusetts February 5, 1734, but there is where I stall as it seems he completely dropped from sight. Later I found he appears in New Jersey (year not known). The New Jersey Archives states Peter Seaver, Jr. was born February 5, 1734 and married Hannah Lewis, sister of Jacob Lewis, in Burlington County, New Jersey, July 16, 1757. A will is dated June 13, 1781; it was proved September 17, 1781. Is that will Peter Seaver, Sr. or Peter Seaver, Jr.? Named in the will are Hannah (wife); Mary, Hannah (daughters); Peter, Benjamin, Joseph, and Jacob (sons). If that will is Peter Seaver, Jr. I am under the impression **Joseph Seaver** is my great-great-grandfather who married Patience Taylor in New Jersey. If that be true Joseph Seaver is buried in the Edwardsville Cemetery beside his wife Patience (Taylor) Seaver near the once town of Edwardsville, Warren County, Ohio.

Another version given me by a researcher says Peter Seaver, Jr. married Amelia Peacock December 24, 1758. Can any reader aid me in solving the mystery?—Ray V. Sever, 24 West 7th Street, Edmond, Oklahoma 73034

Warren

I am interested in hearing from descendants of John Warren who may be able to shed light on names, dates, and places of earlier and later generations.

John Warren was born about 1740 in Maryland or Delaware and died 1817, Pike County, Ohio. His wife, Fannie, died 1825. They had one child, Henry, born 1782, in Delaware; died 1851 in Ohio. He married Nancy Anthony, born 1792, Guilford County, North Carolina; died 1875 in Logan County, Illinois.

Their son Uriah, born 1828 in Pike County, Ohio and died 1873 in Logan County, Illinois, married Sarah Ann Johnston, 1833-1898. Their seven children were George, Frank, Edith, Mary F., Nellie, Edgar, and Nancy Jane. Nancy Jane, 1857-1916, married Samuel Ray Kirby, 1854-1938. They were my grandparents.

The other son of Henry and Nancy was George, 1833-1917, who married Mary Elizabeth Johnston, 1840-1920. Their seven children were Stephen, Ida, George, John, William, Florence, and Uriah Johnston. Uriah Johnston Warren, 1862-1940, married Mary Rowell, born 1865. He owned the Warren Lumber Co. in Ft. Morgan from 1907 to his death. Their daughter Ruth, born 1894, married Elvin Perry Cochran of Seattle, and they had a son, Elvin Perry, Jr., born 1918. Any further information will be appreciated.—Richard Warren Kirby, 1426 Jim Bridger, Casper, Wyoming 82601

Harkey

My great-great-grandfather, Martin Harkey, left North Carolina with his family in 1830 and moved to Illinois. One of his sons, Daniel, left about the same time and moved first to Mississippi and then to Missouri. He settled around Senath, Missouri, and I would like to hear from anyone who is a descendent of his.—Mrs. Harold Crain, 705 7th St., Butte, Montana 59701

Colyer (Collyer)-Crawford

I realize you get a lot of letters like this but it would sure please my dad if we can "find" someone. He is the only living member of his family.

I am trying to trace my great-grandparents and beyond. My maiden name

(Continued on page 69)

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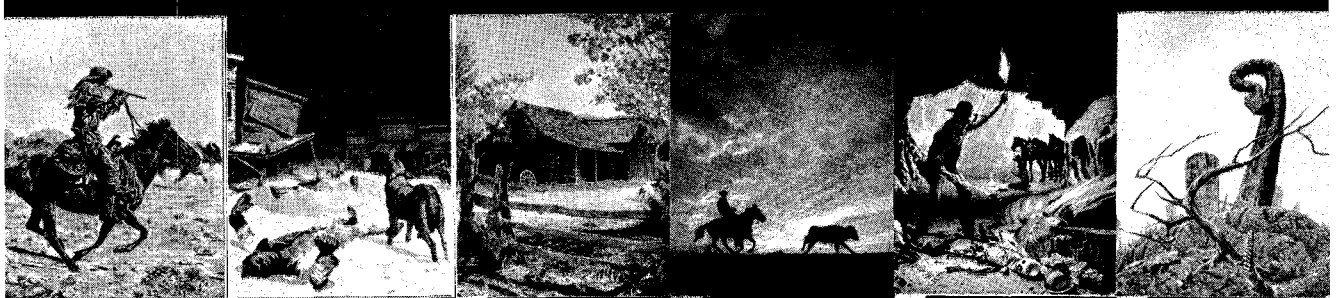

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A Stranger Rode With the Posse

(Continued from page 63)

Preston Road, the sheriff again went over the carefully laid plans. If his information was correct (and he had reason to believe that it was) the Baxter Gang was back in Texas feeling quite safe in their hideout west of Preston Bend. The gang, and particularly its chief, Jim Baxter, was wanted for a series of holdups and the murder of two popular citizens of the town of Tom Bean.

Soon Everheart was riding through the little settlement of Preston Bend, situated on a hill a half mile or so from the river. The trail from there sloped gently down to the ford which was the easiest crossing into Indian Territory. Perhaps a hundred yards from the river, Everheart saw his cook busily preparing supper for the posse. After exchanging greetings the sheriff dismounted, removed his bedroll and a sack of feed, then the saddle and blanket. He fed his horse and when the pony had finished, led him to the river for water.

Shortly the posse began arriving. Each rider took care of his horse in the same manner as had the sheriff. Going to and from the river, the posse passed a camp, rather disorderly in appearance, some fifty yards nearer the water. The men in the camp were all young, and nodded pleasantly to the sheriff and his men.

MEMBERS of the posse relaxed while awaiting supper and one of the young men from the nearby camp strolled over to engage some of them in conversation. He was tall, easy in his movements, and seemed to always have a smile on his lips. His face was as smooth as a schoolgirl's, which made one wonder whether or not he shaved. A noticeable feature was his small white hands that were without callouses or other indication of having done heavy work; the fingers were long and tapering. He seemed to have a quip or ready remark for each man with whom he talked.

Gradually, but quite obviously, the youth worked his way over to Everheart. "Howdy, sheriff," he said. "My name is Jess Woodson. Me and my friends have been waiting more'n three weeks for a cattle drive from down south. We've been hired to help get it to Abilene."

"Glad to see you. My name is Bill Everheart."

"Come and get it!" shouted the cook.

"Grab a plate and light in," invited the sheriff.

The men made short work of stowing away the food. When supper was finished young Woodson again approached Everheart.

"Sheriff Bill," he began, "you are up here after somebody and I want to go along with you and your men. I'm tired of sitting around doing nothing. I want some excitement."

"Why do you think we are after somebody?"

"I know this is a posse and you didn't come up here just for a ride."

"Woodson," said the sheriff on a sterner note, "these men are paid deputies and you're not; besides you look too young."

"I'm not too young; I fought all through the war. I'd like to go with you."

"Aw, let 'im go along," spoke up Everheart's chief deputy, and others of the posse joined in expressing approval.

The sheriff sat quietly for a moment then nodding at Jess said, "Well, let's get ready and get moving." To the cook he suggested, "You clean up, pack up and head for Sherman."

The sun was about two hours high when the posse left the camp and headed west. For most of the ride daylight was needed, as there was no road, only a faint trail winding through the brush that could not be followed easily once it got dark. Everheart had had rather vague directions for finding the Baxter Gang's hideout and it was imperative to get as near as possible before dark. After nightfall he hoped to locate the cabin by the light from within.

The posse had been riding about an hour when a sizeable clearing was reached. Here the sheriff halted. "Ride quietly from here on—no smoking; stay close together and follow me."

DUSK WAS rapidly changing into darkness when Everheart figured that the cabin was about a mile ahead. Halting the posse, he said, "Jethro, you and Luke go scout the cabin, while we rest easy."

About an hour later the scouts returned and Jethro made the report. "The cabin is right where you said it was, Bill. It's built of good-sized logs; it is about forty feet long and mebbe twenty feet wide. There are two doors, one on each of the long sides, directly across from each other. There is a window on each side of the doors, and single windows at each end. The doors are open, lights are on, and all the gang is inside. We saw no guards and no one came out of the cabin during the time we were watching it."

"Good enough," said Everheart. "Jake, you and Amos stay here with the horses. The rest of us will follow Jethro and Luke on foot. We'll fire two quick rifle shots when we want you to bring up the horses."

With the two scouts leading, the posse began working its way to the cabin area. Some twenty minutes later a faint glow appeared in the darkness.

Grouping his men around him, the sheriff ordered Jethro and Luke to take another look around the cabin. A few minutes later they returned and reported, "They're all inside—no guards."

"All right," said Everheart, "here's the plan. We'll surround the cabin and try to get within fifteen or twenty yards of it without being heard or seen. There are about six or seven men in the gang, including Jim Baxter. Jim is a deadly shot with a six-gun—I don't know about the others—but they are all wanted and probably dangerous. Be alert, be careful. You'll have ten minutes to reach your positions; then you'll hear a quavery owl cry—that's the signal to rush them. I'll take the door on this side. Who'll volunteer for the back door?"

"I will," Jess spoke up. The rest of the men eyed him curiously but no one

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objected. Everheart, however, had serious misgivings about letting the young cowboy expose himself to the obvious danger.

THE CABIN was brightly lighted and its occupants were obviously unaware of their peril. After the required interval, the owl cry brought a concerted dash forward.

When Everheart got through the door he was astonished to find all six members of the Baxter gang lined up against the west wall, hands high, held there by the two guns of Jess Woodson. The rest of the posse fanned out around the room. The gang had been playing poker and, not anticipating discovery, were unarmed even though the cabin contained large quantities of guns and ammunition. The posse handcuffed the prisoners' hands behind them. Then Everheart gave the signal to bring up the horses. In a corral adjacent to the cabin six horses were caught and saddled for the outlaws. The guns and ammunition were divided into small lots so each member of the posse could carry his share easily.

The captured men were mounted on their horses and ropes tied to their bridles; then the group headed for Preston Bend. When the settlement was reached, Sheriff Everheart told his deputies to take the prisoners to Sherman and lodge them in jail.

"I've got business near here in the morning and to save another trip, I'll spend the night at Woodson's camp. I'll be home tomorrow afternoon."

Soon after sunup, when breakfast had been eaten, Sheriff Everheart was packing to leave when Jess Woodson came over and said, "Sheriff, I'd like to talk to you privately."

"Fine."

"If you don't mind, let's go down to the river and get in a boat where we can't be heard."

Everheart turned and walked down the slope. At the water's edge he stepped into the boat and sat down on the forward seat. His hands were on his knees. Woodson sat down, picked up the oars and began rowing, turning the boat toward midstream. Red River was low and there was almost no current. Everheart, entirely relaxed, was eying the north bank when in a sudden but fluid motion, Woodson laid down his oars, put a hand on each pistol grip, and said, "Sheriff, I'm Jesse James, do you want me?"

Everheart was stunned but remained motionless, moving only his eyes to take a better look at his "ex-deputy." He felt any move might mean death. Slowly he began talking.

"Son, you were a big help to me last night—I was hoping you planned to be an officer of the law, but I reckon that's not possible. To answer your question—no, I don't want you—I have no warrant for your arrest."

"Trunkman" Mystery

(Continued from page 41)

wooden boxes), and several smaller items.

Off to the right, near the end of the cave, a rectangular "mattress" of dried grass formed what clearly had been a bed. But the densest and most interesting collection of articles was off to the left in a small low-roofed annex of the cave.

Scattered forlornly about this annex, on and among sticks of firewood that half-hid many smaller items, lay a "sheepherder's" stove, a chimney that clearly belonged to it and was also brother to the one lying outside in the wash, a wooden folding chair, a heavy Dutch oven, a frying pan, a coffee pot, a pair of tattered green shoes lacking soles, and an assortment of wooden boxes and metal cans.

For a few minutes I kneeled and examined the relics. There were many more than I had thought. Clearly, a man had once lived in this cave, and I began to wonder what I would discover if I examined every article carefully.

The canteens in my pack, however, held little more than a gallon of water, and I could not be sure of reaching either the river or a spring before the following afternoon.

I did not hesitate for long. As soon as I had marked the cave's location on my map—about six miles below Boulder Dam and two airline miles west of the river—I swung the pack onto my back and walked on southward toward Eldorado Canyon.

A YEAR LATER, in November 1969, I returned. And for ten days I lived in "the old-timer's cave." I wanted to achieve—quite apart from the good to my soul that always comes with desert peace—some understanding of how my old-timer lived.

First I photographed the cave and the trunk and other camp gear lying outside. Then I began to list details of every man-made or man-used article I could find. After six days' pretty steady work, my list ran to almost three hundred items.

Finally I collected all the artifacts and reconstructed in the cave's main chamber a setup of the kind that might have been used by my old-timer—whom I had now christened "Trunkman." The reconstruction gave me a remarkably complete and comfortable camp.

By the end of ten days I had built up—mostly from my meticulous listing of each item, but in part from the reconstruction of Trunkman's camp and also from living in his cave and sleeping on his grass bed—an outline picture of what had gone on over the years in that remote hideaway.

The cave had seen three distinct periods of activity. First, long before Trunkman arrived, there had been Indians. They had not, I decided, used the cave as a regular dwelling. Otherwise they would have built a stone wall to shield at least a section of the west-facing cave from the afternoon sun. They had no doubt used the place in the way they habitually used every halfway commodious cave—as an overnight stop.

But my prime interest lay with Trunkman. The first thing I tried to do was date him. I soon found, held fast be-

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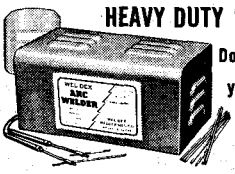

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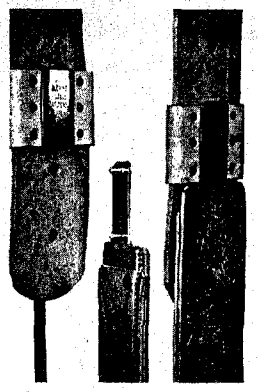

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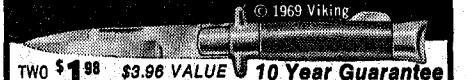

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KEENEY BROTHERS

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tween the *metate* and one of the stones that jammed it firm, a half-page from *Popular Mechanics* magazine. The contents suggested a date about 1914.

On the fourth day I unearthed a fragment of the classified ads section of an old newspaper. The used automobiles for sale suggested 1916 or 1917. Further pieces, apparently from the same paper, identified it as the Los Angeles *Times*.

Finally, on the evening of the seventh day, I found a fragment from the top of a page. It said: "September 10, 1916." And that was that. (Later I confirmed that the *Popular Mechanics* was the issue of November 1915.)

As the days passed and I listed Trunkman's belongings and lived in his cave and slept on his bed, I came to know several slivers of his character. He was a neat and meticulous man. Fifty paces from his cave he had arranged four heavy rocks to make a garbage pit. Even today, such concern is hardly standard; in 1916 it must have been remarkable. (Three men who knew the desert at that time have expressed astonishment at the act.)

Trunkman was a highly competent handyman. The folding chair, which he had braced with twisted wire, still supported my 195 pounds without a whimper. The cardboard cases of a dozen 12-gauge shotgun shells had been neatly cut short; the shells were obviously destined for reloading with powder and primers from the dismantled rifle cartridges of various calibers that lay around the cave.

Above all there were the "thin sticks" and "string sticks." Both were neatly, almost exquisitely, fashioned. The finely pointed thin sticks averaged about a foot in length. Each string stick measured about four inches; bound to its tip was a four-inch piece of string with a small wooden toggle tied to its free end. (I have recently confirmed that these sticks form the vital parts of an Indian-type deadfall trap for small animals.)

Trunkman read more than *Popular Mechanics* and the Los Angeles *Times*. I found a mouse-gnawed fragment of *Young's Magazine Advertiser*—which ceased publication in 1933 and whose nature I have yet to determine. A fragment of a fiction story set in England and called "The Meanest Lodger" may have come from this magazine or from a novel or novelette.

Another scrap of paper bore on both sides advertisements for private schools in Pennsylvania.

IN THE END I built a picture of Trunkman as an educated and unusual man. I also saw him as quite young. These are opinions, not deductions; but when I told my story and showed my photographs to Mr. Murl Emery of Nelson, who has lived in Eldorado Canyon since 1918 and knows the desert backwards, he arrived independently and intuitively at the same conclusions.

I know, or half-know, certain details of Trunkman's stay in his cave. He lived there for about a month; his garbage pit held forty-two empty food cans, and if you allow for such food as flour and crackers and the animals he no doubt trapped, that seems a fair month's rations.

He probably, though not certainly, outfitted in Las Vegas. One empty wooden box bore the stencilled legend: "W. E. Hawkins, Las Vegas, Nev." (W. E. Hawkins, a clothing store owner and bank director, was in 1916 the mayor of Las Vegas.)

Trunkman probably arrived in Las Vegas by train; in his cave I found a fragment of a railroad timetable for the old Salt Lake Route, connecting Los Angeles with Chicago and the East. Clearly, he could have come from the East or West.

But none of this suggests what Trunkman was doing in his hideaway, down in a canyon that is probably too rough for laden burros. He was not prospecting; he chose country most unlikely to produce minerals; and he left none of the hammered samples that you find in every prospector's camp.

At first I though he was a professional animal-specimen collector for a museum or private collection. Careful research demolished both this hypothesis and its successor—that he was a trapper. But he may well have been one of the remittance men who at that time thronged the West. Or he could have been a recent college graduate determined to experience the desert before taking his first job.

For my first three days at his cave I could not understand why some of his belongings lay in the wash and most of the rest in the low-roofed annex. After all, you would expect to find them in the main chamber, where a man could stand upright and live in comfort. But on the fourth day I unearthed irrefutable evidence, too complicated to list here, that supplied the answer. It revealed a third and last period of activity at the cave.

Before Trunkman left the cave he stowed his gear into a small natural storeroom at the back of the annex. He blocked the entrance, at least in part, with stones and wood. And for many years his cache lay undisturbed.

Then someone discovered the cave and dragged much of Trunkman's gear down into the annex and some into the wash. I do not know who these "Discoverers" were. But they came no earlier than 1932; two .22 cartridges that they fired just outside the cave were of a kind not made before that year.

I am 90% sure that this man who probably lived in Las Vegas in the fall of 1916 and went out for about a month to live alone in his remote cave was Bill Simmons, a Spanish-American War pensioner who died under a tree in the desert near Indio, California around 1939 at the age of about seventy. He probably backpacked his gear down from the rim of the rough Colorado country. But to transport it from Las Vegas to the rim he may have bought or rented burros or have hired a packer with burros, a wagon or even a car.

The empty trunk suggests that the Discoverers carried away some of his belongings. So they may have discovered his name, or at least learned what he was doing. I should add that none of his

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belongings now remain in the cave. To protect them from vandalism, three of us packed them out. With luck they will one day be set up locally as a public display. I am eager for information. If you have any relevant memories or artifacts, please write me in care of this magazine.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 64)

was Colyar, but it seems to be Colyer in past generations. In the 1870 census record for Clayton City, Iowa, County of Clayton, it lists my great grandparents' family as such: (M) Edney Colyer (or Edna Collyer), born in Indiana; occupation farmer. (F) Mary Colyer, born in Tennessee. (Does anyone know her maiden name?) (F) Charlotte Colyer (their only daughter), born in Iowa. (M) Ira Colyer (my grandfather), born in Iowa, married April 1880 in Maysville, Missouri to Winnie Crawford.

An older son Elijah was born in 1841 in Illinois but by the 1870 census was no longer at home.

Who did Charlotte marry? Are any of her people living? Ira and family came to the state of Washington about 1916. His only living son, R. E. Colyar (my father), age seventy-five, lives in Okanogan, Washington.

My dad's mother's maiden name was Crawford. Her parents were: John M. Crawford, born in Kentucky in 1818; his wife, Harriet Vance Crawford, born in Ohio in 1825 or 1826. Their children were: James H. M. Crawford, born 1843 in Ohio, married Elizabeth Gregory in Clayton City, Iowa in 1867; David E. C. Crawford, born 1845 in Ohio; George H. W. Crawford, born 1847 in Cassville, Wisconsin; Caroline Crawford, born 1849 in Guttenberg, Iowa; Juliana Crawford, born 1854 in Guttenberg, Iowa, married Robert Tucker and was in Fairport, Missouri in the '40s; Robert Crawford, born 1858 in Guttenberg, Iowa; Winnie Crawford, born August 29, 1860, in Guttenberg, Iowa (my grandmother) and married Ira Colyer, April 8, 1880.

In approximately 1876-1880, the Crawfords moved to Maysville, Missouri where John ran a sawmill. I think only Julia, Robert and Winnie went along. Others were out on their own. Any information will help.—Mrs. Vern E. McAlvey, 16009-81st Place Northeast, Bothell, Washington 98011

Roberts

I am looking for information on John Danial Roberts, born March 26, 1882 in Sanilac County, Michigan. He worked in the logging woods around Portland, Oregon from the early 1900s until around 1928 or later. He owned a home in or near Portland, Oregon. He never married as far as we know. My grandmother, Anna May Roberts (Crocker), was his sister. No one has heard from him in years and any information will be appreciated.—Mrs. Frank Stone, 5844 East 29th Street, Tuscon, Arizona 85711

Hand

I am seeking information about my great-grandfather, H. W. Hand, who lived in Shelby County, Alabama in 1848. If he had any brothers or sisters, would any of their children or grandchildren write me? After 1848 my great-grandfather also lived in Little Rock, Arkansas, where he was killed.—Mrs. Bernice Walters, Box 324, Hodge, Louisiana 71247

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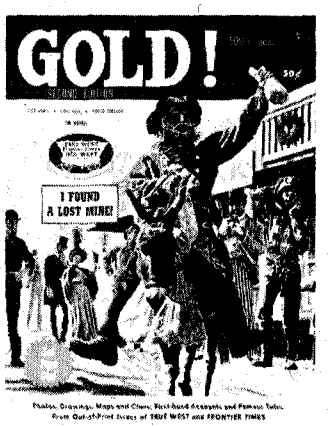

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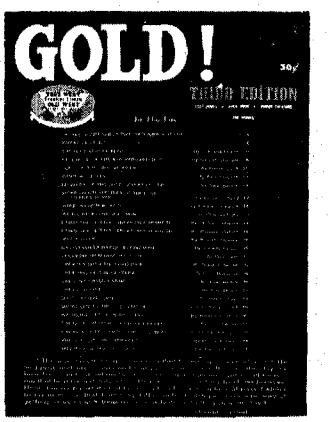

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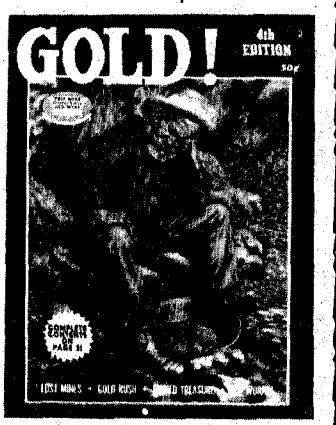

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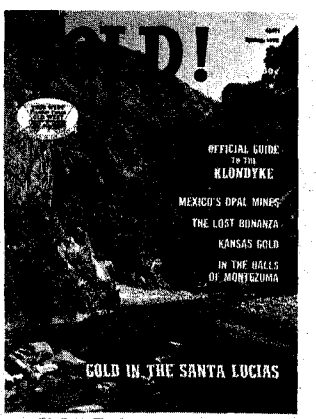

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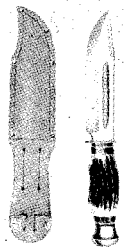

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

and we had a fine visit. Bohlin had made saddles for Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Colonel Tim McCoy, Willie Rogers, Wm. Wrigley and even a trick roping saddle for Monte Montana—Monte says, the only silver-mounted riding and roping saddle Bohlin made. But Bohlin's own saddle was there when I visited him. It was on display at the World's Fair in Canada. He told me about it and I saw a picture. Bohlin told me of his own early adventures in the West and of his prowess with a pistol—he was hurt that those who want one of his crafted saddles now-a-days don't have time to wait. They want it yesterday. I came away rich in the experience that I had met a true craftsman. No—much more—an artist in silver and leather—a man of the West.

Still more on saddles. R. E. Thompson of Jackson, Louisiana, in a letter to the editor asks what happened to Zack Miller's $7,500 saddle. I have the answer to this question, but first, it was not Zack's saddle. It was made for Joe Miller by the S. D. Myers Saddle Company, El Paso, Texas in 1908 or 1910 at the cost of $8,500. It was set with diamonds, rubies and sapphires in gold mounting and on silver inlays, hand tooled and advertised as the world's most expensive saddle. It sure was that, as no cowboy had that kind of money. After Joe's death in 1927 and George Miller's accident, Zack got the saddle. You will recall all the trouble that befell Zack—the depression and the lawsuits—but he did have some friends. One of these was Frank Phillips of Phillips Petroleum Company, Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Frank loaned Zack money and helpd him in many ways. One of the things Uncle Frank left was his ranch home and Museum Woolaroc. It is here that Zack's saddle is now on display. I am sorry to report it has lost some of its luster but it is still there carrying the famous brand of the 101.—Robert Cotton, 4100 Limestone Road, Bartlesville, Oklahoma 74003

Justice For Friend

A few day ago, when in Tulsa, I picked up your August issue of TRUE WEST. The Porum Range War was of particular interest. I was admitted to the Oklahoma Bar in 1913. In a couple of years I picked up a client who was a young lawyer's dream, Kelly M. Roach. He bored with a big auger.

He was state agent for the International Life Insurance Company—one of the top twenty at the time. Handled farm loans for a trust company. Bought bond issues—school and town, and marketed them in the East. Started a new bank every year or so, selling the control once it became established. In between he found time to buy a proven oil lease now and then, drill it out and pick up a nice profit. There were occasional oil town general furnishing stores and a ranch, among other interests. The income tax hadn't arrived.

He had a multitude of things to be looked after, in a multitude of places, all within the scope and ability of a young attorney. I must have gone into a third of the counties of Oklahoma on his business. He always had the money to pay for my services. My growing family ate regularly for a considerable time on the fees he paid me.

Calling me in one day, he handed me some papers. "These concern J. A. Castleman," he said. "He will be your client, but I'm paying your fee and expenses."

I glanced through the papers as we talked. I told him it was going to run into considerable money. How strong did he plan to go?

"Let me tell this story," he answered, "then you judge. Soon after my uncle took me out of the cotton patch"—he was referring to A. M. Young, State Bank Commissioner directly after statehood—"he put me to running his bank at Porum.

"I knew enough about banking to follow the rules he laid down, nothing more—no security, no loan. Hadn't been there long till a member of Pony Davis' gang, so he informed me, came in and demanded a loan. Didn't ask, just told me how much he wanted, and he wanted it right then. I had a .45 lying on my desk by my right hand. I laid down my pen and picked up the gun as I told him no. He left breathing fire and brimstone—what would happen to me.

"All southbound mail had to be in the post office by ten. I made it a practice to take the mail myself, for the chance to get out of doors. This day I had gone less than a hundred feet when I heard a shot. Looking around, I saw my 'recent customer' lying on the walk with a gun in his hand.

"Then I saw a man, this J. A. Castleman, it proved to be, coming across the street with a gun in his hand. He was a Deputy United States Marshal, out of Fort Smith. Unknown in Porum, he wasn't wearing his badge in sight. His gun hadn't attracted any attention, as guns were customary attire.

"Hearing Pony Davis' satellite bragging about what he was going to do when I went to the post office, Castleman stationed himself across the street. When my would-be-killer with a gun in his hand stepped from between two buildings after I passed, Castleman killed him with one shot—through the heart. He was dead before he reached the sidewalk.

"You spend what's necessary to get my friend justice. I'll pay the bill."—Albert S. Gilles, Sr., 310 West Apache Street, Norman, Oklahoma 73069

Rails West

About the time of the story, "Discovery of Lone Tree Pass" in the December 1971 TRUE WEST, my grandfather, Allen Westly Haygood, was ranching at the Ozone Station in Wyoming, later put on the railroad south of the Buford Gravel Pits on Sherman Hill. My granddad lost a fortune when he took a large contract in advance of the railroad's coming through to cut railroad ties just over the line in Colorado. He had stacked the ties in the mouth of Haygood Canyon and was waiting for the snow to melt before delivering them to Granite Canyon when the Indians burned his ties, killed his oxen, and did much damage. I think he also lost some of his men.—Robert H. Boyce, 281-5th Avenue, Chula Vista, California 92010

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